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DOROTHEA LIEVEN
at the age of twenty. By Sir Thomas Lawrence (1805).

THE UNPUBLISHED DIARY AND
POLITICAL SKETCHES OF

PRINCESS LIEVEN

TOGETHER WITH SOME OF HER LETTERS

Edited
with elucidations by

HAROLD TEMPERLEY
Reader in Modern History at the University
of Cambridge

'Dieu, chère Princesse, que vos lettres sont intéressantes! Quels précieux matériaux pour l'histoire, et que j'envie à nos enfants le plaisir de lire un jour vos mémoires.'

COUNT NESSELRODE TO PRINCESS LIEVEN
Feb. 1, 1831

*

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[*Facsimile from MSS. in possession of the Editor.*]

PRINCESS DE LIEVEN 157

DEDICATED

TO MY

FRIEND

PROFESSOR J. HOLLAND ROSE

MANUSCRIPTS

Russ. Arch. Russian Archives, Moscow.

V.S.A. Vienna State Archives.

F.O. Library. Foreign Office Library MSS.

P.R.O. and *F.O.* Public Record Office MSS. and Foreign Office MSS., e.g. *H. de W.* – Howard de Walden MSS.

Pte. MSS. of Prince and Princess Lieven in possession of the author.

Stap MSS. of A. G. Stapleton, Canning's Private Secretary, lent by E. P. Stapleton.

BOOKS, ETC.

Canning. The Foreign Policy of Canning (1822–7), by Harold Temperley. G. Bell & Sons. 1925.

Dau. Une Vie d'Ambassadrice – par E. Daudet. Paris [1903].

Corr. Grey. Correspondence of Princess Lieven and Earl Grey, ed. and translated Guy Le Strange. London. Vols. I – II [1889], Vol. III [1890].

E.H.R. English Historical Review.

Gr. Let. Letters of Harriet, Countess Granville, ed. F. Leveson-Gower. 2 Vols. London, 1894.

Han. Lettres du Prince de Metternich à la Comtesse de Lieven. 1818–9, par Jean Hanoteau. Paris. 1909.

PRINCESS LIEVEN was from every point of view an extraordinary woman. She began by being the mistress of Metternich, she ended by being the lover of Guizot. Her intimacy with George IV and Earl Grey was such as to excite comment even in the easy-going era of the Regency. She was at times the close friend of two Foreign Secretaries, Castlereagh and Canning; of three Premiers, Wellington, Lord Grey, and Lord Aberdeen; of the three Royal Dukes of Clarence, Cumberland and of York. She was the avowed leader of English Society in England for nearly twenty years, and no foreign lady ever had such opportunities of knowing English society at first hand, or of exercising more influence upon it.

It had long been known that her activities were not confined to society, that she mingled diplomacy with the lighter arts, and that her husband was less of an Ambassador than she was. But, in so much as her diplomatic activities were secret and concealed, the extent of the power that she exercised has hitherto been unknown

The existence of the Lieven Diary was known in society at the time. Lord Houghton, who knew her well, had affirmed its existence,[1] and the lady herself had confessed it to Greville. 'I dined with Madame

[1]Cf. Philobiblon (1871–2), Ralph Sneyd's *Portrait de Mme. de Lieven*, p. 15. Sneyd heard her read a part of it at Paris.

Lieven a day or two ago, and was talking to her about politics and particularly about the Memoirs or Journal, or whatever it be, that she has written. She said she had done so very irregularly, but that what she regretted was not having kept more exact records of the events and transactions of the Belgian question.' (Greville, *Journals*, 8th March, 1832).

But this famous Diary was supposed to be as hopelessly lost as the missing books of Livy. Unlike them, it has now turned up in an authentic form. Hints of the possibility of its existence were given in Hanoteau and Daudet. In *Scenes of Russian Court Life*, edited by the Grand Duke Nicholas (Jarrold, 1913), a lengthy extract was made from the Memoirs of Princess Lieven, describing the visit of Czar Alexander to London in 1814, with much interesting and some scandalous detail (pp. 265–91). This was stated to have been taken from the Emperor's Private Library Case IV. No. 4. In 1923 a transcript of the Diary proper (1825–30), together with the 1814 episode, taken by a person who had had access to it, came into my hands. This disclosed some important political secrets of Russian diplomacy. I published some extracts from it in the *English Historical Review*, January 1924, and in my book on *Canning's Foreign Policy* (1925). Since that time the transcript has been compared with the original, by permission of the Russian Bolshevik Government, and transcripts of certain other important political sketches also made. The authenticity of them all is now firmly established.

I should like here to acknowledge obligations to Mr. G. N. Clark, Editor of the *English Historical Review*, for permission to reproduce a good deal of my article on Princess Lieven in that periodical, to Mr. W. F. Reddaway, to Mr. E. P. Stapleton, and to Mr. S. Gaselee, Librarian of the Foreign Office.

The Diary, as such, covers the period 1825–30. As a supplementary to this there is an account of the murder of Czar Paul I (already printed in Germany), together with some unpublished political sketches of Lord Dudley, of Palmerston, of Guizot, of the Duke of Clarence, of the Grand Duke Constantine, and of Anne, Queen of the Netherlands. Princess Lieven's love letters to Metternich and some detached letters had already been published in France, like her letters to Earl Grey and to many other persons in England. The unpublished *Howard de Walden MSS.* in the British records give a number of letters exchanged between her and her husband during the important year 1826. Taken together, the *Diary*, the *Political Sketches*, and these new letters form an important contribution to the social and diplomatic history of the period.

But my object in publishing these papers is to display a personality rather than to reveal a policy. Those who care for the latter may consult two recently published works, the admirable *Foreign Policy of Castlereagh*, by my friend Professor Webster, and my own *Foreign Policy of Canning* (1822–7).

The Diary and the Sketches record the life and

activities of the Princess. They abound in fascinating sketches of contemporaries, in pointed feminine reflections on the characters and events of diplomacy, related with delicate, and sometimes malicious, art. As such they may be allowed to speak for themselves, and the task of the Editor can be confined to illustrative comment. The reader is unlikely to be disappointed whether he regards them as revealing the secrets of diplomacy or as holding up a mirror to society. For whatever else they reveal, there is at least a revelation of a human personality which exercises the same fascination on the reader to-day, as the Princess herself did upon her contemporaries.

HAROLD TEMPERLEY

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THE LIFE OF MADAME LIEVEN TILL 1825

§ I. 1785–1801

IT was on the 17th December, 1785, that Dorothea Christopherovna de Benckendorff was born at Riga. Her family was of German extraction and had served, and was to serve, Russia in many honourable posts. Her father was a General who had married the Baroness Schilling, and it is to this fact that the future Princess Lieven owed her advancement. For her mother had been the friend and companion of Sophia-Dorothea of Würtemberg, who married Czar Paul I, and became the Czarina Maria Feodorovna. Dorothea's mother died in March, 1797, and the Czarina at once took charge of her daughters, while the sons were protected by the Czar. The two girls were placed in a convent at Smolna, and remained there for three years, the Empress visiting them and treating them with motherly affection. At the end of that time suitable marriages were arranged for them. Maria, the eldest, was married to a Lieutenant-General, and Dorothea, the youngest, to Count Lieven (1800).

The young husband of this fifteen-year-old bride came of an ancient Livonian family, and, like his wife, was born into favour at the Court. His mother had been governess to the children of the great Czarina Catherine and had treated them with a tenderness that their true mother had reserved for her numberless lovers. Paul I, though almost insane, was not ungenerous towards those who had been kind to him as a boy, and he saw to the promotion of Christopher Andréïévić de Lieven.

He had seen military service in the Swedish War of 1790 and with the Austrian army in the Netherlands in 1794. In 1796 he became a Lieutenant-Colonel and took part in an expedition against Persia. He became an aide-de-camp of the Emperor in 1797, a Major-General (at twenty-three) in 1798, and finally (1800) Minister of War. He was only twenty-seven, and even allowing for the Imperial favour, his rise had been so rapid as to suggest that he possessed extraordinary ability.

In fact, Count Lieven was a mediocre man. Chateaubriand alone has praised his abilities, and then only in order to depreciate those of his wife. His appearance was dignified, his manners polished though cold, his words few but to the point. Madame de Boigne said that though some 'call him very deep, most people think him very hollow.'[1] But he never showed any special qualities as a soldier; and was no more than safe and business-like as a diplomat.

In later life he was always overshadowed by his wife, to whom he was merely a pompous, and sometimes an awkward, appendage. But, at first, he was calculated to impress her. She was only fifteen, she knew nothing except music, in which she was an executive artist, and she had a passionate nature. He was a fine figure of a man, he occupied a splendid position in a brilliant Court, and, for a time, was her protector and friend as well as her lover. But it was not possible for a woman,

[1] *Mémoires de Mme. de Boigne*, II, 181.

so full of vivacity, of warmth and of colour, to remain always attached to this solemn young officer. One is irresistibly reminded of the contrast between Anna Karenina and her husband. Alexey lived in official spheres and saw only the reflection of life, but Anna desired reality. So also with Christopher and Dorothea. It is even possible to imagine a domestic scene similar to that pictured by Tolstoy. 'The word love threw her into revolt again. She thought. Love! Can he love? If he hadn't heard there was such a thing as love he would never have used the word. He doesn't even know what love is.' There must have come a time when Dorothea drew some such conclusion about Christopher.

For the time the two young people were happy, and the union between them was strengthened by a terrible and melancholy experience which they shared in common. The Czar was either mad, or so violent in his moods as to threaten everybody. His entourage ran the risk of imprisonment or death; his country that of irremediable disaster. The inevitable consequence was a palace conspiracy which ended by deposing and strangling the Czar, and by setting his son, the Grand Duke Alexander on the throne (23rd March, 1801). Madame Lieven relates, with the most graphic art, her impressions of the terrible scene.[1] She tells how a fortunate accident averted all responsibility from her

[1]This piece of Madame Lieven's has been printed in German and partly by Daudet. *Une Vie d'Ambassadrice*, so I place it in an Appendix, pp. 239–67.

husband. By a mistake, Lieven was absent from an important parade. The Czar, who suffered from parade-mania as well as from other manias, ordered a German to go and call Lieven an 'imbecile.' The German did, blushed, and ran away. Lieven diplomatically remained in his house for some weeks feigning illness. This was doubly fortunate, for he escaped not only being initiated into the conspiracy, but any suspicion of having taken part in it. The last letter the Czar wrote was one telling Lieven that his illness was lasting too long and, as he could not control his digestion, 'You will have to return your portfolio of war to Prince Gagarin.'

At 2.30 a.m. a valet entered the chamber of the husband and wife and introduced a feldjäger, who demanded that Lieven should seek the Czar at the Winter Palace.[1] While Lieven thought this message meant imprisonment in a fortress, his bride wondered to herself if she would be able to continue her visits to her brother and the Grand Duchesses. Count Lieven began to dress, and his bride, hearing a noise, looked out into the street and saw a mean carriage, drawn by two horses, passing over the snow, in which she noticed an Imperial aide-de-camp. In reality it contained two Grand Dukes as well, of whom one, Alexander, was already the new Emperor. Lieven found this out as soon as he reached the Winter Palace, where Alexander fell on his neck. The new Czar sent a message to Lieven's mother telling

[1][This message was curious, for the Czar was at the Michael Palace.]

her to break the terrible news of her husband's assassination to the now widowed Empress. Lieven, who followed his mother into the Michael Palace on duty, terrified her greatly when he appeared. Her nerves had been shaken, she imagined that his illness had kept him quiet, and in her amazement accused him of helping to murder the Czar. Nerves snapped right and left, all sorts of terrible scenes occurred. More horrible than all this, perhaps, was the enthusiasm with which the crowds received the young Czar, and the exultation they expressed at the news of his father's assassination.

§ II. 1802–1810. FIRST LOVE AFFAIRS

The new Czar reserved his hatred and suspicion for the conspirators, but had only gratitude for Lieven. He did not, however, restore him his portfolio of war, but retained him at Court as an aide-de-camp. In 1802 Madame Lieven already suffered from *ennui*, from the etiquette of the Court, and from the business preoccupations of her husband.[1] She made one life-long feminine friend in this period, Princess Alexander of Würtemberg, a sister-in-law of the Czarina Maria Feodorovna. She also had a love affair with Prince Peter Petrovic Dolgoruki, who died in 1806. She confessed afterwards that her lover had blundered in

[1] *Dau.* pp. 47, 52, 54. He gives the date on p. 54 as 1802, on p. 37 as 1803, but the former date seems correct.

diplomacy. Metternich agreed with her, complimenting her on the fact that 'her past love for him (Dolgoruki) did not blind her.'[1]

Madame Lieven at this time complained of her husband's absence and preoccupations. But she bore three sons to her husband during the years 1803–5, and seems to have been an affectionate mother. She seems also to have regretted her husband's departure to the wars in 1805. He fought at Austerlitz and at Eylau (7th February) against Napoleon, and received the commission of Lieutenant-General (1807). The battle of Friedland was a third Russian defeat. It compelled Czar Alexander to sign peace with Napoleon at Tilsit, and not only to abandon Prussia, but to join in an alliance with the conqueror. He returned to St. Petersburg, disguising his humiliation, on the 22nd July, where he was greeted as a sort of victor. Madame Lieven confesses in a letter of that period, that she refused to attend the fêtes to welcome him. 'She was humiliated with what had passed.'[2] She seems also to have not been altogether content with her husband, so it is perhaps to this period that we can assign another love affair.

The Grand Duke Constantine seems to have been a confessed lover. For in 1818 she admitted that she was glad to see him at Aix-la-Chapelle, and renewed

[1] *Han.* pp. 251–2, 18th March, 1819.

[2] *Dau.* 69. Mme. Lieven's attitude is interesting, for she was usually devoted to the reigning Czar.

her tender passages (*mes tendresses*) with him.[1] Except that he was a Grand Duke, it is difficult to imagine why Madame Lieven felt affection for him, for he was both ugly and brutal. The sketch of him from her pen, that we here insert, does not wholly remove the enigma. Perhaps Madame Lieven could tame the monster, as his morganatic Polish wife afterwards did.

§ III. POLITICAL SKETCH; THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE[2]

'The Grand Duke Constantine, son of the Emperor Paul, was born in 1779 during the reign of his grandmother, the Empress Catherine. She gave him a historic name in the secret hope of a great future. He was surrounded with young people; he was taught modern Greek, and certainly brought up with the idea of one day filling the throne of Constantinople. In 1796 he married the Princess of Coburg, the same year that the Empress Catherine died. The Grand Duchess was charming. Her husband neglected her; she consoled herself, and the consequence of her consolation forced her to leave Russia in 1801, never to return. The Grand Duke had much wit, a heart good, generous, sympathetic, but the defects of his character effaced these good dispositions. He became fantastic, even cruel, and very dissolute in morals. A soldier, fanatical

[1] *Dau.* 99; cp. Robinson. *Letters* of Princess Lieven [1902], 15th Jan., 1819, p. 37. At this time she was also receiving, and returning, professions of love with Metternich (*v.* p. 50).

[2] [*Russ. Arch.* Political Sketches by Madame Lieven. 'Original in French – brochure of 29 leaves 4to.']

to the point of absurdity, loving parades and not loving war too much (he said that it spoilt the soldiers). He maltreated them pitilessly, imprisoning officers on account of a button placed too high or too low, but opening his purse widely to both one and the other. A little mad and, at bottom, a good fellow, he was generally hated and feared in Russia. He knew it very well. People allowed him only one quality, that of being a coward. They were right, and to this sentiment we owe it that we have not had him for a master.

'He had long demanded a divorce. The Empress-Mother, fearing a second marriage, had always opposed it. She knew her son too well not to fear him, and the idea of his obtaining heirs through such an act was odious to her. She loved the Grand Duke Nicholas [afterwards Emperor] and dreamed of his succession to the throne. However, after eighteen years of efforts and prayers, being assured that the Grand Duke would marry beneath him, she consented to the divorce, and the Grand Duke in fact married a young Polish girl (Joanna Grudzinka) aged 25, whom he selected from among the smaller nobility at Warsaw. At the same time[1] a decree (*ukase*) of the Emperor Alexander declared all children, proceeding from a union in which the contracting parties were not of equal rank, deprived of their rights to the throne. This clause was added to the Laws of the Empire which regulated the order of succession to the throne. (Laws promulgated by Czar Paul on his coronation, April, 1797.)

'A fortnight after his marriage the Grand Duke Con-

[1][Not quite correct. The divorce and the ukase were on the 1st April, 1820, the marriage on the 24th May. There was another ukase on 20th July, 1820.]

stantine received this decree at Warsaw. An hour later he mounted his carriage to go to St. Petersburg. He hurried along, night and day, and appeared unexpectedly before the Emperor Alexander in his Cabinet.

'Here is textually the account of what Grand Duke Constantine himself told me of this interview at Warsaw on the 27th June, 1830; I noted it down at once.[1]

ALEXANDER. "Why have you come and without my leave?

CONSTANTINE. I do not need leave to come and ask satisfaction for an insult.

ALEXANDER. What?

CONSTANTINE. Your decree.

ALEXANDER. I am not accountable for what I do to anyone.

CONSTANTINE. You are accountable to me, on whom you have fired with red-hot shot, and I come expressly to declare to you that your shot do not touch me. You are powerful, all powerful, I shall be so one day.[2] I shall know how to defeat what you have done. What will remain of your decree when I issue one contrary to it? My will will be everything, and I mean to prove to you that my will, my will alone, is everything from now.

The throne! Who told you that I wish it? My father [Paul I], my grandfather [Peter III] died from assassination; I mean to live and to die tranquilly. I love to obey, not to rule. That is what I came to tell you, and here is the act by which I renounce my rights to the Empire."

[1][She wrote a letter to Grey on this day, *v. Corr. Grey* (1890), II, 21, 22, and says Constantine 'has already made me laugh very much.']

[2][Alexander was childless, the next heir Constantine, and then Nicholas.]

'My brother remained stupefied. He recoiled, he would not receive the paper I offered to him. On my side I refused to take it back. The Emperor told me that I owed obedience to my mother before everything, and that she alone could decide. I understood what that meant. We went to her at once. My mother was not inflexible; she had her reasons for that, and at once, before only two witnesses, Prince Alexander Galitzin and Prince Peter Wolkonski [no—Arakcheïev], she and my brother countersigned the act I had brought, and which was deposited in duplicate in the Archives of the Council of the Empire at St. Petersburg, and in the Metropolitan Church at Moscow.[1]

' "Ah, well, I am free since then, and to-morrow 28th June [1830] you will see me at the closing session of the Polish Diet, seated side by side with a good citizen of Braga listening devotedly to the speech which my younger brother (Czar Nicholas) will pronounce from the throne. I think I have more mind than he has, and certainly I am happier." He ground his teeth as he said this to me.[2]

[1][*v.* Schiemann, *Geschichte Russlands* (1908), I, 240–1. Constantine addressed a letter of renunciation to Alexander in a letter corrected by the latter, dated 26th January, 1822. Alexander replied, giving his mother's consent and his own, on the 14th February. But it was not until the 28th August, 1823, that Alexander signed a formal act to this effect. Sealed copies were sent to the Holy Synod and the Senate at St. Petersburg as well as to the two places described in the text; *v.* also *Cambridge Modern History*, X, 436.]

[2][Cp. Madame Lieven, in *Corr. Grey*, II, 24, 28th June, 1830. 'It was a curious sight – he (Emperor Nicholas) on the throne, and the Grand Duke Constantine at the other end of the hall among the deputies. The cordial relations . . . between the two brothers are really admirable, and very touching (!).]'

'He was a great original. As for me, I only knew his good side. Amiable, spiritual, *galant*, he was always that to me, and worthy of confidence.

'The mockeries of his spirit were sometimes brutal, and he practised them in a thousand alternating and strange forms.

'At one time it was the turn for mystifications. In 1804 there was a comic actor, Froger, at the French theatre of the Court of St. Petersburg. Being a man of wit, and good enough company, he was admitted to a few eccentric houses. He quickly became a crony of the Grand Duke, who often had him to dine at his house. One day he induced two of his aides-de-camp to pick a quarrel with Froger, who replied with spirit and vivacity. Soon the Grand Duke mingled in the quarrel and said some excited words to Froger. Accustomed to pleasantries of the Grand Duke, to which he was perfectly at liberty to reply, Froger thought he could use this wonted privilege. Then the Grand Duke, rising from the table in wrath, said suddenly to Froger, "Sir, you are not permitted to insult the Grand Duke with impunity," and, turning towards his aides-de-camp, "Catch hold of this impertinent fellow and throw him out of the window." The Grand Duke occupied the first floor of the Marble Palace, a very high building. They opened the window. The two officers seized the unfortunate Froger, who trembled in all his limbs, and threw him into the court of the castle. There Froger found himself softly buried in a pile of down-feathers, which had been prepared for this scene. While observing him from the top of the palace, the Grand Duke laughed like a madman, and Froger laughed stretched out below on a mattress. The same evening

the Grand Duke sent to Froger a purse of ten thousand roubles. It was a strange imperial pastime, and rather an expensive one.'[1]

[In 1825 Madame Lieven got into trouble on Alexander's death, because she was unaware of the renunciation of Constantine and expected him to be Emperor. Lady Williams Wynn writes to Fanny Watkin Wynn, 17th January, 1826. 'Madame Lieven has been in much delicate embarrassment having at first taken the death of her Master very quietly, and dwelt only on the amiability (*sic*) of Con(stantine); but now she has put on her weeds for Alexander and holds her tongue about his successor (Nicholas).' *Correspondence of Lady Williams Wynn* (1795–1832), 1920, p. 340. Madame Lieven did not hold her tongue very long and soon extravagantly extolled the virtues of the New Emperor Nicholas.]

[1][From his account of his renunciation it rather looks as if the Grand Duke was employing his talent for deceiving Madame Lieven as well as others. At any rate, his dates are all wrong. But it is just possible that the substance may be true. If Constantine remonstrated with Alexander about his ukase a fortnight after his marriage the date would be some time in the first or second week of June, 1819. Alexander and the Empress-Mother, according to Constantine, took some time to decide the point, and may have come to an informal agreement with Constantine by the end of June. It is at least a support to this hitherto unknown story that the Grand Duchess Nicholas noted in her Diary the 5th July, 1819, as a memorable day, because Alexander then hinted, for the first time, to Nicholas that he might be his successor, *v.* Schiemann, I, 232.]

§ IV. EMBASSY IN BERLIN (1810–12)

While Madame Lieven was dancing and making love, her husband had ceased to make war. He resigned his commission of Lieutenant-General in 1808 (February) on the score of ill-health, and seems to have done little for two years. But he was allowed to exchange his military career for a diplomatic one and was gazetted Russian Ambassador to Prussia on the 30th April, 1810. He proceeded to Berlin shortly afterwards with his wife. Madame Lieven thus made her first diplomatic début at Berlin. She was now twenty-five and old enough to show her individuality. Talleyrand says that she impressed diplomats and statesmen, but, if so, there is a curious absence of any mention of it in contemporary memoirs. She did, however, make some stir in society and at Court. But the opportunity was unfavourable and the position a wretched one. A Russian Ambassador and his wife were suspected by French diplomats and watched by French spies; they were hated by the Prussians whom Alexander had betrayed. Madame Lieven found the surroundings uncongenial. She admired indeed the toilets and the beauty of the heroic Queen Luise, but thought the King (Frederic William III) had grown stout and was stupid as a beast. It was not, indeed, an agreeable or cultured milieu. The society was 'killing,' the women unamiable, the men thought only of dinner. 'I walk in the park with my children, I eat, and I sleep, and these are the

pleasures of Berlin.'[1] It was, therefore, with very little regret that Lieven and his wife learnt of their recall. They left Berlin on the 30th June, 1812.

Alexander had designed a more brilliant appointment for them. In view of Napoleon's attack, he was anxious to resume his long-interrupted relations with England. For this purpose he selected Lieven as Ambassador to London (5th September, 1812), and before the end of the year the young couple arrived in England. The appointment was a most fortunate one for Russia, and a still more fortunate one for Madame Lieven. Most fortunate of all was Count Lieven, who described the new post as 'the most brilliant, the most important, the most agreeable to which I could aspire.' He held it for twenty years.

§ V. EMBASSY TO LONDON, 1812
CZAR ALEXANDER'S VISIT, 1814

The Russian pair were welcomed with enthusiasm, for England wanted a Russian alliance against Napoleon. The Court was in the full blaze of the Regency. George assumed the position of a King and welcomed the strangers to his not wholly reputable hospitality at Brighton. Certain English noblewomen disdained to go there, diplomats had to be more accommodating, and Madame Lieven was quite willing to show herself so. The Regent George, on the other hand, was delighted. But it does not appear that, for some time, Madame

[1] *Dau.* 71–3.

Lieven was very successful in dominating society. According to Lady Bessborough, she complained bitterly of *ennui* in August, 1813, England was not 'the country of emotions,' and the people she met spoke too little, and she disliked the London 'crushes' where she said there was 'more movement of body than of soul.' In 1817 she thought Brighton gayer, because less insular than London, and preferred Paris to both. It was declared by a high authority on the 7th March, 1814, that in London 'Lieven continues to succeed as well as his wife continues to fail,' [1] and it does not look as if she played any prominent part in 1814 when Alexander visited England. He had been preceded there by his sister, the Grand Duchess Catherine. Madame Lieven has given her own account of this visit in one of her pieces.

According to Madame Lieven, she and her husband, who were intimately known to the French Bourbons now resident in England, persuaded the Regent in January or February, 1814, to make a secret overture to the Czar, then at Basle, to restore Louis XVIII and to dethrone Napoleon.[2] She says that this overture

[1] By Nesselrode, Russian Chancellor, *v. Papiers de Nesselrode*, V, 171.

[2] The Bathurst Papers, *Hist. MSS. Commn.* [1923] print a letter from Earl of Mulgrave to Earl Bathurst of 6th January, 1814, pp. 255–58. 'Lieven, you say, is for a Bourbon going; so I make no doubt would be the Emperor Alexander.' Lieven's letter, containing this proposal, and dated 26th January, impressed, though it did not convince, Alexander. Webster, *Documents on British Diplomacy* (1813–15). London, 1921, p. 157 n.

was made and impressed Alexander, establishing a secret relation between him and the Regent. When it became known to the British Cabinet it was at first bitterly opposed by Lord Castlereagh (then at Basle) and by Lord Liverpool. This letter of Lieven's, dated 26th January, was first shown to Castlereagh on 18th February, after Alexander had several times referred to it. Castlereagh objected to Alexander saying it contained the sentiments of the British Cabinet, though it is true that it contained those of the Regent and some others.[1] In fact both Liverpool and Castlereagh were inclined, though not committed, to the Bourbons. Events worked in their favour and, before the end of March, all the Allies agreed to restore the Bourbons. Madame Lieven in effect claims that she and her husband set him on the throne by converting first the Regent and then Alexander. But on the 16th February, Castlereagh reported Alexander as still unfavourable to the Bourbons, and as still designing Orleans, Bernadotte, or another candidate for the French throne.[2] This shows that Madame Lieven at this time knew little of the secret ideas of Alexander. But it seems to be true that she or her husband were among the first to suggest the Bourbons. Their intervention, however,

[1]Webster, *Documents* [1921], 157. Castlereagh to Liverpool February, 1814. Professor Webster adds that Lieven had no right to reveal these secrets.

[2]At any rate, up till 9th March. *Papiers de Nesselrode*, V, 171. Rasumowski writes to Nesselrode saying the Czar had a message from the Regent (9th March, 1814) and 'witnessed satisfaction.'

only annoyed Metternich and Castlereagh, and did not definitely convince Alexander.

Madame Lieven's account of Alexander's visit to London is malicious but more accurate.[1] It may be true that Alexander paid much attention to Lady Jersey, sent for her on the night of his departure, and astonished her by kissing her bare arm above the elbow. It is perhaps true that at her first meeting with the Regent the Grand Duchess Catherine was in demi-toilette; that George said to Madame Lieven, 'Your Princess is not good looking'; and that the Grand Duchess said subsequently 'Your Prince (Regent) is ill bred.' It is, however, certainly correct that there soon arose a coldness between Alexander and the Regent, and the former's maladroit negotiations with the Whigs are clearly indicated. It is unquestionably true, as Madame Lieven seems to admit, that her husband and herself exercised no special influence, and were evidently not yet in the secret counsels of Alexander.[2]

Shortly after the departure of Alexander, in November, 1814, Madame Lieven made some real progress in influencing the Regent, and she relates a story which may be given in her own words. The incident is concerned with the Duke of Clarence, afterwards

[1]This account, together with the Bourbon overture, is in the Russian Archives. It is printed in *Scenes of Russian Court Life*, ed. Grand Duke Nicholas. London [1913], pp. 265–91. The title given is *Extracts from the Memoirs of Princess Lieven.*

[2]Alexander said, when he met her later, 'I left your sister a young woman, I have found her a stateswoman!' This was in 1825.

William IV, of whom many ridiculous stories have been told, but hardly any more ridiculous than this.

§ VI. POLITICAL SKETCH; THE DUKE OF CLARENCE, NOVEMBER, 1814[1]

'The Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV, was the least educated of all the English princes. He had no knowledge, vulgar English habits and manners, his conversation was also vulgar. He was a good enough fellow with little intelligence, or, rather, none at all. He had a numerous family by an actress.[2] . . . He had desired to marry two English heiresses in succession.[3] The law of the [Guelf] family was opposed to this. When I arrived in England he had designs on a Russian Grand Duchess and he courted me for that purpose. He went often enough to the Regent's [George IV] Court, but was treated by him almost as an imbecile, which treatment he did not at all deserve.[4] At the

[1][*Russ. Arch.*, Lieven MSS. 'Original in French.']

[2][Mrs. Jordan, who bore him nine or ten children. This fact did not however prevent him from giving a lecture in the House of Lords one day on the sin of adultery!]

[3][*Colchester Diaries* [1861], II, 347, says (1811), on the authority of Auckland, that Clarence proposed to Miss Long, 'immediately afterwards to Miss Mercer, and then to Lady Berkeley.']

[4][*Palmerston's Journal*, *apud*, August, 1828, when the Duke of Wellington made Clarence resign being Lord High Admiral, says: 'He (Clarence) had managed to put himself quite in the wrong . . . was in fact half-mad.' Bulwer's *Life of Palmerston* [1870] I, 295. Madame Lieven, *Correspondence with Earl Grey*, I, 306, thought Clarence 'in second childhood' on 26th September, 1829, and *Dau.* 179 quotes her in 1834 as saying she thought he would 'go mad' like his father.]

beginning of our story he came often to see us in England and said he was attached to our Embassy, to have the privilege of dining at it. This ended by boring us, and we ended by treating him badly enough. There was no inconvenience in this, for the Regent was very indifferent on the subject.

'In November, 1814, we were at Brighton, where the Prince Regent had invited us to pass some weeks. The Pavilion was being rebuilt. The Prince occupied some rooms but there was no room for us, and so we lodged in a separate house. We came every day to take lunch, to walk and to dine with the Regent. The Court carriages came for us. I had then (as now) the custom of going to bed early and the Regent permitted me to retire at eleven. My husband remained later. I used then to return alone every evening to the house. They announced my carriage in the drawing-room and the Regent gave me his arm to lead me to it. One day the Duke of Clarence took his place. He was, as usual after dinner, a little lively and unsteady on his legs. He walked slowly and, after having put me in the carriage, and, as they were going to raise the carriage-step, he pushed the footman roughly, got into the carriage without a hat, and ordered them to drive on. All this was done so quickly that I had no time to stop it, but I felt very ill at ease. Hardly was he in the carriage than he said:

' "Are you cold, Madame?"

' "No, Monseigneur."

' "Are you warm, Madame?"

' "No, Monseigneur."

(His conversation always began like that.)

' "Permit me to take your hand." (This was an extra.)

–' "It is needless, Monseigneur!" But this did not prevent him from taking my hand. Fear seized me, for he was evidently drunk. With the other hand I hastened to lower the carriage window as a precautionary measure. As I did not wish to use it, I soon racked my brains for something to distract his attention. I have said that he was very stupid, very ignorant of everything. He took no interest in anything, great affairs preoccupied him not at all. He had only one fixed idea in politics – Hanover. For him everything was concentrated in that.

'This came to my mind and I said to him at once:

MADAME LIEVEN. "Do you know, Monseigneur, that my husband has had a courier from Vienna to-day?

CLARENCE. What has the Congress to do with me?

MADAME LIEVEN. Wait a minute, it is something that they have decided the question of Hanover.

CLARENCE. What! Hanover? You don't mean that.

'He let go my hand for a moment. It was good, but he had to be distracted for four or five minutes.

MADAME LIEVEN. The necessary moment has come and, well, Hanover is given to Prussia. (He leaped out of his seat.) Yes, to Prussia, but they are indemnifying you on the side of Westphalia and of Saxony.

CLARENCE. G(od) D(amn)! Does my brother know this?

MADAME LIEVEN. I don't think so yet, and I beg you, Monseigneur, not to tell him. It is a secret which I tell you now.

CLARENCE. But we shall never allow that. Impossible! Castlereagh will be attacked in the Commons."

'And he swore and got carried away, and forgot me very completely amid a torrent of great words. At this

moment the carriage came to my door, I got down slowly, planted my Prince in it, and said "Good evening" to him.

'When my husband returned an hour later I immediately told him the whole adventure. He became very angry. "What trouble you have just caused me, I shall have to explain to the Regent, and how can I explain to him?"

'My husband was as furious with the end as with the beginning of the interview. He did not know which distressed him most. I found it a little comic that he was not more willing to change the geography of Europe.

'The next day, on getting up, I wrote a little note to the Regent, begging him to grant me an audience for a moment before he went out walking. He asked me to come at noon. I went to him without telling my husband, and I told him exactly what had happened the evening before, asking pardon of him for having disposed of Hanover in so cavalier a fashion.

'The Regent laughed like a madman. I had never seen him so diverted. He had not seen his brother again, he knew nothing. In his turn he prepared to mystify the Duke of Clarence by accepting Westphalia, and the day was much enlivened by this exchange of territory so readily conceded by the chief of the House of Hanover.

'The Duke of Clarence did not return to the subject. He was stupid, he became stupefied.

'In the evening when my carriage was announced, the Regent said "I promise you my brother will not conduct you to it any more." He gave me his arm himself to lead me to the door, and he did this regularly till the last day of our visit to Brighton.'

As a pendant to this story, we may give another one relating to a Royal Duke (the Duke of Cumberland), in which Hanover (of which he was afterwards King) played a part; Croker tells the story in his diary on the 7th June, 1828.

'The Duke of Clarence is again, or rather still, confident that there is to be a war.[1] He told me to-day that Madame de Lieven had said to the King the other day: "Sire, you wish war; ah, well, you will have your desire." I do not believe it, but it is certain that she said a much more offensive thing to the Duke of Cumberland the other day. She was talking with His Royal Highness of our domestic politics, and of the Catholic question, and supposing that there should be a majority in the House of Commons against the ministers; and replied the Duke, "*Nous les renverrons*" "(i.e. We, the Lords, will send it back again)." "*Eh, puis*," said Madame de Lieven, "*si sa majesté vous soit encore contraire*." "*Nous les renverrons encore*." "*Eh, puis?*" said the lady in her gentle, respectful way. "*Nous les renverrons encore!*" "*Eh, puis?*" "*Nous les renverrons encore!*" "*Eh, puis?*" This went on till the Duke saw the absurdity of his position, and stopped, after uttering his last "*Nous les renverrons encore*," with a certain tone of command; on which Madame Lieven, sinking her voice to the lowest possible tone of gentleness and humility, whispered, as a finale, "*Eh, puis–l'Hanovre! !*"[2] She, I hear, en-

[1]Russia was already at war with Turkey and the suggestion seems to be that England (under Wellington) might fight Russia on her behalf. Madame Lieven seemed to think this possible, *v. Correspondence with Earl Grey* [1890], I, 164.

[2]To which, of course, Cumberland would be sent back.

deavoured to give this *mot* all possible misinterpretations; but it is too clear and clever to be misunderstood, and I suppose it has given rise to the report that the Lievens are about to be recalled." [1]

§ VII. MADAME LIEVEN AS LEADER OF SOCIETY

The Cumberland anecdote shows Madame Lieven in 1828, after she had achieved a position in which she could insult even Royal Dukes with impunity. It is more doubtful if she could have done so in 1814, though there is nothing improbable in her story of Clarence. Moreover her overture to the Regent was precisely of the kind to tickle the fancy of that idle, but intelligent, voluptuary. On the whole, however, it seems unlikely that she exercised much influence at this time. Loyal, as always, to the Russian Court, she continued Alexander's unwise policy of coquetting with the Whigs and with the Opposition, a course likely to discredit her with the Cabinet and with the Regent. She made friends with the gracious Whig chieftainess, Lady Granville, and with the Princess Charlotte. The Regent had quarrelled fiercely with his daughter, and can hardly have favoured confidential relations with her

[1] J. W. Croker, *Diaries* [1885], I, 423–4. It will be seen that Talleyrand hit the mark when he said she was 'more piquante by the boldness, and even provocativeness, of her questions than by the vivacity of her repartees' (Talleyrand, *Mémoires*, III, 405). I don't know, however, that we can trust the authenticity of his *Mémoires*.

friend, while Anglo-Russian relations were so strained up to 1816, and even after that date, that it is probable that she effected very little as to policy. And it is not certain, despite her assertions, that she attempted to do so. What is certain is that, though she had made no striking figure to begin with, she had assumed the position of a leader of London Society and of a *grande dame par excellence* by 1816. 'It is not fashionable where I am not, and I have even arrived at amusing the English and myself at the same time.' [1] Madame de Boigne says she was already 'feared.' But it seems more likely that she aimed at social rather than political triumphs at this period. She was already 'in great consideration' by 1817.

Whether Madame Lieven possessed real beauty was a point much disputed by contemporaries. Lady Bessborough thought her 'very pretty' in 1813, and Lady Granville said she was 'in great beauty' in 1839, when she was already fifty-four! Chateaubriand, always her enemy, said her features were angular and sharp, though Marcellus, his attaché, was more enthusiastic. But the balance of opinion denied to her regular beauty. The Lawrence portrait (*v.* frontispiece) represents her at twenty years (1805). Lawrence usually flattered his sitters, but the defects in her appearance are evident. They may, perhaps, be indicated more graciously in French '*le nez un peu fort, les oreilles enormes, le cou*

[1] To her brother Alexander, 9th January, 1816. *Letters of Princess Lieven*, ed. L. G. Robinson [1902], p. 21.

trop long, la bouche disgracieuse.' [1] Some critics said that her nose was reddish,[2] and all agree that she was always as thin as a skeleton. But her face was surrounded by tangled dark locks, there is a deep and caressing look in her dark gray eyes, and her expression is one of gentle and apparently real spiritual feeling.

Her movements, 'à la Lieven independent of her body,' were pronounced exquisite and full of grace. It would seem that, as often happens, her physical defects were redeemed by an indefinable fascination and attraction. At any rate, she received the homage of young men in a style which the most fashionable beauties might envy. Thus, Sneyd in 1824 wrote the following verse on her temporary departure from England.

'She is gone, as the *Herald* announces,
To latitudes milder and colder;
She is gone with her pearls and her flounces,
She is gone with the bows on her shoulder.[3]

Two years later another verse was current.

'Un air d'ennui et de mépris
D'une reine de théâtre, la dignité factice;
Des broderies, des bouderies
Des garnitures – comme quatre –
Voila l'ambassadrice à la facon de Barbarie.'[4]

[1] *Han.* XLV.

[2] Some one made this comment to her at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1818, and she answered, '*Je ne le sais que trop, mais ce sont des choses qui ne disent pas*,' *Journal* of H. E. Fox, Lord Holland [1923], p. 96.

[3] *Gr. Lett.*, I, 303, June, 1824.

[4] *Diary* of Frances, Lady Shelley [1913], II, 139, 16th August, 1826.

Sneyd himself has pronounced the final word. She was never of remarkable beauty, but she produced all the effect of being so.[1]

It is clear that she led the fashion in everything. She was always exquisitely gowned. She was a musician who played ravishingly on the piano, and she danced exquisitely. She popularized the waltz and was a feminine patroness of Almack's. She knew how to manage a conversation or a man to a nicety. But she does not seem ever to have been really amiable. Lady Granville notes, with a little malice, in 1822, that 'for a whole week she was invariably gay and brilliantly agreeable.' She did not like feminine rivals and showed 'hostile and perfidious politeness' to the fair young Austrian Ambassadress, Princess Paul Esterházy, and to Princess Schönburg in Paris in later days. Lady Granville illustrates a similar view by a good story. "Somebody said Madame Appony(i) (wife of the Austrian Ambassador at Paris) was like a giraffe, and that she and Madame Lieven were animals of the same species, which she denied. *'Ce n'est pas le même classe: l'une mangera l'autre et n'aura qu'un mauvais repas.'* One sees Lieven crunching the meek Appony(i)'s bones."[2]

Madame Lieven was extremely talented, not only in

[1]Sneyd, *Portrait de Mme. de Lieven* (Philobiblon Society), 1871–2, p. 5.

[2]*Gr. Lett.* I, 438. To Lady Carlisle from Paris, 23rd November, 1827. The allusion is to the *coiffure à la giraffe* then in fashion.

music and in conversation, but in those little arts which enliven and make memorable country house visits. She seems to have been as clever at charades as Becky Sharp. A good example of this is given by Lady Granville when Madame Lieven was staying with her at Wherstead.

TO LADY G. MORPETH

Wherstead, January, 1821.

'My day yesterday was so taken up that I had not time to write. To-day I have sent Lady Worcester and her Lord, Neumann and Agar, to drive in an open carriage, and the men are shooting. The snow is gone and the weather like spring.

'Yesterday evening we acted charades and you have no idea how amusing it is. I will give you an idea of it. The society divides itself into two parts. Granville, Agar, myself and Mr. Montagu, as audience, had to guess the following, which we did. First they put a row of cushions to represent a river, over which Charles Greville handed Madame de Lieven, in a hat and pelisse, with great difficulty. Next came the Duke, happier than when he won his battles, with Lady Worcester,[1] equipped like Madame de Lieven, in his arms to carry her across. Next hobbled Neumann and fell, Worcester then rubbing him dry and wringing his clothes.

This was gué (ford)

[1]Daughter of the Duke's brother, Lord Mornington; *Gr. Lett.*, I, 202–3.

'Next they come in dressed like Turks with turbans, and Neumann with a muff on his head, and they sit in a circle cross-legged.

This is riz (rice)

'Then Madame de Lieven, sick, in a bedgown, is led to one couch, Worcester with a swelled face in agonies with the toothache to another. Charles comes in, feels her pulse, and gives her pills and a draught. He then goes to Worcester and in the most masterly manner draws his tooth. They both jump up from the immediate effect of his remedies and dance about.

Guéris (cured)'

Madame Lieven also once played a practical joke of a kind first devised by Benvenuto Cellini. Lord Clanwilliam was induced by Neumann, who was in the secret, to make a rendezvous in the park with an unknown lady. 'Lord Clanwilliam flies to the *petit bois*, where he finds Neumann *et sa belle*, a thick veil down, beautiful dark eyes, *très piquante*, large feet *mal chaussés*, but on the whole very admirable. He lays himself out to fascinate her, compliments, exerts all the powers of his understanding, offers to teach her German. She gives her direction, and the knights-errant return home. . . . Lord C. goes into the drawing-room, and begins writing ("pour ne pas perdre son temps") a note to *la belle inconnue*. The door opens,

he is too busy to look round, somebody is at his elbow. He looks up, he sees *la demoiselle* still veiled, leaning on Madame de Lieven's arm. She says his look was *priceless*. He did not know whether he was to apologize, to laugh, to speak, or to run out of the room. At length the demoiselle modestly raises her veil, and Paul Lieven[1] presents himself to the bewildered Earl.'

While these incidents indicated her wit and her ingenuity, they did not show her good-nature. As Mr. Robinson says, her tact lay 'more in taste than affability.' Even in 1813 she suffered from *ennui* and she soon appeared the most *blasé* person in the world. The fact is that she had no solaces in reading or in any arts except music.[2] Her sole delight was in mankind, whose brains she knew how to pick and whose hearts she understood how to win. But she was only agreeable from policy not from temperament. And her remarks sometimes were so unconventional as to startle even Lady Granville. 'Good-day, dear, how well you look. I am so happy to have a friend *qui à de l'embonpont*,'

[1]Paul Lieven, her son, described by Madame (October 30, 1816, Robinson, *Letters*, p. 29) 'he boxes in a ring, he makes as much noise as a regular John Bull.' Later he was 'a charming dandy.' This incident is related, with most amusing detail, in *Gr. Lett.* I, 175–7. Lord Clanwilliam was Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs under Castlereagh and Minister to Berlin under Canning.

[2]I cannot find in all her papers any references to books except to Madame de Staël, Alfieri and a few novels, and to the fourth canto of *Childe Harold* which was, she says, the only English poem she had read up to 1820.

and this upon the very threshold of our meeting!'[1] And she was not only bold in her speech by disregard for convention, but sometimes by deliberate design. 'She can keep off bores, because she has the courage to *écraser* them,' wrote Lady Granville in 1837. And she did not always administer snubs in the delicate manner she used with the Royal Dukes. Even Lady Holland or Queen Elizabeth might have envied her capacity for extinguishing those whom she disliked.

'The other evening,' writes Malmesbury, 3rd May, 1837, 'a very good-looking and smart young gentleman was announced' [at Madame Lieven's salon at Paris]. 'The Princess stared at him, saying: "Monsieur, je ne vous connais pas." The poor man, looking very foolish, exclaimed, "Comment, Madame! Ne vous rappellez – vous pas à Ems?" "Non, Monsieur," and she bowed him out. I never saw anything so cool; but it was clear to the company, who could not conceal their smiles, that a gentleman who may be useful at Ems may be *de trop* at Paris.'[2] An even more cruel anecdote is related by M. Daudet. 'The Princess was leaving [Paris] to take the waters in Germany, where she had to rejoin the Emperor of Russia. Not desiring to travel alone she sought a companion. M. Dumon, the ex-minister of Louis Philippe – proposed that his son-in-law M. Trubert should take her. The Princess

[1] *Gr. Lett.*, II, 38, of 8th December, 1828. Madame Lieven, of course, was always very thin.

[2] Malmesbury, *Memoirs of an Ex-minister* [1885], p. 59.

accepted and did nothing but commend his foresight and the attentions which he heaped on her during the long *tête-à-tête* journey by coach. This did not prevent her saying to him, slowly and without embarrassment, as they reached her destination, "Your position, my dear Sir, does not permit you to be introduced into my set (*mon monde*). I think that we must say 'good-bye' to one another." '[1] She was quite as merciless to her own sex. 'Being pressed by a lady to play cards, she said she could not, and added "*Pour vous parler avec franchise je préférais aller avec un autre.*" '[2]

In later years she developed an extreme passion for whist and, even when Ministers called upon her while at cards, she behaved 'like a naughty child,' who did not want to be interrupted in her game. The kindly Lady Granville, with the view of avoiding scenes, arranged that Wednesday evenings at Madame Lieven's should be solely devoted to this sacred art. But in 1816 Madame Lieven was not so hardened in selfishness as to display her malice with such openness. She was still young and fresh and beautiful, and concealed her disposition

Lady Granville writes: 'Madame de Lieven, whom you inquired about, is become famous for civility and *empressements* to everybody. Her manner is much

[1]*Dau.* 379, from the *souvenirs* of the Duchess Decazes. A similar anecdote is given on p. 213 on the authority of Madame Lieven herself.

[2]Lord Broughton, *Recollections* [1909], I, 89.

softened, and, as far as the most perfect propriety in all one sees and the most amicable terms with her husband and greatest *égard* for him go, a great change has taken place. We dined there on Sunday.' It was a dinner 'quite unrivalled in the records of dulness,' given to two stupid Arch-Dukes said to be 'as much bored as they look.'[1] So Dorothea was still able to control her tolerance of bores, and to maintain the proprieties in respect to her husband, in a fashion of which she proved incapable in later years. She had already acquired a fine and remote dignity of manner and was admitted to have the 'grand air' and to be the ideal of an Ambassadress and 'grande dame.'

§ VIII. THE FIRST MEETINGS WITH METTERNICH, 1818–21

In 1818, came a great event in Madame Lieven's life. For she met and surrendered to Metternich. She was no longer in love with her husband and had already cast eyes on other men, but the affair with Metternich was more serious. And with it she entered, not only into an emotional but also into a political, entanglement. This connection with the first diplomatist in Europe opened her eyes to the part that her charm and her wit might enable her to play in politics.

Dorothea was thirty-three and had had four children in 1818, Metternich was forty-five years and had had

[1] *Gr. Lett.*, I, 85.

PRINCE METTERNICH
at the period of the Congress of Vienna, *aet* 42.
By Sir Thomas Lawrence.

seven children. He had the phrases of religion and morality on his lips, but he was notoriously an unfaithful husband, and scandal had already touched his name in connection with Queen Caroline (Murat) of Naples, with the Princess Bagration and with Madame Junot.

The great European Congress opened at Aix-la-Chapelle in the autumn of 1818. The Congress was not supposed by some to be a gay one, but it was graced by Lady Castlereagh, covered with gold and diamonds, by Madame Nesselrode, wife of the Russian Chancellor, and by Madame Lieven. The latter amused herself for a time with her old admirer the Grand Duke Constantine. She was about to find a new and more important one. It was on the 22nd that Dorothea met Metternich for the first time. Metternich exchanged 'remembrances' with her about Napoleon, who 'served them as intermediary.' 'I confess,' wrote Metternich with some humour, 'I had not allowed him this merit. The fact proves to me that he has been more useful to me in his work than on the throne.'[1] And so on, with more badinage in a strain not wholly in accordance with modern taste. Dorothea was not, however, impressed at first sight. On the 26th October observers noted that Madame Lieven changed her carriage on an excursion to Spa, in order to be with Metternich.

[1] *Han.*, lxiii, 28th November, 1818 (Metternich is recalling to her their first conversation).

On the 28th he first formally visited her and soon afterwards the Congress broke up, but on the 12th November the lovers managed to meet again at Aix for a delicious four days. Between the 16th and the 21st Metternich wrote her nine letters, and on the 26th the newspapers expressed surprise and some apprehension at the fact that the all powerful Austrian Chancellor had found it necessary to go to Brussels on the 23rd. It was not politics, but Madame Lieven, who had brought him there. On the 27th the Lievens left for Paris. Metternich remained behind and, shortly afterwards, returned to Austria.

Metternich had been accustomed to use his secretary, Gentz, as an assistant in his love intrigues as well as in diplomacy. The Secretary of the Austrian Embassy at London, Neumann, was now called upon to perform similar services, and through him a secret correspondence was kept up by the lovers.[1] Neumann was a discreet young man, who sang songs in society to Madame Lieven's accompaniment on the piano, from music which Metternich provided. He was now silent while Metternich and Madame Lieven sang a love duet. Only Metternich's letters have been preserved. They are more ardent than edifying. He professes to have no interest in politics and to lament only the 'cruel

[1] *Han.* 28th November, 1818, pp. 32, 55, 149, 203. To Madame Lieven. Later on Madame Lieven conceived a dislike for Neumann, as she thought he was unfriendly to Metternich. The latter, however, treated the matter as a joke, *ib.* 178.

separation' from his beloved. But his tone is singularly mundane. He confesses to a love affair at seventeen, but protests his innocence. He confesses to two liaisons in his life, though, to be truthful, he should have admitted at least half a dozen. 'His conscience' would not, he said, 'be free' unless he had made this confession! But he protests (1st December, 1818) 'I have never been unfaithful. The woman I love is the only one in the world for me.[1] Madame Lieven hinted that she was hardly convinced by his protestations,[2] and he replied by hinting at indiscretions on her part. 'Mande-moi tout, I know when you have been happy and when you have not. I know, for the rest all that concerns you. You need not give *names*. I believe I could supply them. You have chosen and been deceived, what young woman has not? Women naturally, are more deceived than men,' etc.[3] By way of encouraging her Metternich then describes his liaison with Madame de Sagan, a narrative which she appears to have received with impatience and even with disgust.[4] It is clear that she did not believe that his heart was entirely hers, and that the knowledge gave her some pain.[5] The romance seems to have been one of those which was bound to 'end unromantically.' For it was between two disillusioned worldlings, each of whom knew that the other would one day seek consolation elsewhere.

[1] *Han.* 45.
[2] *Han.* 55–6, 167.
[3] *Han.* 166, 30th January, 1819.
[4] *Han.* 197, 207–8.
[5] *Han.* 179, 3rd February, 1819.

Metternich, while paying elaborate compliments to Dorothea's talent for diplomacy, contrived to evade much reference to the subject. He tells her that he hates Courts, ceremonies and business, and thinks only of her. He makes some reference to the internal situation of France, and mentions Russian diplomats only to assure her how completely he is now on good terms with them. He seems, in fact, to have used their intimacy to turn her thoughts in a pro-Austrian direction. For he records with exultation on the 4th February, 1819: 'You love me well, for you [now] love that Austria, which you used not to love.'[1] With the end of April, 1819, the continuous series of letters ceases, and though the correspondence continued till 1825, and even for one year later, we have very little later information about it.

Metternich went to Carlsbad in July, 1819, to attend a German Congress which was intended to cow the revolutionists. He suggested to her that he might be assassinated and 'then you will weep and with you many worthy people who have not yet become foolish.' On the 21st he wrote again, 'I love you at Carlsbad as at the foot of Vesuvius, as in the ruins of Paestum, or in the Champs Elysées.'[2] On the 3rd September Madame Lieven responded by telling him she had dreamt she had felt his heart beat beneath her arm. On the 15th

[1] *Han.* 180.

[2] E. Daudet in *Revue Hebdomadaire*, 29th July, 1899, pp. 664–5. Metternich's letters are dated 18th and 21st July, 1819.

October, 1819, Madame Lieven bore a son, the fifth of her children. It was called by her George, and by wits 'the child of the Congress' (of Aix-la-Chapelle). The malice was ill-aimed, for she had not seen Metternich for eleven months. Metternich expressed great relief on hearing that she was well, and George IV stood godfather to the child, who bore his name.

In England Madame Lieven was becoming definitely more attracted to diplomacy than to society. Early in 1819 she went to stay with the Regent at Brighton and seems already to have increased her influence with him.[1] George liked her because she played finely on the piano, and talked brilliantly to him in German, but there is no reason to suppose that her undoubted power over him was in any way due to an unworthy cause. Even yet, however, her political influence seems to have been small. Her interest was, however, awakened when Czar Alexander called upon England to join him in suppressing revolution in Spain. Castlereagh replied to this appeal in his famous State Paper of 5th May, 1820. He not only refused consent, but laid down the British counter-doctrine of non-intervention. He also declared Alexander's desire to intervene everywhere by force in the internal affairs of states to be a doctrine lacking in 'common-sense.' This blunt refusal of Russian wishes seems to have angered Madame Lieven and, for the first time, we have definite proof of her attempts

[1] *Han.* p. 161.

to use political influence. 'Madame Lieven,' writes Lady Granville with some amusement on the 6th October, 1820, 'is *outrée* with England for refusing to take part in this new dish of continental troubles.'[1] This is the first occasion on which I have observed a real proof of her political propaganda. In June 1821 Dorothea went to Spa, where she stayed with the Prince and Princess of Orange, and met the Kings of Prussia, of the Netherlands and of Würtemberg. It was a congress in miniature, and she recorded that Prince Louis de Rohan had caused her heart to beat. It was very soon beating for some one else.

In July 1821 Madame Lieven went to Frankfort in the hope of seeing Metternich at Hanover. After literally fevered anxiety she received an invitation from King George to visit him there. She was overjoyed and came at once.

Had she known more of the matter she would have understood that Castlereagh had penetrated the secret of her heart. It was important for him to come to terms with Metternich and to agree with him on a policy, which would keep Alexander from going to war over Greece. They therefore agreed to meet at Hanover. Castlereagh thought it would simplify matters and make Metternich amiable, if Madame Lieven was present at Hanover. He sent a courier to Frankfurt to expedite her arrival, King George pressed her to come, and so Madame Lieven arrived at Hanover on the

[1] *Gr. Lett.*, I, 183.

20th October. Metternich arrived about the same time, and, as he records, was 'delicately kissed' by King George, and compared by him to the great men of all ages, among whom he specified Minos, Cato, Caesar, Gustavus Adolphus, Marlborough, Pitt and Wellington.[1] The King was also polite, though less expansive, to Madame Lieven. Dorothea had a week of undisturbed happiness with Metternich. For her husband, who was returning from Russia, was delayed on the road. On the 28th October Count Lieven arrived and was welcomed effusively by King George at a reception. Wearied by his journey, he retired early to bed and George, who was leaving the next day, kissed Madame Lieven and invited her to visit him at Brighton on her return to England. In saying good-bye to Metternich he folded him in his arms three times over, 'Ce qui a été d'autant plus remarqué que c'était s'écarté absolument des usages d'Angleterre.'[2] Metternich left two days later, but contrived a further meeting with Madame and her husband at Frankfurt, where he stayed with them during four days. It is significant that, in the few letters we have from Dorothea at this time, we hear nothing of politics, though Castlereagh and Metternich were particularly concerned with Russia's aims and motives.

[1]Ravelsberg, *Metternich und Seine Zeit* (Wien, 1907) II, 83.

[2]*Han.*, p. 322 n., letter of Moustier to Pasquier, 21st October, 1821. But George was not English, and once kissed his whole Cabinet!

§ IX. MADAME LIEVEN AT VERONA, 1822

During the winter 1821–2 Madame Lieven was regularly summoned on visits to the King at Brighton with her husband. George used to go into dinner with her on one arm and Lady Conyngham on the other. Since 1819 Lady Conyngham had superseded the Marchioness of Hertford as the mistress of George. Wellington also now met Madame Lieven and often enough at Brighton.[1] A third person as celebrated also met her at this time, namely Chateaubriand, the vainest and most brilliant of Frenchmen, then Ambassador at London. She was not deeply impressed with him, and her dislike or contempt was heartily returned. On the 18th June of this year Chateaubriand described her as 'an intriguing woman who exercises a good deal of influence here.'[2] It has been said that he was estranged from her at the Congress at the end of 1822, because Madame Lieven treated him with coldness there. But their dislike was older and appears to have been mutual, though it may have been intensified at Vienna. Chateaubriand brought Madame Récamier with him

[1]Robinson, *Letters* 54. Dorothea to her brother, 22nd March, 1822. A curious instance of her power over the King was shown in 1821. King George was, at this time, boycotting his Prime Minister, Lord Liverpool, and Madame Lieven did not invite him to her house to meet the King. Wellington seems to have pointed out to her the impropriety of this course, *v. Hist. MSS. Commn.*, Bathurst Papers (1913), p. 497, *apud* 20th May, 1821.

[2]*Han.* p. ii, n. 4.

there, the queen of all Parisian dames of the Salon. What added to the piquancy was that, in days gone by, Récamier was rumoured to have listened too fondly to the addresses of Metternich in the 1810 period when he was Ambassador to Paris.[1] Chateaubriand may have thought that Metternich and Dorothea neglected both her and him. At any rate he was very easily enraged if he was insufficiently adored. 'He thought,' said Talleyrand, 'he must be deaf if no one spoke about him,' and Dorothea was easily bored. He was just now full of stories about his adventures in America with the Huron women. Madame Lieven said there were no women of distinction there at Verona, '*où celles qui s'y trouvent sont les Hurons*,' which seems to be a covert hit at Madame Récamier.[2] When he made a fine speech in May 1823, after he was Foreign Minister, Madame Lieven conveyed her felicitations through a third party, adding, 'she could not be suspected of partiality towards you.' It is dangerous, however, to offend a literary man, and Chateaubriand took a mean revenge. His account of his Embassy in London is written with a pen of gall: 'Ministers, or those who desire to become such (in England), are all proud of being protected by a lady who had the honour of seeing Metternich at the times when the great man, to relieve the weight of business,

[1]*Han.* pp. ii–iii.

[2]Robinson *Letters*, p. 57, Dorothea to Alexander Benckendorff, 23rd October, 1822.

s'amuse à effiloquer de la soie.'[1] This was published in 1850, and is the first open revelation of the secret of Dorothea's amour with Metternich.

The Congress of Verona was the last of the splendid pageants at which met the emperors, the kings, the princes and the diplomats to settle the government of the world. Castlereagh had taken his own life (12th August, 1822), so Wellington represented England, while Canning had grasped the helm as Foreign Minister (16th September, 1822). He hated congresses and, by an instruction to Wellington of the 27th September, he ensured the failure of this one. The Duke, acting under these instructions, quarrelled with the foreign diplomats, protested against the measures of force they proposed to apply to Spain, dissociated England from any joint action, and left, said Metternich, '*mécontent de nous tous.*' In fact he had brought the Congress system near to dissolution.

The Comte de Lieven had been summoned by Alexander to the Congress, and Madame Lieven was glad to go with him, for it meant that she would see Metternich again. She had already shown in her Hanover letter that she feared her intrigue with Metternich was suspected and, while at Verona, she received some plain indications to the same effect. She complained that the other ladies 'spoke ill of her and kept away

[1]Published by Garnier in 1850: Chateaubriand, *Mémoires d'outre Tombe*, IV, 250.

from her,'[1] and both statements are likely to be true. She retaliated by saying that the representatives of her sex were weak, without distinction, and barbarians. Dorothea was, however, under suspicion for graver causes, and most Russians at least thought that her political views were affected by her love of Metternich and by her regard for Wellington. She confessed that her own countrymen, except Nesselrode 'who is a perfect gentleman'. . . . 'keep me as much at a distance as they would an enemy. Because I have spent ten years in England they look upon me as an Englishwoman, and because I see Prince Metternich daily they think me an Austrian.'[2]

As not infrequently Madame Lieven was bored, and 'too lazy or too discreet to write' to Lady Granville. But there are other letters and certain indications, from which several conclusions can be drawn. Dorothea seems much less in love with Metternich, though she is still flattered by his attentions. She is aware that her name is mentioned in connexion with his as well as with Wellington's, and she has now become aware also that these rumours are adverse to her political influence. She expresses the view in one letter that the Emperor Alexander still believes in her. But she knew his *entourage* was so hostile to her that

[1]*Papiers de Nesselrode*, VI, 142, 9th December, 1822. Countess Charles to Count Nesselrode.

[2]Robinson *Letters*, p. 59, Dorothea to Alexander Benckendorff, Verona, 1st December, 1822.

he was not likely to believe in her very long if she continued her submission to Metternich. She appears to have made an effort to persuade the Russian Government to transfer Lieven from London to Vienna at this date. It failed, and her failure taught her a lesson. It was a proof that she could not get what she wanted and that her liaison with Metternich compromised her politically as well as socially. Her letters from Verona prove that she was not in the diplomatic secrets, and she seems to have decided now to pursue intrigue in diplomacy rather than in love. At some period not long after this (and perhaps at once) she decided to terminate the extreme intimacy of her connexion with Metternich. It seems indeed that their passion was already on the wane, for her expressions about him breathe none of the raptures of 1818 or of 1821. Metternich left Verona on the 17th December, 1822, and the Lievens shortly afterwards, reaching London in January. Dorothea did not see Metternich again for twenty-six years. When she did in 1848, he was seventy-five and hiding his exiled head in England, ruined, discredited, and disillusioned. She was sixty-three and more bored than ever. They talked of many things at Brighton in 1848, but never apparently of their once ardent passion.

Whatever the reason, Madame Lieven changed her course and took her choice in the world. At the beginning of 1823 she seems to have recognized that she could be neither useful to her husband nor to Russia,

unless she set Russian interests before Austrian or English ones and preferred politics to love. Her letters to Metternich continued but seem to have been at less frequent intervals and to have ceased about 1826. She continued indeed to coquet with Wellington and with the King, but her coquetries were now merely a part of her political activity. It so happened that in these two men, and in the foreigners who gathered round George at the Cottage at Windsor, she found a congenial field for intrigue. And in a few weeks the object of that intrigue became the overthrow of the new British Foreign Minister.

§ X. THE PLOT 'DE FAIRE SAUTER M. CANNING,' MADAME LIEVEN AND THE COTERIE, 1823–5

On her return from Vienna Madame Lieven definitely became part of that singular group, which was known as the '*Cottage Coterie*,' from the frequency of their visits to Windsor, where George lived in a 'Cottage' while the repairs to Windsor were being undertaken. The Cottage, like its master, was not altogether Arcadian in its simplicity, and the visitors came there not for the purpose of taking pleasure in the society of the King, but of keeping him true to the despotic policies and rulers of the Continent. George IV was in fact almost wholly surrounded by foreigners in his private moments. Sometimes the Marquis of Conyngham was there ; his wife, the Marchioness, was never

absent, for she was the mistress of the King. The only other English person was Sir William Knighton, a discreet doctor, who acted as secretary, managed the royal finances, and was intriguer-in-chief to His Majesty. All the rest were foreigners, Count Münster, the Hanoverian adviser; Prince Esterházy, Austrian Ambassador; Neumann, his clever secretary and Madame Lieven's confidant with Metternich; last but not least, the Count and Countess Lieven. At a later stage Prince Polignac, the French Ambassador, occasionally attended these councils. It was a most mischievous assembly, for nearly all were foreigners intent on influencing and flattering the vain and susceptible King. It resulted ultimately in 'a plot' *pour faire sauter M. Canning*. The methods and means of upsetting the British Minister were openly discussed in this circle. Wellington, who was not often there, was the only sound British influence, and his hatred of Canning often led him into indiscretions. It is sad to relate that he, like the King, frequently criticized Canning and sometimes disclosed the secrets of British diplomacy to greedy foreign ears. The 'plot' of these tea-table conspirators began somewhere about April or May, 1823, and continued until the beginning of 1825. It was certainly one in which Madame Lieven had a hand. The whole atmosphere of pleasure and intrigue was one which she loved, and was made piquant by the presence of a King and the possibility of a plot.

Canning represented all that Madame Lieven hated.

He was a minister believed to favour constitutions (which in fact he did only with discrimination), one who desired to publish state papers (which he did in abundance), one who intended to rely on popular support and to make diplomacy understanded of the people. He was really a judicious and stable opportunist, who sought to preserve the old order by moderate concessions to new ideas, but to Madame Lieven he was just a 'Jacobin,' a revolutionary, a demagogue. She thought, in addition, that his manners were *gauche* and knew that he disdained, or was repelled by, aristocratic society. His first measure had been to break up the moral solidarity of the Congress at Verona by his famous instruction to Wellington (27th September, 1822). Madame Lieven had heard what was said about him at the Congress and returned to England embittered against him.

It was, however, at first thought that his aberrations might be exceptional or temporary, and that Wellington and the King might keep him in order. The great question at the beginning of 1823 was whether France would attack the Constitutional party in Spain and restore Ferdinand to an absolutist throne. Canning was known to be opposed to this policy ; Wellington and Peel were dubious ; two members of the Cabinet, Lords Harrowby and Westmoreland, openly advised the French to go to Madrid on the 11th February. The King told Esterházy early in March that he disapproved Canning's attitude, but that it was not easy to

dismiss him. On the 31st March, however, Canning came down definitely on the side of neutrality, and on the 6th April the French invaded Spain.

So far so good. It looked as if Canning had been coerced. But, early in April, Canning published some inconvenient diplomatic papers, showing that England had protested against the use of force by France or by the Neo Holy Alliance at Verona. On the 14th and 30th April he made two famous speeches in the Commons, denouncing the attitude of France, her advocacy of the principle that constitutions could only be granted spontaneously by kings, and that the internal affairs of states could be interfered with from outside. He also plainly announced his intention to repress the aims of the Neo Holy Alliance, and to keep 'within due bounds that predominating areopagitical spirit,' which was 'never intended for the government of the world.' Worst of all he said he hoped (Constitutional) 'Spain would come triumphantly out of the struggle.' His words were strong, they excited the frantic applause of liberals throughout Europe, and the strong disapproval of Metternich and of Alexander. They reached to the farthest bounds of Europe and marked a new phase of British diplomacy.

Canning was quite aware of the effect of his speeches. 'I wish,' he wrote to Bagot, 'you could have seen the *ultrageous* faces – ultra in either extreme – the first time I met them after the 30th April.' One ultrageous face was, doubtless, that of Madame Lieven. On the

7th May the King had an interview with Esterházy at which Lieven was present. George said that he had written a letter to Canning disapproving his speech and telling him to be more careful in future, but that Canning had surprised him by appearing at the next levée and saying 'I have to express all my thanks to Your Majesty for the letter you have done the favour to address to me.' After congratulating the King on his 'noble sentiments' the Austrian and Russian Ministers retired.

Even before this time the 'Coterie' had begun to use all their influence against Canning by discrediting him with Wellington and the King. But it was easier to whisper things against him behind his back than to say them to his face. In May Count Lieven was instructed to remonstrate with Canning as to his speech, which had displeased the Czar. But he seems to have feared the formidable minister, for he made no remonstrance until July. When he did, Canning is said to have denied all intention of offence. Lieven may have reported this, but it is unlikely to be true. For when Esterházy presented a similar remonstrance on behalf of Austria, Canning addressed him in extremely plain terms. Canning said he had expressed wishes for Spain's triumph over France, because he could not wish well to her aggressors, and this observation abruptly ended the conversation.[1] It also ended confidential relations, for Neumann complained (28th August), 'If we had no

[1]My article in *E.H.R.*, April 1923, p. 212, n.1.

other source but Canning as to British policy we should learn little. *Fortunately we have the Duke of Wellington.*'[1] For the moment the defeat of the Constitutionalists by the French and the restoration of Ferdinand to absolutist power (30th September, 1823) ended the crisis. Canning had failed, and the Ultras were triumphant.

Madame Lieven went to Rome in the winter of 1823–4 to recover her health. She did not find tranquillity on the way, writing that she 'was poisoned at Chalais, drowned at Geneva, had a narrow escape of an overturn, and arrived at Milan, half dead with fright.' But in Rome her health steadily recovered, and her peace of mind was only disturbed by an incident at the Carnival Ball. Madame Récamier had left her Chateaubriand, to his despair, and was also in Rome. So was ex-Queen Hortense, the step-daughter of Napoleon and not too faithful wife of ex-King Louis of Holland. Madame Récamier, through Chateaubriand, was in high favour with the Bourbonist French diplomats, while ex-Queen Hortense, as a Bonapartist, was naturally in their bad books. The two ladies devised an ingenious trick for mystifying the diplomats at the Carnival Ball. The ladies were masked, but it was discreetly indicated to the diplomats that Hortense carried a bouquet of white roses, and Récamier a white wreath. Each dressed in white ball dresses precisely similar. During the evening on two occasions, by arrangement, they exchanged

[1] *E.H.R.*, April 1923, p. 215. Italics my own.

wreath for bouquet. The result was that Récamier paraded about on the arm of ex-King Jerome of Westphalia and heard the whispered confidences of the Bonapartists and Muratists; while ex-Queen Hortense, on the arm of the French Ambassador, listened to diplomats who denounced Napoleon and applauded Legitimacy. 'Everybody took it in good part, with the exception of the Princesse (*sic*) de Lieven, who thought it disgraceful she should have been compromised by association with a Bonapartist.'[1] Madame Récamier had effectively avenged at the Carnival the slights put upon her at Verona by Madame Lieven.

The Rome episode was only a further proof, which shows that Madame Lieven was becoming more and more absorbed in the political game. She returned to England in the spring of 1824 to find Canning at daggers drawn with Metternich, with Alexander and with George over the question of the recognition of the Spanish American Republics. They had thrown off the yoke of Spain in fact, but the Ultras of Europe thought it sinful to acknowledge revolution against legitimate kings. Canning looked only at the fact, and thought it desirable in the interests of law and order. And so an irreconcilable conflict arose between him and the Ultras of the British Cabinet, which must end in his victory or defeat. The *Coterie*, aided by what they called the '*saine partie*' in the Cabinet, had already been poisoning the ear of George IV against him. Madame

[1]Madame Récamier, *Souvenirs*, II, 281.

Lieven may have had some share on her return, but Esterházy and Neumann seem to have been the chief agents. It was to them that Wellington and the King poured forth diatribes against Canning, and communicated secret information. Through her confidant, Neumann, Madame Lieven doubtless knew what was going on, and her frequent visits to Windsor also enabled her to support him with effect. On the question of the Spanish colonies she may have taken a more active part, and for this reason. Alexander had displayed little interest in the Spanish revolted colonies in 1823. But he showed a great interest in them in 1824, and talked of intervening by force of arms to suppress the Spanish American rebels. He also grew suspicious of France, which refused to go as far as he did. He was greatly opposed to Canning who, he knew, contemplated recognizing the Spanish Americans as independent states. Thus, during 1824, many attempts were made by the '*Coterie*' to work on Wellington and the King *pour faire sauter M. Canning*. I have told the whole story elsewhere,[1] but a few details may be here given. On the 30th May, 1824, Neumann reported Wellington as not having dissented to the suggestion that Canning might fall. A graver step was taken by another member of the Cabinet, apparently the Privy Seal (Westmoreland), who had a weakness for alcohol which Canning had emphasized by nicknaming him '*le sot privé*.' At any rate, a member of the Cabinet

[1] *E.H.R.*, April 1923, pp. 206–25, and *Canning*.

suggested to Neumann that Metternich should make certain proposals to the British Government to 'give us weapons (*armes*) against Mr. Canning whom they would like to see upset, and who perhaps would be, if his hand was forced, but there was no time to lose.' King George approved this plan and sent it on to Metternich. King George told Esterházy on the 12th June that he was only waiting an opportunity to get rid of Canning. Metternich replied by forwarding the proposition in question, and by advising both Wellington and the King that 'the hope of the better *marche* of the British Government was beginning to disappear.'[1] The hint that Canning must be overthrown is unmistakable.

The intrigue was as discreditable as could be imagined, but Madame Lieven's share in it is difficult to estimate. She had passed the winter of 1823–4 in Rome, and in May 1824 she started for the Continent again but fell ill at Dover and returned to London. Some persons scented diplomacy in this, thinking she had received some despatches.[2] But, on the whole, though she doubtless did all she could to discredit Canning with the King, the major rôle seems to have been played by Neumann and by Metternich.

She did, however, make some attempt to influence France and to prevent her from following the design

[1] *E.H.R.*, April 1923, pp. 218–19.

[2] *Correspondence of Lord Burghersh* (1912), Lord Londonderry to Lord B., 1st June, 1824, p. 257.

of England to recognize the Spanish colonies. The Prince de Polignac, the French Ambassador in London, commented thus with great bitterness: 'He (the Prince) said it was impossible to be guarded against the intreagues (*sic*) of Russia, for attempts had been made even here (London) on one of his people to draw him from his duty, although the temptation was made in a way most likely to be persuasive with a young man. He spoke with great asperity of this and said he had no hesitation in placing confidence in all the reports of the Russian intreagues (*sic*) at Paris – of which he should make the King (Charles X) fully aware when he arrived there.' This was in December 1824, and when Madame Lieven did start for the Continent in May 1825, Polignac threw more light on the transaction. 'He expressed great pleasure at the Countess Lieven's leaving London, as it would break off a connexion his secretary Vaudreuil had formed with her; which, though he had every reliance upon his Honor still created a good deal of uneasiness and had been taken notice of by the Ministers.'[1] So the cajoleries of Madame Lieven were not confined to Wellington and the King, and, as in their case, had become primarily political in aim.

The struggle over the Spanish colonies reached a

[1]*F.O. Library*, *Notes on Spain* 1824–5: conversations between Polignac and an Englishman, one annotated by Canning in pencil! The first is marked, private, December 1824; the second dated 13th May, 1825. Was Canning likely to trust Madame Lieven after this?

dénouement before the end of 1824. After fierce contests in the Cabinet, during which Wellington threatened to resign, Canning and Liverpool carried their minute advising recognition, and their joint resignations, to the King. He was asked to accept one or the other. The King had to accept the first, and on the 31st December, 1824, Canning issued a circular authorizing the negotiation of commercial treaties with Buenos Aires, Colombia and Mexico. Thus, as he said, he 'called the New World into existence,' and *novus saeclorum solvitur ordo*.

The King took his defeat ill. He went on bitterly protesting, though even Esterházy advised him to drop the matter. Wellington actually told his master that there would be a *coup d'état* if Canning resigned and delivered his explanations to Parliament. The King acquiesced but with much bad temper. Canning wrote him a stiff letter[1] on the 1st February. By this time the King had become frightened; he sent a 'decidedly conciliatory' reply, and 'desired that the matter might be dropped.' He told Esterházy on the 8th that he had been obliged to yield, because, though no one could doubt his sentiments, he could not dismiss Canning. He refused, however, to deliver in person the King's Speech, announcing the proposed recognition, on the ground that he had the gout and had lost his false teeth.

Canning wrote to Granville, on the 11th March, 1825,

[1] *E.H.R.*, April 1923, pp. 220–1.

that the intrigue *de faire sauter M. Canning* had been proceeding 'for the last twelve months at least, perhaps longer.'[1] Metternich was at the bottom of it, and Madame Lieven 'the organ,' 'to change the politics of the government by changing me.' . . . 'Metternich's instructions to P[rince] E[sterházy] were to keep himself safe – to let Madame Lieven do all; to watch the impression upon the King but not to commit himself or his government. So E[sterházy] has told a person who has reported what P[rince] E[sterházy] told him to me. Now you shall know what I would have done if this intrigue had gone on, and if fortunately the intemperance or miscalculation of the King had not brought it to a *dénouement* and so been obliged to give in. I would have resigned upon the S[panish] A[merican] question, and I would have declared openly in the H[ouse] of C[ommons] – taking care to keep safe my sources of intelligence – that I was driven from office by the Holy Alliance, and further, that the system which I found established, of personal communications between the Sovereign and the Foreign Ministers, was one under which no English Minister could do his duty. If, after such a denunciation and the debates which would have followed it, the L[ievens] and Esterházy did not find London too hot for them, I know nothing of the present temper of the English nation.'[2]

[1] *Canning*, 248–9.
[2] Stapleton, *Correspondence of Canning* [1888], I, 258.

It certainly looks as if Canning had definite proof that Madame Lieven was to 'do all,' but we do not know what it was, and must, therefore, suspend judgment.[1] In another part of this same letter Canning instructed Granville (British Ambassador to France) to warn Metternich, who was then staying at Paris (March–April 1825), not to come to London. He was 'the greatest rogue and liar on the Continent, perhaps in the civilized world. . . . He would have come to triumph, I would advise him not to come to intrigue.' Metternich took the hint and did not come, though the King privately expressed his regret to him that he had not done so.

The King at last recognized that the game was up. His demagogic and Jacobin Foreign Minister carried thunders in his hand and must be appeased. At the end of April he sent his confidential adviser, Sir William Knighton, with an overture to Canning. Knighton, in substance, offered himself 'body and soul' to Canning, and the King, in effect, promised to break with the *Cottage Coterie* and to amend his ways. Canning received this overture with surprise and delight, and welcomed the prodigal King to his bosom. It can hardly be an accident that, early in May 1825, Madame Lieven publicly announced that she was leaving on an

[1]In general Canning's statements are correct; the Austrian Archives prove the attempt and the intrigue, as do other sources. Metternich wrote to Neumann almost as often as to Esterházy, and it may well be that it was understood that the letters to Neumann were instructions for Madame Lieven. But evidence is lacking.

extended visit to St. Petersburg. The King could be happy with Canning, now 'that t'other dear charmer' was away, and Dorothea did not wish to witness the avowed triumph of her rival. Knowing that Alexander's relations with Metternich were already much strained, she probably thought that a fresh field for political intrigue could be opened by her in Russia. And she was not mistaken.

§ XI. MADAME LIEVEN ABANDONS METTERNICH AND SUPPORTS CANNING, 1825–6

It is at this point (middle of 1825) that Madame Lieven's Diary begins. Curiously enough the result of her visit to St. Petersburg was, as she relates with some truth and much art, to reconcile her to Canning and England to Russia. The reconciliation, once made, was complete. Metternich was tossed with contumely on the dust-heap, and Anglo-Russian co-operation became an established fact by April 1826. We hardly know when Madame Lieven's passion for Metternich ceased, but her aversion soon became as complete as her former regard for him.

Though it involves some slight violence to chronology we may quote here some unpublished letters of 1826, to show Madame Lieven abandoning her absolutist principles in favour of her new friend Canning. The Holy Alliance had been dissolved by Metternich's opposition to Russia over Greece (March–April 1825).

As a result of her visit to Russia and of her return to London Madame Lieven obtained certainty that England would co-operate with Russia over Greece. She knew this before the end of April 1826, and promptly became great friends with Canning. That masterly diplomat knew too much of her intrigues to trust her, but he was ready to make use of her. Under his guidance Madame Lieven was induced to forget all her old hatred of liberals and constitutions. In order to make that dangerous demagogue Mr. Canning useful in the Greek question he must be supported in his desire to uphold constitutions in other parts of Europe. She now saw that he had, in fact, ceased to be a 'Jacobin.' It might be more correct to say she had become one. On the 10th March, 1826, King John of Portugal died. The crown devolved on his son Don Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, a Regency being proclaimed in Portugal. Spain at once began to intrigue against the Regency and new régime in Portugal which England, from her century-old alliance with Portugal, desired to support. Dorothea wrote off to her husband 'what an absurdity is this Cabinet (of Madrid) in the influences which govern it. They wish nothing less to light a flame in Portugal, while happily all in it is calm. This has caused great discontent here, with good reason. I am curious to see if certain political existences will be eternal.'[1]

[1] *H. de W. MSS., F.O.* 360/5, 1st June, 1826. Comtesse to Comte de Lieven. Lieven was at this time still at St. Petersburg.

In point of fact Don Pedro not only recognized the Regency, abdicated in favour of his eldest daughter, Donna Maria, a child of eight, but gave Portugal a constitution. This *funeste cadeau* threw absolutist Europe into dismay. Alexander and Metternich had always held that only kings could grant constitutions, of course thinking that no king would ever grant one. Metternich, the arch-enemy of constitutions, became almost frantic, as did the King of Spain, when he heard that an absolute king had been mad enough to grant a constitution.

Madame Lieven, in no way troubled by consistency, supported the Portuguese constitution and England's advocacy of it. If Canning would help Russia over Greece, Russia would help him over Portugal. On the 14th July she wrote to her husband that Canning had seen the decrees of Don Pedro with satisfaction.[1]

'Esterházy chokes (*étouffe*) at this constitution because of the effect it will have on his chief (Metternich). This chief will find himself in a singular dilemma, he has established the dogma that there is nothing legal save what emanates from the sovereign, how could he (Metternich) raise any obstacle to the will of Don Pedro to grant a constitution to Portugal? And how could Metternich ever swallow a constitution? I think people are much amused at that. In truth it is the only thing which makes me laugh at this moment.'

[1]Not quite correct. Canning had not suggested the constitution and only supported it as the lesser evil.

And again (18th July). 'Mr. Canning has been to see me. He is particularly droll in the dilemma in which a certain unknown person (Metternich) is going to find himself.'[1]

Madame Lieven seems to have enjoyed seeing her new friend jeer at and out-argue her former, and now discarded, lover. But her judgment was a correct anticipation of events and of the policy of her own government. Russia, despite her hatred of constitutions, supported Canning throughout in Portugal and discouraged Spain. Metternich, in fact, suffered a severe diplomatic defeat, for he stimulated Spain to make filibustering raids on Portugal, which caused Canning to lose patience. On the 12th December, 1826, Canning, in the most famous of his speeches, announced that he had sent British troops to 'plant the standard of England on the well-known heights of Lisbon. Where that standard is planted foreign dominion shall not come!' Madame Lieven (now a princess) listened to this speech locked up in a small hole, called the ventilator, of the gallery.[2] She had to go out to dinner, and Stapleton, Canning's secretary, excited by the speech, forgot to release her in good time. She declared she would be late for her dinner party and hurried

[1] *H. de W. MSS.*, F.O. 360/5. Comtesse to Comte de Lieven, 14th and 18th July, 1826.

[2] There was then no ladies gallery. In his reply on this occasion Canning uttered the famous boast, 'I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old.'

away, tearfully exclaiming '*mon mari me battra*' (my husband will beat me), which we trust that long-suffering man did not do.

These singular events in Madame Lieven's life have been related here, because they throw light on her attitude towards Canning and Greece. The result of her mission to Russia, as she relates in her Diary, was that she brought back a message from Alexander of great importance to Canning. From that time (October 1825) she was really more significant than her husband, she was regarded by Nesselrode and the Czar as a valuable instrument of their policy, a Russian, almost a European, diplomatic personage. How she obtained this position, and what was its effect upon Greece, is best told in her own words.

II. THE LIEVEN DIARY

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THE LIEVEN DIARY

POLITICAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ALLIANCE WITH ENGLAND[1] 1825–30

FIRST PART

MISSION OF PRINCESS LIEVEN TO LONDON

'SINCE the Congress of Laibach (1821) the Austrian Cabinet had acquired an absolute empire over the mind of the Emperor Alexander.

'Italy, Spain, Portugal had just been almost simultaneously the theatre of popular revolutions. Greece had raised the standard of insurrection. Germany had been very agitated by secret societies. Alarming symptoms showed themselves even in the ranks of the Russian army.

'Prince Metternich, who had long since predicted commotions without persuading anyone, had finally gained his cause. The Emperor Alexander had surrendered.

'The Emperor had been brought up in almost republican principles, which fact had a little distorted his judgment, but his soul had remained open to every generous impression. He was without any pride, very simple in all things. Display (*l'étalage*) displeased him. He had a horror of intrigue. His heart was affectionate, human, sensible, even weak.

'He had a deep sense of duty. The greatness of Russia

[1] [*Russ. Arch.* thus endorsed, 'Brochure in 4to of 50 leaves in French.' Underneath is written 'This document affords a conspectus of the Diary of Princess Lieven 1825–30 composed by an unknown hand.' Original is preserved in the Archives of the Russian Socialist Federative Soviet Republic, and was formerly in the Czar's Library.]

touched him keenly, and he knew well how he had added to that greatness. He enjoyed that [sensation] without vanity, without ostentation. Glory doubtless prevailed over his modesty; but he effaced himself naturally and without design. His spirit *plus fin qu'étendu* had a student's air; his judgment was almost always beside the mark. He had a very mobile imagination; sudden and varied playfulness, a great deal of mistrust in himself due to modesty; mistrust of others due ultimately to his ignorance of men, and to some sad experiences such as fall to the lot of kings. From all this it resulted that, although very open in appearance, the Emperor was very capable of dissimulation. He had never liked Prince Metternich; to say everything, he distrusted him much. A common danger had brought them to the goal of a common deliverance. As soon as this moment was passed the Emperor Alexander delivered himself without reserve, and even without prudence, to his estrangement from Metternich. Later the interest of the same conservative policy and of resistance to revolutionary ideas brought the two Cabinets (Russian and Austrian) together. The Emperor pretended to forget his repugnance, the cleverness of the Prince did the rest. The Emperor passed suddenly from excess of Liberalism to an equally excessive Ultraism, and Prince Metternich remembered little of this shadow of a Carbonaro or of a Radical.

'In the Greek question and in the still more irritating question of our relations with Turkey the Russian honour and interest were entrusted to the direction of the Austrian Cabinet. Turkey shackled our commerce and made us experience considerable losses. The persecution of our co-religionists was incessant; the Greek

patriarch had been put to death at Constantinople; hundreds of Greeks thrown into the Bosphorus [illegible]. The most ferocious war devastated the Greek Provinces. None of our representations were listened to at Constantinople, we obtained satisfaction upon nothing. Prince Metternich had promised us redress of grievances first by means of his intervention, then by invoking the intervention of Great Britain, finally by establishing a centre of conference which was to regulate our differences. This arrangement had lasted four years.[1]

'All the Powers, more or less, seconded Austria in the aim of mystifying Russia ; all had the same interest in preventing a rupture between that Power and the Porte. Deceived by circumstances, fearing above all the need of a war which would serve as encouragement to the insurrection of the Greeks or at least appear to serve it, the Emperor Alexander always awaited from his Allies a suitable *dénouement* for his quarrel with the Divan.

'Mr. Canning had taken for some time an important place in the affairs of Europe, and above all presented himself as the rival, and almost as the antagonist, of Prince Metternich. He had always regarded with much impatience the influence of Austria or of other Cabinets.

'The Holy Alliance had been the constant object of the sarcasms of Mr. Canning; the Great Alliance that of his strong antipathy; it bridled England, and for that reason was repugnant to her insular pride. That Alliance, to tell the truth, was supported by no Englishman except by the Ministers. The invariable aim of the policy of Mr. Canning from the moment he succeeded to Lord Castlereagh was to resume that liberty of action (*allures*) which suited the temperament of his nation. At first he

[1][Apparently from 1820–4.]

only walked with much prudence in the new system that he wished to impress on his policy; he was not free to cut himself loose at once from the old routine. However, he cleverly seized the opportunity for isolated action; thus he separated himself from the other courts in the question of the occupation of Spain by French troops;[1] he had taken the lead in recognizing the emancipation of the American Colonies;[2] but that was not enough to depart from the Alliance; it was necessary yet further to break it because of the other Powers, and his relaxing this bond between them – to obtain a new and great rôle for England [to play]. He had observed with secret joy the insidious lures of the Cabinet of Vienna in the Eastern question. Called by a common interest up to a certain point to share in the system of deceptions followed by Prince Metternich he had sounded all the depths of his perfidies. He [Canning] had sought to enlighten us sometimes by devious, and sometimes by direct, methods as to the manœuvres of the Austrian Court.[3] But the Emperor saw only in these insinuations the aim of disuniting the two Imperial Courts, and the Liberal Minister [Canning] was necessarily sacrificed to the Ultra [Metternich].

'Henceforward Canning renounced this means and suddenly declared in the month of January 1825 that he

[1][*v.* my *Canning* (1925), pp. 83–5, which quotes his despatch of 31st March, 1823.]

[2][31st December, 1824. It is not correct that Canning was antipathetic to the Quadruple Alliance established at Vienna in 1815. He was to the 'Holy Alliance' and to its outgrowth, the Neo-Holy Alliance. *v.* my *Canning*, pp. 135–7.]

[3][This admission is rather important, for it suggests Canning was preparing the ground for a *rapprochement* with Russia, before Madame Lieven ever thought of it. *v. Canning* 339.]

would take no further part in the affairs of the East.[1] He said then to persons (who repeated it) that the only motive of his defection was his repugnance still further to complicate the conduct of Austria towards us. We conceived much irritation at the retreat of England. Metternich congratulated himself on being rid of the liberalism of Mr. Canning in this question; but in this triumph he forgot that he lost all pretext for prolonging our uncertainty. For he had ceaselessly blamed England for the slowness of the progress of the negotiation at St. Petersburg.

'Towards the spring of this same year Prince Metternich was called to Paris by the fatal illness of his wife. His stay in the capital let well-informed people know the extent of his vanity in all things. He sought victories in drawing-rooms as well as in affairs. Six days after the death of his wife he attended a concert at the Princess Bagration's. When he entered Pasta hummed the air 'D'ambra adorata confuelta.' He was much courted by everybody. His head was turned. He committed the most astonishing indiscretions. [He showed himself?] sufficiently contemptuous of the Emperor Alexander. He boasted of his influence over him, he confessed to all the artifices he had employed to force the Emperor to leave the Eastern question in his hands. All these *gasconnades* spread abroad without discernment and beyond measure were carefully collected by Pozzo [di Borgo][2] and sent to Petersburg.

[1][Not quite correct. He refused in November 1824 to join the Congress on Eastern Affairs at St. Petersburg. Alexander replied by forbidding Lieven to discuss Greece with him. 'The Emperor,' said Canning, 'was damned if he would speak Greek to us.']

[2][The Corsican enemy of Napoleon. He became a Russian general and the Russian Ambassador to Paris 1814–34.]

'I knew the invariable hostility of Prince Metternich to the Greek cause. I had more than once given him sincere warnings on the need of ending the Eastern business in good faith, on the clear-sighted view of Russia in this business and on the danger of finally bringing the Emperor to recognize that he had been the dupe of difficulties improvised by Austria. My advice remained without result. I felt deeply the humiliating situation in which Russia was, and I left in June 1825 for Petersburg, but without any fixed plan, with the firm resolution of telling the Emperor the truth, if he did me the honour to speak to me of his affairs.

'It was not at all probable. The Emperor chatted with me no more than with anyone else. I arrived at the beginning of July. I went immediately to the Imperial Castle, Pavlovski, where was the Empress Mother, and I remained with her for the whole of my stay. The Empress held the court of Russia there. Except the Emperor the whole imperial family was reunited there, for I met there even the Princess of Orange (later Queen of Holland)[1] and the Grand Duchess of Weimar.

'The ministers, the élite of the society of Petersburg met at the residence of the Empress. There were always forty persons at table, always a great *réunion* in the evening, sometimes dances. The Court *avait grand air*. The Empress presided at it with much dignity and discernment. She knew how to respect merit, how to honour age and to encourage youth. She was well educated and took great pleasure in conversation. Grand manners were preserved intact at the Court.

'I found again there with joy after thirteen years the customs of my youth, the maternal goodness of the

[1][*v.* pp. 174–8. The Empress here described is really the Empress-Mother.]

Empress, with joy even the unwonted etiquette of the Court, the old routine of the courtiers, frivolous things which have their serious side in a monarchical country. You need old incapacitated chaperones to give to young people the example of respect to old women. I was not old yet, but I had got to midsummer, and had to reflect that I had seen this spectacle formerly without thinking about it. Now it both impressed and amused me. I examined it with curiosity. This preoccupation with small matters, the importance attached to nothings, that entirely Russian way of hurrying too much in order to wait a long time: this *désœuvrement* which has the air of a toil, of a duty; this abdication of dignity by each person in order to incarnate it in the sovereign, contrasted greatly with the country from which I came.

'An atmosphere of melancholy pervaded this whirlwind of fêtes, of plays, and of pleasures. The Empress had a sorrowful air when not in the midst of her court. I heard sad words fall openly from her mouth.

'A league from there the Emperor dwelt alone in the sumptuous palace of the great Catherine. He had not abdicated like Charles V, but he had almost become a monk.

'Tsarkoï Selo was the Versailles of our Paris – a very imperial, very magnificent residence, worthy of our great reign as Versailles was of the reign of Louis XIV. A reign of favourites, not of conquest, of glory, of grandeur beyond everything. A reign of wit, elegance and good taste. Tsarkoï Selo had seen all that. The palace, almost as large as that of Versailles, is much gilded within and without. The gardens are vast, and much adorned with rather strange-looking statues. I did not see it this time, but I have heard of its marvels, each

corner has its history at Tsarkoï Selo as at Versailles. This palace contained some thousands of inhabitants, not including Catherine. To-day the Emperor lived there alone with his wife, a sort of reciprocal expiation. He dined alone – he walked very much alone in those fine gardens. No one went near him, he saw his ministers seldom; and only during work-time. His occupations in these days were pious readings. He was sometimes seen with his Bible under his arm.

'That is the life which replaced what Tsarkoï Selo had seen formerly; imperial pomp and fêtes, movement, art, and business.

At the time of my arrival the Emperor was seeing the Imperial Guard manœuvre at Krasnoï Selo. He returned from his camp two days later. He had desired me to delay till then my visit to the Empress Elizabeth at Tsarkoï Selo. I believed I should find him with her, but he did not appear, though my visit was prolonged. The Empress in bidding me good-bye told me that the Emperor had had an apartment prepared at the palace, whither he reckoned on coming to see me. She had me conducted to it. I crossed the long enfilade of halls and galleries and was installed in a rich apartment, where I waited still for a quarter of an hour for the arrival of the Emperor. All seemed to me icy. Space, magnificence, solitude are all so sad.

'The Emperor received me with the familiar good humour that I had always had from him, He was so isolated from all contact with man, his habits had become so monastic, his mind so suspicious that the sight even of a person like me seemed to embarrass him. I do not know why, but this embarrassment gave me courage. I answered his banal questions in such a way

so as to interest him a little. By degrees he became more intimate. He referred to things and persons. He spoke to me only of business. My answers were reserved and firm, without any sign of preference, whatever it might be. I would not shew myself either Ultra or Liberal, neither for nor against Mr. Canning, for whom he had a deep hate. I testified to some surprise at the *gasconnades* of Metternich, to some taste for the policy of M. de Villèle,[1] much pride at the moral power our Cabinet could exert over Europe. I remember among other things when the Emperor spoke to me of the weakness of other Cabinets, of their carelessness (*incurie*), for that was the theme. I said to him, 'Put your foot down, Sire, and you will make the whole World tremble,' for that was precisely what the Emperor did not think that he could dare to do. I made him speak much himself. He spoke well, though without distinction, and he loved to be listened to, although he never made an opportunity beyond what there was. Finally, after an hour and a half's *tête-à-tête*, I had made enough impression on his mind, since he did me the honour to speak of me to my brother on leaving this interview: "I left your sister a young woman; I have found her a stateswoman." It was truly an honour, though I did not deserve it, but this opinion put me in the right relation to him, and to establish it better I avoided everything which was not shared by others. Not a word of business escaped my lips. I spoke only to Nesselrode, whom I found of the same political sentiments as myself, but in such an attitude of fear towards his master that he had never dared to discuss the probity of Metternich. He was a little frightened at the boldness of my talk with the Emperor,

[1][President of the Council of France.]

which I had repeated to him, but seeing my good courage and the reserve of all my behaviour, he communicated to me from his side what might help me in the vague idea which I had formed. It was reduced to this: to detach ourselves from Austria and re-approach England, for everything could be done by this double relation.

'My conversation with the Emperor had been so cautious that I regarded it, for my own part, only as a good foundation. Count Nesselrode judged otherwise. Eight days after, he came to see me with a very joyous air, to announce to me that in his work of the evening before he had submitted to the Emperor the demand made by the Austrian Cabinet that we should indicate to the Grand Duke of Baden our satisfaction at seeing the debates forbidden [*interdite*] in the parliament of Baden. [He said] that the Emperor had told him to tell the Austrian Minister that he had no time to busy himself with this matter. It was the first opposition to the wishes of Austria, and in fact so unusual that Nesselrode did not hesitate to see in it the fixed disposition of the Emperor to change his attitude in respect to this Court. He gave me the honours as to my interview with him.

'I had made the acquaintance of Prince Metternich at the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle. A warm correspondence followed and had continued since that time between him and me. In our respective positions politics necessarily had the greatest share.[1] I had seen him again during some days at Hanover during the sojourn of the King of England in that town. I saw him again the following year at the Congress at Verona in 1822.

'The Emperor knew that I had exchanged letters with

[1][Incorrect, for obvious reasons.]

him, he might suppose I had some knowledge of his intimate views, he was therefore curious to make me speak about him. The little I had dared to say to the Enperor had been enough to justify the irritation he began to feel secretly against him. It increased from day to day. The Austrian Minister at my Court, M. de Lebzeltern, became extremely anxious, he came to consult me, and he did it with entire confidence, for he knew of my relations with his chief.[1] I told him to tell him that if he did not bestir himself to arrange our affairs with Turkey, conveniently, he could be sure that we should take up the matter ourselves, and that we should declare war on that Power.[2] This is the place to relate a proposal to which the catastrophe four months later [the outbreak of a conspiracy on Alexander's death] gave an importance which compromised M. de Lebzeltern a little. "You dare not make war," said he. "The Czar has far more to fear from his army than from his enemies." Prince Trubetzkoï, the brother-in-law of the Austrian Minister, and one of the chiefs of the conspiracy of the 26th December, was found hidden in the house of M. de Lebzeltern on the night of that day.[3]

'I reached the end of my stay in Russia. I had been there four weeks. The Emperor had come twice to see

[1][On 29th July Lebzeltern dined with Madame Lieven and Nesselrode and detected traces of hostility (*V.S.A.* Russland, Bd. 7, Lebzeltern to Metternich, 30th July, 1825, No. 152. Secret).]

[2][Madame Lieven omits to state here that in May 1825 the Conference at Petersburg had broken up. Alexander wished to use force against Turkey, Metternich to prevent him. Alexander discontinued the Conferences in wrath (May), Nesselrode was furious and told Lebzeltern he could not trust himself to speak about them. *v.* my article, *E.H.R.*, January 1924, p. 57.]

[3][This incident caused Lebzeltern's recall to Vienna in 1826.]

me at Pavlovski. The conversation was general, my text the news from England. He came to me one morning, and without any preamble began to speak of Metternich. "I am discontented with him," said he to me. "His method (*marche*) is not straight; I must watch that from another side. Canning is a Jacobin, is not that true?" (Some years before, Canning had said to Pozzo at a dinner of the Duc de Decazes, "Your Emperor is neither more nor less than a Jacobin.") "You will pardon me, Sire, Canning is not a Jacobin.[1] The distinctive mark of his policy to-day is to be the enemy of Prince Metternich and he has some reason to be that." The Emperor decided not to follow up my idea, afraid of an explanation which would drag him too directly from the position in which he found himself placed with regard to Austria, but he asked a thousand questions about Canning, about the Austrian Ambassador in London, even about his secretary, Neumann,[2] and their relations with Canning. Finally, while evading a discussion on the affairs of the moment, he gave me a score of opportunities to put in allusions which all ended in advancing my theme, and which I noticed began to become that of the Emperor.

[1][But in a letter to her brother in 1823 Madame Lieven had described Canning as a 'Jacobin Minister.' *v.* Robinson, *Letters* of Princess Lieven, p. 64.]

[2][Madame Lieven was naturally alarmed about this because Neumann was her confidant in her love intrigue with Metternich. She did not know that Neumann had sent to Metternich a report of Canning's remarks attacking the financial probity of Pozzo di Borgo. Alexander was shown this and became very *monté*, and sent a furious remonstrance to Metternich complaining that his underling should attack a man like Pozzo. This fully explains his inquiry. Madame Lieven feared it was for the other reason.]

'His political position was, however, delicate. He had been abandoned by England. He found himself equally removed from his other Allies on the Eastern question. All powerful as he was he needed an ally – but could he make advances?

'On the other side discontent increased in Russia. We were deeply wounded by the unpunished provocations of the Ottoman Porte – with the shameful *délaissement* in which we were leaving the poor Greeks, with the fatal influence of Austria, with the trouble which Prince Metternich had had the infernal art to infuse into the mind of the Emperor. He had said of him at Paris, 'I found the Emperor a Jacobin; I have made him an Ultra; it only remains to make a tyrant of him.'[1]

[1][There is plenty of other evidence that the substance of this boast is true and that Pozzo di Borgo, the Russian ambassador, reported most unfavourably of Metternich. The Emperor certainly knew the circumstances by the end of June. The Grand Duke Constantine told Alexander that the Duchess of Angoulême had said to Metternich 'that France never could forget how entirely she owed the happiness of possessing the Bourbons to the counsels of Prince Metternich and the wisdom of the Emperor Francis.' Pozzo di Borgo, who overheard it, was extremely indignant, 'reported the matter, complaining of this "ignorance of history" ' (i.e. of the services of Alexander to France). *F.O. Russia* 181/66, Disbrowe to Canning, 29th June, 1825, says he had heard this 'in the most confidential manner.' As Canning wrote later, 'the facility and almost *dupery* of the Emperor Alexander became matter of common talk' at Paris during Metternich's stay, and every one knew who had inspired the talk. Wellington, *Desp.* and *Mem.* (1868), iii, 85, Canning to Wellington, 10th February, 1826. A guarded reference to these same stories and Pozzo di Borgo's report is given by Esterházy to Metternich, 14th September, 1825 (*V.S.A.*, Berichte aus England, Bd. 226). The authority he quotes is Count Münster, the well-informed Hanoverian minister of George IV. Lebzeltern records a somewhat heated protest by Nesselrode to him

'The Emperor would never have become that. God had marked his soul with the seal of goodness – but he was full of terrors. He remained humiliated, irresolute, *combattu*. For ten years he had governed Europe. He no longer knew how to govern it himself. Yet he felt that the moment to take great resolve was near.[1]

'He was going to leave his capital for the shores of the Sea of Azov, whither he took his wife, the dying Empress. His natural misanthropy willingly inclined him to this exile. The situation of affairs both within and without might render opportune his temporary withdrawal from the stage of politics, which was agitated by the rivalry of Prince Metternich and Mr.

on the subject of Metternich's criticisms of Russia at Paris (*V.S.A.* Russland, Bd. 7 (1825), Lebzeltern to Metternich, 31st July, 1825, No. 126. Secret).]

[1][Madame Lieven does not mention, and perhaps at the time (30th August) did not know, that Alexander had already taken a decisive step in conjunction with Nesselrode. On the 18th August he issued a circular to his representatives at Vienna, Paris and Berlin (but not London) that his Allies had not supported him at the Petersburg Conference. Hence if any overtures were to be addressed to them by these courts, the respective diplomatists were to take them all *ad referendum*, and say at the same time that they did not know how far the Emperor was prepared to act in concert with his Allies in future in the Eastern question, or in other matters. They were specially to stress that the Emperor had not received satisfaction from the Turks in their evacuation of the Danubian principalities or in their promised release of the Serbian deputies, and that these events might lead to war. Two points are to be noticed here. The Emperor had definitely broken with the Conference policy and the Neo-Holy Alliance, and indicated possible and separate active intervention by Russia in the Danubian and Servian question. But he said very little about Greece and nothing at all about a *rapprochement* with England! *v.* my article *E.H.R.*, January 1924, pp. 59–64.]

Canning. This rivalry gave him a sort of guarantee, yet he did not wish to deliver everything to chance, and, compelled by the awkwardness of his position, he came to the strange decision to entrust to me the interest of a new political combination for Russia.

'The 18/30 August in the evening I received from Tsarkoï Selo at Pavloffsky (where I was) a letter from Count Nesselrode in which he asked me, by order of the Emperor, to receive him again before my departure, having a pressing communication to make to me on behalf of His Majesty (I had to go the next morning at 6 to return to England, and the Emperor knew that I had fixed that hour).

'I answered Count Nesselrode that I would delay my departure till 10 and would receive him at 9. He was punctual and began by telling me that he wished to have a conference with me in due form. He would speak as minister to minister, and that for better comprehension he would give me word for word the dialogue he had had the evening before with the Emperor.

ALEXANDER. '"Madame de Lieven goes to-morrow: have you seen her much during her stay here?" "Several times, Sire." (Count Nesselrode took these precautions to conceal his frequent visits to me. The Emperor was very suspicious.)

ALEXANDER. '"Ah well! if you have spoken with her you will have been satisfied. I have found her sensible on all questions. She judges fairly and without prejudices. An idea has come to me which I have been working out for some days. Could we not profit by her return to England to re-approach that Cabinet? She knows the influential persons in that country, she enjoys great consideration, she well knows the means to use her position

to render the service I ask of her. This is what you must tell her is my opinion on the present situation: The Turkish power is crumbling; the agony is more or less long, but it is stricken with death. I am still here, armed with all my power, but strong in my known principles of moderation and disinterestedness. How will it not profit me, with my aversion from any project of conquest, to reach a solution of the question which is incessantly disturbing Europe? So long as I follow them [my principles], they [Metternich or other Allies] try to profit by it. I cannot remain in this position for long.

'"Affairs become daily more complicated. I am pushed, urged on by all my entourage. My people demand war; my armies are full of ardour to make it, perhaps I could not long resist them. My Allies have abandoned me. Compare my conduct to theirs. Everybody has intrigued (*tripoté*) in Greece. I alone have remained pure. I have pushed scruples so far as not to have a single wretched agent in Greece, not an intelligence agent even, and I have to be content with the scraps that fall from the table of my Allies.[1] Let England think of that. If they grasp hands [with us] we are sure of controlling events and of establishing in the East an order of things conformable to the interests of Europe and to the laws of religion and humanity. That should be the foundation of the instruction to Madame de Lieven. In addi-

[1][I am indebted to Mr. C. W. Crawley, of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, for the following note as well as for some other advice. In the P.R.O., C.O. Ionian Isles, there are a good many intercepted reports from the Russian consul Sandrini at Corfu. Later there was a Greek (Vlassopoulos) in the Russian service travelling in Greece before the first accredited agent was sent.]

tion she must understand well that we cannot make the least advances to England. That would not suit my dignity after what passed last winter. But we can make the Cabinet of England understand that, if it takes a step, it will not be repulsed, and that we shall always be ready to welcome its ideas. The sending of Lord Strangford will serve as a pretext; his arrival here will form a new epoch in this question. He must be furnished with instructions to take it up on a new basis. Finally, these are the ideas which I wish you to make Madame de Lieven clearly understand. You will listen attentively to her observations and objections and you will report them to me. Now you must see her. Send a courier to her at once. She will be with my mother and will not leave before 11.30 this evening. Take care to receive and to keep the secrecy of the interview you ask of her."

'The Count de Nesselrode immediately sent me his letter and sent back my answer to that.

'I listened with much astonishment. I remained a moment nonplussed. It seemed to me great, a little extravagant, very difficult. I felt at once disturbed, likely to regain courage, and very much amused. Here was the most cautious and discreet of Ministers compelled to entrust the most confidential, most intimate and most bold political projects to a woman. It was new and something to laugh at.

'However, I had to answer. I had to have advice. I took care to show the difficulties, though not denying that there was some hope. I showed that Canning was isolated in the Cabinet, without authority over his colleagues, without any credit at Court.[1] All the Ministers

[1][Not quite correct. George IV practically surrendered to Canning in April 1825. *v.* my *Canning*, 249–50.]

were devoted to the Turkish cult and to horror of the Greek revolution, the King sharing all these prejudices, the public very cold. That was the bad side. But in compensation Canning was *fort capable d'exaltation*, a generous heart, and one who easily lent himself to an idea that was great and new. Still, how were we to begin, when we had shut our mouths to England?

'"A woman knows how to make people speak," said Count de Nesselrode to me, "and that is precisely why the Emperor considers you are a unique opportunity, and your presence here has been for him like a revelation." (Here was shown in its entirety the mystic faith of the Emperor.)

'"But what an incredible idea! The Emperor then wishes to break the Alliance. He desires a separate engagement with England and, in agreement with her, to drive the Turks from Europe. To erect in their place a Christian power; in a word, to overthrow everything."

'The Count de Nesselrode seized himself by the head and looked fearfully at the door. "My God! if the Emperor heard you!" Then, very low: "Ah, well, it is possible that that is what he dreams of," and moving his spectacles up over his forehead, he gave way to a movement of lassitude and despair.

'The conversation between the Count de Nesselrode and me was gay and serious by turns, the conclusion was that I should obey and be very diligent. I put my instructions in writing. Count Nesselrode read them again and said, "That is the true wish of the Emperor, he is going to be attached to that idea, don't forget it for an instant!"

'We agreed that the *paix de ménage* should be respected, that I should instruct my husband in everything, that he

should take the question in hand, if I succeeded in putting it *au monde*, and that the Count de Nesselrode should furnish me with a letter of credence to that effect. This condition was absolute, for, if not done, all this would be incredible.

'The prudent Count Nesselrode confined himself to writing to my husband (as I was looking on), "Believe all the bearer tells you," and ten minutes after he led me to my carriage. The Emperor had doubtless enjoined this piece of politeness, which agreed with his warning (to Nesselrode) only to see me at the moment of my departure.

'The Emperor himself left a few days after for his fatal journey to Taganrog. He took away none of his ministers, not a single Secretary of State. He wished to finish with business as he left Europe. The last act, the last word, I would even say the last political thought, of his reign was then the mission which he entrusted to me.

'I made the journey from Petersburg to London like a courier.[1] Ten days after my arrival I saw the Duke of Wellington; a few minutes were enough to assure me that there would be nothing to be gained out of him for our interests; but I learnt from him that the war between Prince Metternich and Mr. Canning had not slackened for a moment: that the relations between Mr. Canning and the French Cabinet had remained very unamiable. He then told me of a quite new incident which was changing the King's relations with Mr. Canning. I will tell it in good time. The sum total of his advice persuaded me that the moment was favourable to us.

[1][Incorrect. The *Star* shows that she arrived on 28th September. This is nearly twice the time a courier took.]

'Amidst all the circumstances I have just related, and while I pursued at St. Petersburg an aim which was to detach us from Austria, I yet had remained faithful to my duty of friendship towards Prince Metternich. I knew that even at this moment it depended only on him to keep us in the Alliance: that is what I conjured him to do. But to do that he must change his methods (*allures*); and it would have cost at least as much to his vanity as to his policy ever to give it the lie. More, he believed that he knew of a vast conspiracy (in Russia) even against the throne, and of dissent in the ranks of the army. He warned the Emperor, and disdained all my representations and appeals, as he was sure of holding him just by this powerful means. The letters which followed will make known all the good faith I put into my political relations with him, and that on his side he brought disdain and vanity to his aid to repel my fears.[1]

SECOND PART

THE PROTOCOL OF 4TH APRIL, 1826

'MR. Canning had been the lover of the Princess of Wales at the time when the adventures of that Princess began to attract some notice.[2] Great scandals followed her

[1][The fact of Madame Lieven's correspondence with Metternich in 1825 is confirmed by the latter, *v. Les rapports diplomatiques de Lebzeltern* (1816–26) par le Grand Duc Nicholas Mikhailowitch. St. Petersburg, 1913, pp. 304, 312, and *Han.*, pp. 332–3. He says it ceased in 1826.]

[2][This information probably came to Madame Lieven direct from George IV. Canning was mentioned in connexion with the Princess in the 'Delicate Investigation,' but both were cleared of all blame. He mentioned the matter to Lady Bessborough, who wrote 'he neither

first *écarte*. An inquiry like that of 1808 under the name of 'delicate investigation' was followed by a sort of acquittal for the Princess, but she remained banished from the Court and was compelled to leave England in the summer of 1814. She returned to London in June 1820, on the accession of the Prince Regent to the throne to claim the title and prerogatives of the Queen which her husband refused to her.

'The day after the arrival of the Princess, 8th June, 1820, the ministers brought before Parliament the documents of the criminal trial which the King meant to bring against his wife. Mr. Canning, a member of Lord Liverpool's Cabinet, immediately took the word by declaring in full session of the Lower House that affections and old and *tender* memories prevented his taking part in the execution of the trial. Some days later he ceased to form part of the Cabinet. He left England and travelled for some time in Italy. The following year (1821) he was nominated as Ambassador to Lisbon, a post he soon left to return to his own country.[1] He became very circumspect to the government in his capacity of head of a neutral party. To get rid of him they named him Viceroy (Governor-General) of India. Canning had not a large fortune,

owned nor denied, but on the whole I am stagger'd, and afraid that it is in great part true.' To Granville Leveson Gower (Lord Granville, 30th June, 1806, *Letters of Lord Granville Leveson Gower*, ed. Castalia, Countess Granville, 1916, II, 206). From this conclusion I should dissent. Canning's morality and affection for his wife stood high in a dissolute age. The Princess often stayed with him and was the godmother of one of his children. He was her friend and adviser, but probably no more. But the story is interesting as it accounts for George IV's antipathy to Canning.]

[1][Incorrect. He was Ambassador to Lisbon 1814–6.]

he accepted and was on the point of embarking for Calcutta when the catastrophe of the death of Lord Castlereagh occurred (12th August, 1822). Public opinion as a whole summoned Canning to resume this heritage. The whole Cabinet recognized the need of submitting to him. For Mr. Canning no longer wished for India and he might become an enemy. One individual pronounced himself against his entry into the Ministry, the King, to whom Mr. Canning remained odious since his liaison with the Princess of Wales.[1]

'The Duke of Wellington, who exercised a certain influence on the mind of his master, undertook to surmount his repugnance. After much difficult work, lasting several weeks, he succeeded. Mr. Canning came to take oath between the King's hands. The allocution addressed to him by the King was most dry and disobliging and his conduct towards him was all that this beginning had promised. Two or three years passed in the coldest relations.[2] While months passed without the King seeing his minister, he never invited him to his table. The work was done by means of the red boxes – and the King's observations were carried to Mr. Canning through the intermediary of the Duke of Wellington.

[1][George IV was notoriously untruthful and doubtless gave this as a reason to Madame Lieven. In fact, his protest at the time to Wellington was due to the fact that he thought Canning had influenced some Whig Lords to vote against the Divorce Bill. The Duke pointed out to the King that his idea was incorrect. Eldon opposed Canning's entry into the Cabinet.]

[2][Not quite correct. Early in 1823 George IV sent him his portrait and was seen walking with his arm round his neck at Brighton. *v.* Creevey, *Papers*, II, 59. He became estranged from him in February or March 1823, over the question of the Spanish War.]

'Not a minister in the Council had confidence in him.[1] The Duke of Wellington interfered in foreign affairs or thought he did. Mr. Canning allowed him some pleasures and vanities; the Duke could strictly boast that he had not failed several times to correct some of the diplomatic notes of Mr. Canning. The Duke called that scratching the work of his colleague. Canning redressed that in his private correspondence with his Ambassadors.

'Canning had no support at the Court and was almost on bad terms with all the diplomatists, especially the important ones. In Court as in Society, the Ambassadors of Russia and of Austria had real importance. The King was friendly to, and had a personal regard for Esterházy.[2] He had some for me. We were constantly in his society and no foreigners certainly had received more intimate confidences on his side, and were able to use more freely than I the diplomatic opportunities offered by these familiar relations with him.

'Mr. Canning was, as we have seen above, very ill-disposed towards Austria. Prince Esterházy did him nothing but bad turns with the King. Russia at that time was in very intimate relations with the Cabinet of Vienna. I did not trouble to relieve the bad luck of Canning. It seems to me even that I should seek to maintain it. I was ungrateful, for from the first moment Mr. Canning had cultivated me, a little it must be admitted out of hatred to Prince Metternich and with the idea of supplanting him. He had persevered in this despite the little return he received, and that

[1][Not correct. Liverpool and Robinson had, and Huskisson, who entered the Cabinet, August 1823.

[2][The Austrian Ambassador.]

made the work more easy when, in our turn, we had an interest in winning him over.

'I learnt on my arrival in London that a ray of royal favour had fallen on Canning; I had also gained much for the Greek cause on the side of the King.[1] For very different reasons the situation of the minister was changed towards him as to me. Here is what had been the opportunity for the King

'Lady Conyngham, his mistress, had formerly had Lord Ponsonby for a lover. He had left some years before for the Ionian Isles where he had held places of small importance. During my journey to Russia he had returned to London and one evening had encountered the Marchioness in the drawing-room of Lady Jersey. When she saw him she nearly became ill, or even did become ill. The matter was reported to the King, who took it badly for his part, with all the ordinary signs of despair and of peril to his life; they bled him and made him thinner and paler. It was the accepted method in all the vicissitudes of love. All London laughed at the adventure. Canning knew how to profit by it. He had important business to communicate to his master and must ask an audience. The King received him; Mr. Canning, after quickly finishing the work, told him that he had in view some changes in the diplomatic corps, and that he proposed to offer a post to Lord Ponsonby if His Majesty did not object. The sick King showed interest. Canning, who related the scene, said that

[1][The Lievens stayed with the King at Windsor on 17th–19th October, 1825. But, though George may have deceived them, he was not at this, or at any time, a pro-Greek. He said to Esterházy (18th December, 1826), 'I am not a (pro-)Greek, God knows. I send the whole nation to the Devil!] *V.S.A.*, Berichte aus England.

breath almost failed the King, who neither knew the place nor the name. Canning made [illegible]; he named Buenos Aires and a fortnight. Nothing could be compared to the joy and gratitude of the King. He took Canning by both hands and called him his preserver.

'These were the auspices which welcomed my return.[1] In my first interview with the King [17th–19th October], I asked him for news of Canning. He showed some reserve in agreeing that he did not displease him as much as before; on my side I said that, after all, he was a man of much wit, and I told him a sally of his which made him laugh. The result of our confidences was an invitation to dine with the King some days from thence. Canning had never dined at the Cottage, we had been there some days; we were still there, and this is what happened at the first dinner, which I quote as characterizing the King and the usages of the Court.[2]

[1][*v.* my *Canning*, pp. 348–9. Madame Lieven's account is in substance true but the date is inaccurate. Canning made this arrangement some time in November 1825. In fact, George IV had practically surrendered to Canning in April and completely by 13th October, 1825, so that Madame Lieven can have done no more than 'oil the wheels.' *v.* my article in *E.H.R.*, April 1923, p. 223.]

[2][This account of the dinner is misleading. It seems, in fact, to refer to a dinner in January 1826, but then neither Wellington nor Devonshire were present. It may be a mixed recollection of two dinners, one in January and another in June 1826. In any case, there was no such dinner in 1825. The table from my article *E.H.R.*, January 1924, p. 76 n., will make the matter clear.

The following details are from the *Star*, a paper always well informed about Canning's movements and those of the Court:

15th October, 1825. Wellington dined with the King at Windsor Lodge.

16–19th October. The Lievens stayed at the Lodge, Canning not

The King gave his arm to Lady Conyngham and to me, his invariable rule. Placing us at table, and before the other guests were seated, the King asked me in a loud voice whom I wished for a neighbour. (Mr. Canning, although minister, had no rank at Court; and, having no title, he went in strictly after the titled chamberlains of the King.) Never had the King asked a similar question. I thought I understood him and I asked for Mr. Canning. The King repeated quite loud, 'Mr. Canning, Mme. Lieven asks for you,' which had the result that, after the ladies left, Mr. Canning found himself in the immediate neighbourhood of the King. The Dukes of Wellington and of Devonshire, present at this dinner and candidates for this place, were a little astonished Only the master and the minister understood this little infraction of the rule.

there, and the Duke of Wellington appears to have departed before they arrived.

27th December. Canning dined with the King.

15–16th January, 1826. Canning saw the King, the Lievens not present.

30th January, 1826. Canning and Liverpool, etc., dined with the King, and Canning slept at the Lodge. The Lievens also dined at the Lodge with the King. This is the first record of Madame Lieven's dining with the King when Canning was present.

31st January, 1826. Canning left the Lodge, Wellington was not there between 30th January and 2nd February.

According to Madame Lieven's Diary, Canning had never dined with the King until he did so in her presence, and on the undated occasion when he did, Wellington and Devonshire were there. None of these statements are correct according to the *Star*.

From an autograph letter of Canning's to Madame Lieven, of 6th June, 1826 (*v.* opposite page), it is clear that they were then on excellent terms and were accustomed to visit George IV at the Cottage at the same time.]

Hamm it is only 6
Brighton that I think
of taking Mr. Canning
on the 19th — & the intercourse
between London & Brighton
is not difficult. —

Quite contretemps! —

I have just received a Royal
summons to the Race-
Course, & the Cottage for
Friday — & you, I fear, are
by the sad news of yesterday
detained in Town!

Dear Madame Lieven,
Your faithful
Servant
Geo. Canning

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER OF CANNING'S TO MADAME LIEVEN, JUNE 6TH, 1826.

'The rest of the day justified its good beginning. Canning little by little recovered his assurance, and gave himself up to his natural wit and seemed very agreeable to the King. I was interested in his success, on condition that he owed a little of it to me. I was of service to him, and gave him some little pieces of advice, which he accepted with good grace. Canning had very *gauche* manners and sinned against the etiquette of elegant society. Nothing escaped the King's very delicate tact. He was often amused at my distress and at the *gaucheries* of his minister, the one as persistent as the other. At last, once he had been received into his intimacy, all this favoured the effort of Mr. Canning to satisfy the royal fancy. The King ended by being wholly pleased with him. He was pleased also at the way this little affair disturbed his other ministers, at first for amusement's sake, though later because it had important consequences. There grew up between the King and Mr. Canning and me a tacit custom of doing one another good turns, which perfectly smoothed the path for me to ask in my turn for more serious assistance from the minister.

'I raised the question of Greece by slow degrees.[1] I

[1][On 5th October Lieven wrote to Nesselrode, 'the return of my wife has put me in possession of the little letter you entrusted to her, and by which you authorize me to hear by word of mouth all the details of the last interview you had together.' He indicates that he has done nothing as yet, 'as it is better to move gradually' (quoted in Schiemann, *Geschichte Russlands*, i., 613). On 30th October Lieven wrote to Nesselrode, 'I regard our affairs as going on well in this country, my conduct . . . will prove to you that I have understood the sense of "the living despatch" (Madame Lieven) that you have sent me' (Schiemann, I, 348 n.; 614–15, cp. Marten's *Traités conclus par la Russie*, xi., 336).

owe my husband the justice to say that, on his side, he set out very cleverly to draw Mr. Canning into the path we desired. Like his colleagues, this minister would have recoiled before the idea that the existence of Turkey could be imperilled; but in despite of his colleagues he had some thought of freeing Greece from the Ottoman Porte. Yet it is well to remark here, and the remark applies to all phases of this great question, that Canning was not at all sincere.[1] He did not value so much the emancipation of Greece. What he valued was the possibility to avail himself of this question as a lever to unite himself to us, and especially to keep us more certainly detached from Austria. I will even let myself say that his most powerful inward motive was the pleasure of circumventing Metternich. The Duke of Wellington, Turkish from head to foot, was the great obstacle, he was also the great and inconvenient rival of Canning with the King, in the Cabinet and in the Lords. Above all, he had airs of superiority, the habit of command, still more, a sentiment hostile and jealous to Canning

'The months of autumn passed in frequent and secret conferences between my husband and Canning. He advanced by small steps, but we began to envisage the possibility of reaching that goal when the news of the catastrophe at Taganrog arrived [in England 19th December].[2]

[1][Contrast Madame Lieven to Earl Grey. *Correspondence*, I, 49, 7th August, 1827, 'So true hearted a man . . . he had a good heart, and it was in the right place.']

[2][Madame Lieven seems to have confused the circumstances here. *v.* my article *E.H.R.*, January 1924, pp. 66–7, 71.

The net result may be summarized as follows. On the 25th October Lieven (and probably Madame Lieven) saw Canning at Seaford and

'The Emperor Alexander died the 1st December. This event echoed through Europe like a thunderclap. The Great Powers remained petrified. Everything stopped. Europe lacked its compass. It is known that from the beginning the Emperor Nicholas showed the greatest coldness to Austria and even got her minister [Lebzeltern] recalled. He sought without hesitation the friendship of England and was not slow to learn that the affairs of the East would preoccupy him and war become inevitable sooner or later.

'Prince Metternich, at first uncertain as to the character of the young Emperor, was not long in recognizing that the threads of all his influence in Russia were broken. He turned himself the more quickly in the direction of London, where his person and policy had powerful protectors.

'At this period occurred the ridiculous spectacle offered by Esterházy. After the greatest efforts he had got himself named Ambassador to Paris. He had just obtained from the King his formal audience of farewell; and the official gazette had announced the return of his credentials. This took place before the death of the Emperor, a few weeks after he had just asked the King to help him to regain the post. He waited and won the King over by sentiment and got him to write a letter to the Emperor of Austria in which the King asked him to give him back this Ambassador, instead

seem to have communicated *le grand secret* that, if Canning made overtures over Greece, Alexander would not reject them. Canning had already sent off Strangford as Ambassador to Petersburg, where he made a muddle and was disavowed and silenced with a 'padlock.' It is pretty safe to say that by December a real understanding was established. On the 12th January, 1826, Canning informed Lieven of his intention to send Wellington to Petersburg.]

of Apponyi, Ambassador designate. Prince Metternich, understanding this little comedy, hastened to fulfil the wishes of George IV, that is to say, he retained at his side at a very critical moment a very clever agent very intimate with the Court and the Cabinet.

'Although the King from his memories of 1814 had retained a not very amiable personal feeling towards Alexander, although the English Cabinet, urged on by Austria, had often seen inconsistencies in the principles of the Emperor, yet, taking into account the personal character of this monarch, his loyalty and high sense of honour inspired respect in all and a personal confidence that no monarch had ever possessed like him. His loss was regarded as an immense evil and old people hesitated at the first moment to put confidence in his successor. It was not the same with Canning. It was just the novelty of the person and the situation which nerved his mind and made him imagine the hope of a revival of a policy more conformable to his view

'He set himself ardently to flatter us. Austria had sent us the Archduke Ferdinand to compliment us, Prussia sent Prince William, the King's son. Canning thought of the Duke of Wellington, the greatest figure in England, and more than the equivalent of the King's son – but the Duke was then very ill. In the month of February, the most severe time of year, they were going to make him cross all Europe, to find Polar ice at the end of his journey, to leave his place in the Cabinet and the command of the army,[1] in order to address a compliment!

[1][The Duke of York was still Commander-in-Chief, Wellington only Master-General of Ordnance.]

'*Une idée bouffonne et grande* entered Canning's head – side by side with the salaam (reverence) the Duke is to make, he should come to an understanding on the question of Greece. He (Canning) will compromise him (the Duke) and mock him at the same time – a double pleasure.

'The Duke of Wellington was an original man, proud, simple and great. Priding himself that he knew how to obey as well as to command; with the cult of passive obedience, and of military discipline before everything; – vanity of knowing how to do everything, and to do it better than anyone else; loving activity and secrets, in the smallest as in the greatest things; easily abandoning without hesitation a principle for a fancy; a mixture of what was great and what was almost childish, a mixture of stiffness and feebleness; but, above all, recoiling before nothing, and not knowing what was impossible for him to do.

'Without reflecting on his health or on policy he accepted the mission.[1] The enemies of Canning said out

[1][On 12th January Canning informed Lieven that he intended to send the Duke of Wellington on a complimentary mission to St. Petersburg to congratulate the new Czar. 'The Duke not only accepted but *jumped* at the proposal.' 'Lieven received the information first with astonishment, and then *literally* with tears of pleasure,' for it was a proof that the confidences of October were bearing fruit. Canning's explanation of the choice of Wellington was that, as 'the ultra system' was 'dissolved,' 'the elements of that system' (i.e. Wellington and Russia) 'have become agreeable for good purposes. I hope to save Greece through the agency of the Russian name upon the fears of Turkey without a war, which the Duke of Wellington is the fittest man to deprecate. . . . *De plus* – the Duke of Wellington is the only agent by whom I could suppress and extinguish Strangford.' Canning added he had no fear that 'he will dream in his own head, or put

loud that he wanted to kill the Duke. His friends did all they could to keep him, and realizing that this was impossible, resigned themselves to the grief of never seeing him again, it seemed to them that this rough journey undertaken in a very weak state of health would be fatal to him. Mr. Canning reaped every possible advantage from the temporary absence of the Duke of Wellington. He remained master of the Cabinet and the King, at the same time he relied on us and on the vanity of the Duke of Wellington to get the Greek business pushed on at St. Petersburg, but always within prudent limits. My husband, summoned by the Emperor, arrived at Petersburg a few days after the Duke (in fact on 21st March, nineteen days after the Duke). By us the question was presented to the Duke in a new light. It was not the revolution that we patronized, we wished to stop the insurrection, to control the movement, we wished to establish in Greece conservation of order; for it was proved that the Turks were powerless, that we desired a regular state of things, a hierarchical discipline, all of which sounded well in the ears of the Duke of Wellington. He entered under full sail into this order of ideas, and on the 4th April, 1826, he signed at Petersburg with Cte. de Nesselrode and M. de Lieven the first protocol which pre-

into the autocrat's, any chimera of a New Holy Alliance.' Canning to Granville, 13th January, 1826, Stapleton, *George Canning and his Times* (1859), pp. 471–2. Early in January Canning had important conferences with the Lievens, and the final arrangements as to Wellington's mission were settled with the King at Windsor, 31st January–2nd February, when Canning and the Lievens were staying with the King. The account of Martens in *Traités conclus par la Russie* (1895), xi., 336, seems inaccurate. *v.* my article, *E.H.R.*, January 1924, p. 68 n.]

pared for the emancipation of Greece. Canning, when he received this document, was not quite sure whether to congratulate himself on a success or to complain of a snare – for it had gone much beyond his instructions and his wishes. England found herself irrevocably engaged. He witnessed to me simply enough his hesitation and even his regret. However once done he consoled himself with thinking of the dislike Prince Metternich was going to conceive and of the mystification practised on the Duke of Wellington, and he said to me: "If the Duke had been more acute (*fin*) he would have played his cards better on his side, so as not to be the only one mystified." We were too prudent to laugh.'[1]

[We may here interpolate some of Madame Lieven's letters to her husband at the period, a few others having been quoted elsewhere (*v.* pp. 75–7). On the 28th April Dorothea records that Wellington has arrived, and, as she complacently remarks, saw her before he saw Canning. She was delighted with the Duke's praise of the young Czar. 'It is impossible to give more entire justice to the fine qualities of the

[1][Not quite correct, *v.* my article *E.H.R.*, January 1924, p. 73 n. Canning, in his 'Abstract,' says the Duke took care 'to go no farther under any circumstances, in support of the Greeks, than the British Government thought proper' (Public Record Office, F.O. Greece 32/26). The only article to which we know Canning specifically to have objected was the sixth, that relating to guarantee. He described it as 'not very artistically drawn' and thought it unfortunate that Austria and France (and Prussia) were asked to guarantee 'we know not *what*' (8th August, 1826, to Granville Stapleton, *George Canning and his Times*, p. 478).]

Emperor. He says what I saw . . . last summer. "He (Nicholas) is a great man, a strong character." ' And on the 8th May 'An Austrian courier this night came to me from Vienna of the 23rd April. It seems that M(etternich) is furious at what passed at Petersburg. One could expect it in this case, but it is not a question of arranging to please him.' Henceforth indeed the old lover was anathema.

On the 18th May she gives a personal detail. 'Mr. Canning has lost his aunt at Brighton. He has been affected by it to such a point that, having seen Esterházy that same evening, he wept all the time of the Conference. He has gone to Brighton for her funeral.'[1]]

CONTINUATION OF PART TWO

CANNING'S STRUGGLE FOR THE PREMIERSHIP

'Back in London the 1st May [2] the Duke was ravished and not a little astonished, in taking up his old ways and hearing his friends' talk again, to see the progress he had made along the Liberal road. He soon resumed his old traditions and deliberately put all possible impediments in the way of the work of which he himself had just laid the foundations.[3] He returned to

[1][*H. de W. MSS., P.R.O.* 360/4. Comtesse to Comte de Lieven 28th April, 8th May.]

[2][Wellington really arrived on the 27th April.]

[3][There is plenty of evidence that the Duke did not realize the importance of the protocol he had signed and speedily differed both from Canning and Lieven as to its interpretation. *v.* Wellington, *Despatches and Memoranda* (1867), III, 403, 455, etc.]

his habits of hostility and opposition to Canning in the Council and the year ended badly for both of them.

'In the autumn Mr. Canning went to spend six weeks at Paris. The French Cabinet had the protocol of the 4th April much on their minds. The other Cabinets (i.e. Prussia and Austria) were also very discontented. Canning was besieged with representations and reproaches for having set his hand to an act which violently dissolved the union of the Great Powers, and gave all the advantages to that one who was necessarily least to be trusted in the Eastern Question. Very keen representations passed between Paris, Vienna, and Berlin to share in the work of the Cabinets of Petersburg and London, with the double aim of making these two Cabinets re-enter the orbit of the Alliance, and of bridling or moderating the too liberal impulse given to the question of Greece.

'This was not the game of Canning, who had always sought to break the Alliance, yet he did not ask better than to fortify himself against us in a very difficult business, in which the *tête-à-tête* might well become *circummode*. He therefore accepted the concurrence of France, but of France alone, and we willingly admitted the Cabinet of the Tuileries into the negotiation, as we found on our side sympathy in France for Greece and our influence powerful in Paris. France accepted the protocol and took an active part in the work of the Treaty

'The Duke of York died in the first days of January 1827. He was the soul and head of the purest Tory party, a great patron of ministers of that colour, a great enemy and, ceaselessly and with effect, struggling to

prevent the King from abandoning himself too much to that minister (Canning). The death of the Duke was certainly the first rude shock given to the old Tory aristocracy. Six weeks after, Lord Liverpool was struck with paralysis (February 16th, 1827) and the Cabinet remained without a head. Then ensued the long struggle between the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Canning for the post of first minister. The Austrian Ambassador employed all his subterranean influence in favour of the Duke of Wellington. We, or rather I, served the interests of Mr. Canning with less reserve but also with more effect.

'The King was at Brighton very ill with the gout. Peel came to announce to him Lord Liverpool's accident [18–19th February]. Canning was at Brighton, also very ill, and unable to move. We were fixed there for several months during the winter. I did not see the King. He had been in bed several weeks. Canning recovered slowly. When he was convalescent I took him out driving every morning in my carriage, and it was on one of these promenades that he first spoke to me of the perplexities of the ministerial crisis [probably about 24th February]. He explained himself at first, so as to make me understand that at the moment he was the most powerful man in England. He had first inaugurated the power of the Press by making it take an interest in affairs. He governed it. The moderate Opposition gave him the most consistent support in the two Houses. Liberal principles in commercial matters gave him the support of public opinion. His superior eloquence gave him the first place in Parliament. For some years the ministry had owed its success to him alone. He could then with good reason look on himself

as master of the situation and pay little attention to the hostile sentiments borne to him by the old Tory aristocracy. This hostility specially took its origin in the question of Catholic emancipation which Canning advocated.

'After having traced in a few words, such as I have just given, the picture of his position, he added that his resolution was taken. He had decided to become the head of the Cabinet or to leave the party. The whole difficulty, according to him, lay simply in the prejudices of the King, whose imagination was struck with the danger run by the Protestant Church if the Cabinet had an advocate of Catholic Emancipation as its Chief – for he formally engaged to let the question sleep. If the King made him first minister, he would neither make it a Cabinet question nor a subject of discussion, in a word emancipation would not pass,[1] and he had the right to count on his own power to keep that promise, for the whole Liberal part of the Lower Chamber and of the country was his – he ended by telling me that the most complete inertia was the only conduct which suited his situation, and that he had resolved not to say a word to the King on the actual crisis. I understood the meaning of his confidences and I knew the whole part I could play in respect to Lady Conyngham. She was then especially much preoccupied with religious questions, always, that is, according to the proportion of her most limited mind. She had no political ideas nor opinions; no intimate

[1][This seems incorrect. Peel expressed an entire disbelief in this view and Canning informed the King on the 28th March that he must be 'free as air' on the Catholic Question. Stapleton, *George Canning and His Times*, pp. 582–6. Esterházy confirms this. *v. Canning*, 529–30.]

relation to society. She was dominated by the strongest leaning towards avarice, especially towards diamonds and money, after this towards love or fashion, an important motive in England, and she was attracted to me for this reason. She pleased and suited the King. I reported to her these confidences of Canning so as to make much impression on her. When I saw the King again later I neglected no suitable opportunity to prepare his mind for a great change. I made much of that remarkable circumstance that Canning never spoke to him of the great crisis in which the Cabinet was, and that the Duke of Wellington ceaselessly intervened about it. Thus there was respect and deference on one side, importunity and bothering on the other; Canning waiting the orders of his master, Wellington mounting to the assault to force him to decide. The great Tories – insistent – insolent – the Dukes of Rutland and Newcastle,[1] loaded with the favours of the Court, had dared to address remonstrances to the King. The King, naturally very proud, but a dissembler like all kings, listened to all this, felt it all, without letting it be seen, though I allowed myself to divine it.

'We reached the end of March. The interregnum had lasted since the 17th February. Parliament languished. The Lower Chamber showed much impatience at this long uncertainty. Finally the King let it be understood that he was going to take a resolution. He had come to live for some weeks at the Cottage in Windsor Forest. We were there with him. It was a dwelling place at once

[1][Newcastle saw the King on 26th March when he blustered; Rutland not till the 31st; Wellington saw the King, probably on the 7th, and certainly on the 21st, March.]

royal and rustic, on the outside the simplicity of a cottage, within the rarest reunion of comfort, elegance and magnificence. Lady Conyngham, her family, and two or three other people, alone lived there with the King. We always stayed there, the rest of the guests being housed at Cumberland Lodge. The site is pretty, fine, superb trees, very picturesque glimpses of landscape, a charming place. We led a lazy and very agreeable life there, always in the King's society. Many promenades in the forests, on the lake, sometimes dinners under tents, always music in the evening, and in everything a habit of unspoiled magnificence, which left behind the sentiment of *une charmante béatitude*.

'I will not say that this state of bliss was not sometimes exchanged for great boredom. Ordinarily, when there were no guests, there were six at dinner. The King's temper and health were not always the same. I perceived it when our visits lasted longer than a week. There was nothing to reproach him with, for he himself ordered the dinner; but I reproached myself with having let him see, more than once, how little I was suited to endure boredom, which afflicted me just the same even when produced by a King. Still George IV had some amiable qualities. Unquestionably he had some wit, and great penetration; he quickly summed up persons and things; he was educated and had much tact, easy, animated and varied conversation, not at all pedantic. He adorned the subjects he touched, he knew how to listen, he was very polished. For my part I had never known a person like him, who was also affectionate, sympathetic, and *galant*. But he was full of vanity and could be flattered at will. Weary of all the joys of life, having only taste, not one true senti-

ment, he was hardly susceptible to attachment, and never I believe sincerely inspired anyone with it. He was not a bad man, but was capable of bad actions. No one trusted him, none of his ministers had confidence in him, nor could they much respect his wishes, for it was easy to make him change them. Such as it was, however, the resolution he had to take had great importance and no one could divine it. It would be a pure personal fancy, for his mistress had such a fear of being responsible for any act of the King, that she never dared to give him advice, even of the most timid kind.

'On the 28th March, 1827 the King commanded the Duke of Wellington, Peel [1] and Canning to the Cottage. They arrived there early. The King usually came down for breakfast (*le premier déjeuner*). This day we met without him. Peel was also absent, he was conferring with the King. Not long after they came to seek the Duke. We remained in the reception-room. The conference was prolonged, it lasted two hours. People went and came, took books and laid them down, all thoughts were fixed on where the King was. The faces friendly to Canning, like his own, visibly lengthened. At 2.30 the King came to lunch, followed by the Duke of Wellington smiling. Canning showed little self-control, his face looked drawn and agitated. The King noticed it, but did not put him quite at his ease. He addressed himself to Wellington, more often and more familiarly, than to Canning. For one who under-

[1][The whole account as to Peel is incorrect. He did not come down till the 31st March, but Madame Lieven was still at Windsor (though Canning and Wellington had left) and may have confused the circumstances. Wellington did see the King *before* Canning on the 28th.]

stood the King's mischievous spirit, these symptoms had no value, but it was not the same at that moment for interested parties. When the carriages were announced the King began to arrange their distribution. We went out by pairs in little low chaises drawn by ponies. The King always took out Lady Conyngham. He began by turning towards me, in his mood of finest malice, and said quite loud, 'I am sure that you and the Duke of Wellington would like to go out together.' He knew that we had not the least desire to do so, we had chatted alone long enough, the Duke and I; we had nothing sincere to say to one another. The rest of the arrangements for the carriages were made. Canning was not in them, and put on his great coat awkwardly. I thought him quite ready for an explosion, when at the moment of my keenest anxiety the King suddenly getting up, asked my husband to take Lady Conyngham, and himself squeezing Canning by the arm, said to him: "I want to talk with you, I shan't go out." There was a great change of expression on everybody's face.

The excursion lasted long. I will briefly relate my dialogue with the Duke. We had exhausted every topic, boredom became very great.

"Ah well, M. le Duc, you have talked for two hours with your master. What news? Has he taken his stand?

WELLINGTON. Devil take me if I know.

LIEVEN. But have you explained to him the situation and your decision

WELLINGTON. According to the King's mode of conversation. He talks all the time himself.

LIEVEN. Ah, well, has he named you First Minister?

WELLINGTON. Listen, Madame Princess, let us be frank. You know the difficulties well. I will be wholly frank. The difficulty lies with one man.

LIEVEN. Canning: but you must have taken your part, to remain with him, or to have him against you.

WELLINGTON. To have him against us? The Cabinet would not remain for a week if he left it.

LIEVEN. In that case are you resigned to having him as head?

WELLINGTON. Never

LIEVEN. Then it really is very difficult, for he wants to be it.

WELLINGTON. My word, we shall see."

'The excursion began at 3.30, we returned at 6.30. As we were getting down from the carriage, they told us that Canning was still with the King. It was the Duke of Wellington's turn to pull a long face.

'Before dinner Canning took me aside with a troubled air to ask me if I knew anything. Much astonished, I answered by putting the same question to him. "It is impossible for me," said he, "to understand what the King means," and we remained the one as wise as the other.

'Never did I have as curious a dinner with the King as on that day. All observed and sought to understand the King. He was impenetrable, he took a special pleasure in teasing me. I willingly gave him this little satisfaction, for I felt sure of my facts. M. de Polignac had been asked to dine that day, and the King said a few words to him about France, on the obsessions of the Ultra party and of the Jesuits at the side of Charles X, handling this party roughly enough. It was evident that the Rutlands and the Newcastles weighed on his

mind. I spoke of it to Canning, and assured him that he would see himself Prime Minister.

'The delays of the King lasted a fortnight more. He held out several hopes to the Tories but spoke of them in a way so as not to disquiet me. On the 12th of April Canning was named First Minister. He at once invited all his colleagues to keep their places. Despite my warnings he was, he thought, certain that they would never part from him; [1] their immediate and simultaneous answer was to send in their resignations. All withdrew except Lord Harrowby.[2] Canning was a little cast down by this sudden defection, he turned eagerly again to the side of the moderate Whigs who had so consistently supported him. There he encountered more than one difficulty. Lord Grey was very hostile to him and that hostility paralysed the good will of the other party leaders. But the truth was that Canning, indispensable as a member of the Cabinet, was antipathetic to everybody in his quality as head. English aristocratic pride revolted at obeying a parvenu and a bourgeois. That had not yet been seen in England, and all the talent and incontestable superiority of Canning were insufficient to conceal the inferiority of his origin. He made up his Cabinet wretchedly enough. The Whigs promised him their support, but they would not engage to give it in advance, and it was only two months later in June [July] that some among them,

[1][Not quite correct. He knew Peel would resign, and thought that, perhaps, Wellington would. He was surprised at the resignation of the others.]

[2][i.e. of Canning's opponents. Lord Bexley resigned but ultimately remained. Huskisson, Robinson (Lord Goderich), and Wynn stood by him.]

Lord Lansdowne, Lord Carlisle, and Tierney consented to enter the Cabinet

'The position of Canning was thorny. As declared adversaries he had the whole Tory party which had supported him till then. In the House of Lords he had no champion, he was powerful in the Commons but on condition of much management. Amid all these internal conflicts he had little to do with foreign policy. Lord Dudley had replaced him at the Foreign Office, a man quite new to affairs, an intimate friend of Canning, who alone received his views, though these came but seldom.'

[It may be well to interrupt the second part by inserting here another of Princess Lieven's *Political Sketches*. This deals with Lord Dudley at this moment and, though not confirmed from any other source, the incident related is quite possibly true. Dudley had refused to be Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs to Canning in 1822.]

POLITICAL SKETCH; LORD DUDLEY[1]

'When becoming first minister Canning had flattered himself for some days that he could preserve the department of Foreign Affairs which he had directed since the year 1822. This was impossible. The First Lord of the Treasury had never, at the same time, held the Foreign Office. Mr. Canning sadly announced this to me, for he knew how much we desired that he should preserve the direction of these affairs. To make the rupture of direct relations with him less complete

[1][*Russ. Arch.*, Lieven Papers, 'original in French.']

he named Lord Granville, his and our intimate friend, to the post of Minister for Foreign Affairs. We were charmed with him, and this choice, announced at once to the diplomats, was welcomed by them with very keen approbation, but on the same day the arrangement was broken off.[1]

'Out of weakness Lord Granville had yielded to the insistence of Mr. Canning. Lady Granville saw at once how inconvenient this situation would be for her husband. He would have to defend foreign policy in the House of Lords and the talent of speaking was hardly possessed by Lord Granville. She came to me quite in tears to protest the incomparable capacity of her husband, but that he was obstinate enough not to believe in it himself. She was very eloquent in demonstrating to me, at the same time both the superiority and the modesty of Lord Granville. She spoke sometimes of his idleness; in short, her husband was a marvel, but she much preferred that he should not be called upon to prove it. As she supposed I had some influence with Canning, she ended by passionately asking me to aid her to defeat what had just been done, not being confident that she could obtain this from Mr. Canning by herself. I went to him armed with all the arguments of Lady Granville. He was somewhat amused on account of his friend and he surrendered. But he remained very embarrassed at satisfying what we desired, and what he himself desired; that is, a minister who was, in reality, only the docile executor of his instructions.

[1][It was announced in the Press. Esterházy's despatch to Metternich of 27th April, 1827, describes the dinner of the 23rd but does not mention Canning's announcement of Dudley or Granville as the new Foreign Secretary.]

'Together we passed in review all possible men. He leaned very much towards Lord Lansdowne, whom he flattered himself he could attract, by this means, into his Cabinet, as he did in fact enter it in the following June [July]. But then, as later, I opposed this choice on the sole ground that he was a Whig. In the eyes of all foreign diplomacy this title then was more than equal to that of a Radical to-day.[1] After many names had been considered and rejected, Mr. Canning suddenly stopped and, beginning to laugh, asked me what I thought of Lord Dudley.

'Lord Dudley was a spiritual man, very bizarre, very peevish, hypochondriacal, slanderous (*médisant*), pushing absent-mindedness to the verge of rudeness, irresolute, a little ridiculous, a little touched with folly, much sought after in the elegant world, and never having dreamed of as entering into affairs.[2]

I laughed much more than Mr. Canning, and, after diverting ourselves with this idea, Mr. Canning, imitating Lord Dudley's gesture and speech, and veritably caricaturing it, I said to him: "Ah! if you nominate him I know some one who will be much enraged.

CANNING. Who?

PRINCESS. Prince Metternich.

CANNING. Are you sure of that?

PRINCESS. Perfectly sure. He cannot bear him. Don't

[1][This suggests that this sketch was written in the 'forties or 'fifties.]

[2][Robinson, *Letters*, Dorothea to Alexander Benckendorff, 13th Aug., 1826, p. 85, 'Canning is very gruff to *l'original*' by which Dudley seems to be meant, so Madame Lieven may have suggested him in 1827.

In fact Dudley was offered the Under-Secretaryship of Foreign Affairs by Canning in 1822 and only refused after much hesitation. *v.* Lord Dudley's *Letters* [1841], 360–73.]

you know, then, that they had *une querelle de salon* at Vienna which makes them irreconcilable.

CANNING. In that case I am decided. Lord Dudley is my man, and I give him to you as Minister for Foreign Affairs. But I ask you to keep the secret (it was on the 22nd April).[1] To-morrow I give my great dinner for the King's birthday; I have announced that at this dinner I will present their future minister to the foreign diplomats. They expect Lord Granville. This will beat everything."

'It was in vain that I hesitated and began to laugh again; the thing was done. I demanded to make an exception in favour of my husband, to whom I told the story and who, in fact, kept it secret.

'I did not enjoy the *coup de théâtre*, no women being at this dinner. They told me afterwards that it was incomparable, that Prince Esterházy in particular was veritably petrified, when Mr. Canning, seeing the whole diplomatic corps assembled, advanced into the circle holding Lord Dudley by the hand, and presenting him gravely and a little grotesquely, as Minister of Foreign Affairs.[2]

'Mr. Canning showed in this a sort of solemnity little in accord with his ordinarily *gauche* behaviour. The whole spectacle made those who assisted at it doubt for a moment, the choice was so bizarre. They easily

[1][On 23rd April, Grey wrote to Madame Lieven (*Correspondence with Grey*, I, 42–3, saying Granville was Foreign Secretary; 'you may depend upon this . . . as I have it from a very confidential source.' I should say that Granville was probably considered by Canning.]

[2][Albert Gallatin was at this dinner but does not mention this incident, *v.* Diary of James Gallatin, *A Great Peacemaker* [1912], p. 269. Nor does Esterházy, who describes the dinner to Metternich, on the 27th April. *V.S.A.*, Berichte aus England.]

recognized in this fact a characteristic trait of Mr. Canning's wit; always influenced, even dominated, by a touch of malice. This malice came even more from his natural leaning to gaiety than from a bad tendency. He was not *méchant* at all, he had much sadness and almost weakness in his character, but mockery was his first passion; he never resisted the pleasure of delivering himself to it. In this circumstance, however, there was something more personal than this puerile pleasure. He did not love Prince Metternich. The latter's policy had always been antipathetic to his, its haughty form had wounded him, the long despatches were the constant object of his raillery. For some time there had been between them a sort of epistolary tournament. M. de Metternich had come out of it rather injured (*un peu meurtri*). Since three years they had ceased to exercise themselves in this kind of war, though, for all that, they did not live in peace. Their relations were very stiff and ill. Lord Dudley presented himself as a good trick to play on Metternich, and Mr. Canning played it without reflecting for five minutes.'

SECOND PART OF DIARY (*continued*) THE TREATY OF 6TH JULY, 1827

'We had respected these first moments of embarrassment (of Mr. Canning). We lived in the most intimate relations with Canning—and for that very reason knew how little he had freedom of spirit to take up great affairs again. However, after some time, we returned to the charge, and then we had opportunity to remark how heavily the much-coveted burden weighed upon him. Now his courage, formerly so youthful and so lively, had changed into prudence and into precautions. It was with great difficulty, after a long time and by

tricks and artifices, that we finally got him to resume the conferences on Greece.[1] There we met a colleague by no means well disposed, M. de Polignac, obeying only with great repugnance the instructions extorted by Pozzo from the French Cabinet. Assuredly the part was not easy for us, but we finished it. On the 6th July was signed at London between Russia, France and England the treaty which consecrated the principle of the independence of Greece. It was the only important act of Canning's short ministry. He died a month after, the 8th August, 1827.

'The political situation of Canning had always been stronger in appearance than in reality. It had no foundation. To say truth, he belonged to no party. Too liberal to be agreeable to the Tories, too Tory to inspire true confidence in the Whigs. His principles were by no means clear or developed; he dared not deliver himself to them, and I hesitate even to think that he had a policy and ideas firmly fixed in his head. Obliged during his last ministry to reckon much upon his colleagues, forced to much complaisance towards political opponents in the Cabinet, because he could govern only by his popularity in the other camp, this double situation left him small freedom of movement and deprived his political conduct of freedom and of firmness which would have assured its greatness. In his talents lay his strength. The embarrassment of his political situation was wholly revealed in the Greek question. A question

[1][Madame Lieven was too impatient. Canning was not safe in Parliament till 6th May, and found difficulties in converting his colleagues, 'many of whom,' he said, 'had all to learn.' He forwarded the draft Treaty to Paris on 22nd May and the further delays were due to France. *v. Canning*, 399, 517–8.]

unpopular with Tories, very popular among Liberals, supported reasonably but without great ardour by the Whigs.

'Never at any moment could we flatter ourselves with having Canning sincerely and boldly with us, as regards Greece. In the interest he showed in this question there was little of the generosity natural to his character. Some vivacity of imagination, some recollections of his youth, much hatred of Prince Metternich, and I think I should be right in affirming that we owed more to that sentiment than to his convictions, the results finally obtained in this long negotiation.[1]

'France had concurred with small eagerness, but with a kind of sincerity. All that the resources of malevolence, hatred and trick could invent had been used by Austria to impede or delay the signature of the Treaty. We had been patient, persevering and very decided to end it, that was our cleverness.

'After the death of Canning the business of administration remained for some months in the powerless hands of his lieutenants, sad reflections of Canning – poor ministers who dared not fire the cannon in the Tower to celebrate Navarino, and who later found no other glorification for that event than the word 'untoward' pronounced in the King's Speech at the opening of Parliament, which was the invention of Mr. Huskisson.

'The King resumed, little by little, his old traditions. He found none to contradict him, the ministers not allowing one another to take counsel with him. Cer-

[1][Not wholly correct. *v. E.H.R.*, January 1924, p. 77. Canning had his own reasons for giving way and a diplomat usually outwits a diarist.]

tainly the battle of Navarino had not entered into their speculations. They would never have dared to encourage or to prescribe hostilities. The Duke of Clarence, then High Admiral of England, a very limited person, understanding no word of politics, quite simply a sailor, and in this profession more sailor than anything else, had written to Sir Edward Codrington these words, "Go it, my boy,"[1] and the English, Russian and French fleets had destroyed the Turkish and Egyptian fleets reunited at Navarino. Public opinion was moved. It recognized as a glorious event that to which the Government paid so little attention. The Emperor Nicholas sent his order of the St. George to the three admirals, the most distinguished reward he could offer. England had not dared to follow this example. Codrington was decorated with the Order of the Bath, but in signing his patent, King George IV wrote in the margin to his ministers: "I send him the ribbon though he deserves the rope."[2]

'It was thought that Prince Esterházy would regain his ground. The poor ministry died a natural death. Its chief, Lord Goderich (to-day Lord Ripon),[3] played his rôle so pitiably that one fine day he deserted and was no more to be found. *The Times* wrote, 'Handsome reward to anyone who brings back the first minister.' Bursts of laughter echoed from all parts of England. After a fortnight he wrote from his anonymous retreat that it was impossible for him longer to fill his place. They begged

[1][This is a contemporary fable.]

[2][Grey, 12th December, 1827, I, 89, quotes a slightly different version related by the Duchess of Northumberland.]

[3][Not created till 1833, so Madame Lieven could not have written this passage before that date.]

the deserter to return. The ministry dragged out its life for three weeks, at the end of which he fell, and the old Tories resumed their power.[1] The Duke of Wellington was named first minister in January 1828, and with him the policy of Austria was enthroned anew.'

INTRODUCTION TO THIRD PART

After the death of Canning (8th August, 1827), and the resignation of the Goderich Ministry, January 1828, Wellington came into power. He included some Canningites (Dudley, Foreign Secretary; Huskisson, Colonial Secretary; Palmerston, Secretary of War), but he dismissed these in May and the Ministry became pure Tory and pro-Turkish and pro-Metternich.

Madame Lieven's position was difficult, for Russia was on the verge of war with Turkey. Lady Granville heard rumours and wrote from Paris (8th February, 1828), 'Is it true that Madame de Lieven and Lady Cowper are very personally bitter and angry with the Duke? It would surprise me in the latter.'[2] Arbuthnot, the Duke's confidant, wrote a week later. 'The Princess (Lieven) is so civil to me that I am ready to laugh in her face. For while her game was the other way we were only

[1][In his final interview with the King Goderich shed tears and the King offered him his handkerchief to dry them. He lives in Disraeli's well-worn phrase as 'a transient, embarrassed phantom,' and is the only Prime Minister who never met Parliament.]

[2][*Gr. Lett.*, II, 10, to Lady Carlisle.]

just on speaking terms as cool as possible!'[1] In truth Madame Lieven's task was hopeless. She had committed herself to Canning, she was equally committed to Canning's enemy, Lord Grey, and to a vigorous Russian policy against Turkey in favour of the Greeks. All her arts could not avail to win Wellington. He was deeply offended to think that she had disregarded his advice, and made the Treaty of 6th July, 1827, with Canning, equally irate that she continued to dally with the Whigs and those ardent Phil-Hellenists Lord Holland and Lord Grey.[2] So he treated her overtures with contempt. War broke out between Russia and Turkey in May, and Madame Lieven henceforth exercised no influence on Wellington, and his correspondence is full of angry outbursts against her mischievous intrigues. She retaliated (19th May) by saying he was 'as obstinate as a mule.' On the 1st June, 1828, an able French diplomat expressed the view to Nesselrode that a common agreement over Greece between England, France and Russia would be 'the miracle of the century.'[3] On the 30th Lieven himself expressed the view that 'the malevolence and personal spite' of Wellington would ruin everything.[4] On the 8th June Madame Lieven had received Lord Aber-

[1][*Diary* of Frances, Lady Shelley (1913), II, 139, Arbuthnot to Lady Shelley, 16th February, 1828.]

[2][Grey wished to expel the Turks from Europe. *v.* his letter (12th November, 1826) to Princess Lieven. *Corr. Grey* (1890), I, 31.]

[3][*Papiers de Nesselrode*, VII, 28. de La Ferronays to Nesselrode, 1st June, 1828.]

[4][*Ibid.*, VII, 41. Lieven to Nesselrode, 30th June, 1828.]

deen, who had just become Foreign Secretary as follows: 'I am always glad to see you, but I am very sorry to see you Minister of Foreign Affairs, because I consider you Austrian and an enemy to Russia.'[1] On the 22nd October, 1828, she expressed the view to Grey that Aberdeen had a 'natural inclination' to Metternich.[2]

Wellington, however, was the hand and Aberdeen the tool. The Duke complained that Madame Lieven had exercised undue influence on Lord Heytesbury at Petersburg and 'misrepresented' British policy to the Russian Government. Madame Lieven recorded with evident disgust on the 22nd August, 1828, 'He (the Duke) reverted to some of his former coquetries with me during our recent stay with the King at Windsor – I shall not again become the dupe of his sagacious demeanour, which is all he possesses.' And on the 9th October, 1828, 'Wellington has gone back to all his former illwill.'[3] In 1829 came a great triumph, for the Treaty of Adrianople was signed (22nd July, 1829,) by which Russia dictated peace to Turkey, acquired possessions for herself in Asia and established Greece as independent in Europe. After this Madame Lieven did not need even to pretend to be polite to British Ministers, and on the 15th October, 1829, she had a singular interview with Aberdeen, in which she informed him

[1][Palmerston, 8th June, 1828. Sir H. L. Bulwer, *Life of Palmerston*, (1870), I, 283.]
[2][*Corr. Grey*, I, 169.]
[3][Robinson, *Letters*, pp. 149, 155.]

that what he said was 'false, and you ought to know yourself that it is so.'[1]

Early in 1830 relations improved and Madame Lieven took in hand the candidature of Prince Leopold to the throne of Greece. The vivacious account in the Third Part, apart from a few errors of detail given in the notes, is substantially correct.

THIRD PART OF DIARY

PRINCE LEOPOLD'S CANDIDATURE FOR THE THRONE OF GREECE, 1828–30

'We spent the 10th January, 1828, on a visit to Claremont, to Prince Leopold of Coburg.[2] After dinner he kept me for two whole hours on Eastern Affairs. I thought we had decided to make war on the Turks, but I could not allow myself to say so.

'The Goderich Ministry was in its agony, the Duke of

[1][*Corr. Grey*, I, 329. Grey replied he was 'mortified that an English Minister should have exposed himself to a rebuke at once so severe and so just,' I, 335. Shortly afterwards Madame Lieven declined dining with Wellington I, 345.]

[2][Madame Lieven, *Corr. Grey*, I, 409, 13th January, 1830, says that she and her husband were staying with Leopold on 3rd January, 1828, that she 'wormed the secret' of his desire to be King of Greece out of him and 'made a bet' with her husband on his prospects. Leopold was the widower of the Princess Charlotte and afterwards King of Belgium. He was on bad terms with King George because of his Liberal and Whig proclivities. As Madame Lieven had been a friend of the Princess Charlotte she had much influence with, and some admiration for, the Prince. Cp. *Gr. Lett.*, I, 134, December, 1816.]

Wellington was on the eve of taking control. Already he spoke as the Master and we knew what to expect from his bad sentiments for ourselves in the Eastern question. Prince Leopold considered himself simply as a Russian. He took the trouble to prove to me how much our interests and our dignity were compromised by the insults and provocations of the Porte. I answered him with reserve, trying to water down the facts a little. The Prince took the matter up the more keenly. He got very warm. He did not agree that anything prevented our avenging ourselves with *éclat*. We must despise the bad temper of England, laugh at her threats, think of our own honour, not let our co-religionists die, and aid those poor Greeks at least by the indirect means of a war with the Porte. He told me all this with an ardour and a passion which contrasted much with his customary prudence and slowness. I looked for the motive of this excessive eagerness. In going up to bed I told my husband that Prince Leopold wished for the throne of Greece.

'My husband burst out laughing as at something stupid or extravagant. I had spent the evening with one who would be King of Greece.

'I have been unable to deny myself the satisfaction of this little preface.

'On learning the signature of the Treaty of 6th July, my Court hastened to make Count Capodistrias leave St. Petersburg to go and take the government of Greece, to which he was called by the almost unanimous wish of the nation.[1] He was a man of substance, a man of honour, of wit, and of the most elevated heart – a little idealist – odious to Prince Metternich – strongly pro-

[1][He was elected President May 1827.]

tected by the Emperor Nicholas. He came to London at first; he arrived there a short time after the death of Canning. His interview with Lord Dudley left him with little assurance as to the energy the British Cabinet would put in pursuing its work. After being installed in Greece, he had presented to the three Courts a very lengthy memorandum in which he explained the needs of the country. He indicated a monarchical and hereditary government, as suiting best the interests of Greece, and demanded a Prince selected from among the younger branches of the reigning houses of Europe.

'This opinion was accepted by the three Allied Powers. But it was only later, the 22nd March, 1829, that it was consigned to a protocol, with the further clause that the Prince chosen to reign in Greece could not belong to any of the three Courts signing the treaty of the 6th July. That is what they decided.

'The war with Turkey had burst out in May 1828. The first campaign had had vicissitudes, and our enemies – I mean by this title the English Cabinet – had been able to indulge a brief hope and to believe consistently with it that the whole Greek question would be shipwrecked in the struggle.

'The Duke of Wellington awaited, with hardly disguised hostility, the issue of our war. He let the conferences sleep, hoping their sleep would be eternal. Our arms were fortunate, we neared Constantinople. The Duke of Wellington, fearing then that the Greek question would be decided by Russian bayonets, if not by the conference, suddenly pressed for a reunion in the month of September to busy itself with the election of a Prince.

'England and France named their candidates simul-

put forward the names of Prince Frederic of the Netherlands and of Prince Leopold – the latter carelessly enough; the first in a more serious way. Prince Frederic perfectly suited the wishes of my Court. He[1] was very keenly supported by our plenipotentiary. But the French ambassador, Prince de Laval, declared that France would never consent to the nomination of Prince Frederic, no more than to that of Prince Leopold; he proposed Prince John of Saxony to the Conference, and the earnestness with which he supported the Saxon candidate, like that with which he rejected the two others, made perfectly clear the secret thought of France – i.e., to see the throne occupied by a Catholic prince.

'Since my conversation with him at Claremont, Prince Leopold had not failed, every time we met together, to take up again the same theme. He had hailed the beginning of our war with the keenest acclamations, since then he had sounded [my] husband on the possibility of being sent to the Emperor's Headquarters, representing to him the use which he could be in restoring a little harmony between the relations of the two countries which had become cold. We had no objections to that project. The Prince then dared to make the direct demand to the Duke of Wellington by offering him in his turn the advantage of possessing at the Headquarters of the Emperor an observer to take part in the profession of war, whom his rank and antecedents would bring into relations of great intimacy with the Emperor. The Duke of Wellington, under the circumstances very little desirous of paying any testimony of respect to the Emperor, did not appreciate his arguments and refused,

[1][He was well known to, and even an admirer of, Princess Lieven. *v.* below, pp. 174–6.]

drily enough, to lend himself to the project. Prince Leopold took this little setback mildly. To a mind calculating and patient like his, his attempts to advance himself with us and with the Greeks seemed already successful enough to be reckoned with. Disappointed of his plan of campaign, Prince Leopold, none the less, went to the Continent and sent from there a secret agent to Count Capodistrias, who carried his personal offer to govern Greece and an *exposé* of his ideas on the country.

'For many years Count Capodistrias had known Prince Leopold. He had even sought him out again during his journey to London, and had a good opinion of him. He gave a reserved, but later an encouraging, welcome to the direct and clear overture of Prince Leopold. This result sufficed Leopold for the moment. Towards the end of 1829 Prince Leopold was at Paris. He had been more than once there before, and had established very intimate relations with the Duc d'Orléans. King Charles X also treated him with kindness. This time he sought to move the French ministry in his favour. He expressed his wishes and his claims to the throne of Greece. Though little encouraged at first, he finally left, having obtained the King's promise. We believed we knew that it was given in return for a formal engagement by the Prince to marry a Catholic princess and to bring up her children in that religion.

'He hastened to repair to England. His political principles and his relations with the Opposition were little to the taste of the ministers, but the Duke of Wellington rightly thought that his nomination might have seemed, parliamentarily, a success for the government, and of this the Duke had much need after our victories

and our peace, towards which he had shown himself openly opposed and discontented.

'The Conference languished a little, we calmly looked on at the development of these intrigues. France had continued in the Conference her official support of Prince John of Saxony. The English Government on its side always supported Prince Frederic of the Netherlands.[1] But as Lord Aberdeen knew that neither one nor the other could command the vote of the Conference he decided to end this comedy, and in agreement with the Duke of Wellington, who wished absolutely to make a King, he one day begged my husband to approach the French Government to get it to sacrifice its candidate on condition of England withdrawing hers at the same time, and personally asked for the substitution of Prince Leopold. We were surprised and charmed at this overture. Russia was interested in seeing the Greek question ended before Turkey was definitely evacuated. Leopold was known to be on good terms with the Emperor. His opinions and his views on Greece suited Count Capodistrias.[2] He was in every point a suitable candidate. My husband invited Pozzo [di Borgo – Russian Ambassador at Paris] to support him with all his influence at Paris. This communication bore the date of 29th November, 1829. The Prince de Polignac, then head of the French Ministry, after some

[1][No. v., Wellington, *Despatches*, etc., VI, 358. Aberdeen suggested Prince Philip of Hesse-Homburg to Lieven on 13th October, who agreed to support him. France opposed and Aberdeen then named (*a*) Prince Frederic of Orange (20th October), (*b*) Prince Maximilian of Este (30th October). As France objected to all three (VI, 359), Leopold was mentioned.]

[2][But Capodistrias seems later to have intrigued against him.]

moments of hesitation, allowed himself to be won over by our ambassador's arguments. He was really prepared for the *dénouement*. Doubtless the promises made by Prince Lieven to King Charles X had perfectly reassured the conscience of the King of France, and if, on her side, England sought the honour of furnishing a sovereign to Greece allied to the House of her masters, France had the secret hope that a French princess would occupy the throne of Greece with him. They said then that Prince Leopold would marry a daughter of the Duc d'Orléans. With these respective satisfactions properly adjusted and with Pozzo as intermediary – the affair had to go on – it did – and the consent of France did not delay long. Amidst this agreement so hardly obtained over this difficult question, an episode occurred which is not worth telling, except in order to put some historical persons on the stage.

'The slowness and the uncertainty of the Conference had set every German ambition in movement. On the 4th December, 1829, the Duke of Cumberland received letters from his brothers-in-law the Grand Duke, and Duke Charles, of Mecklenburg Strelitz, in which they told him it was the wish of the King of France to see Duke Charles put up as candidate for the throne of Greece. As it was not the part of the King of France to intervene in an official manner, or by ordinary channels, they entrusted the matter to the Duke of Cumberland.[1]

Duke Charles, son-in-law of the King of Prussia, was

[1][On 23rd July, 1829, Aberdeen wrote to Wellington, *Despatches and Memoranda*, VI, 40, that Madame Lieven had counselled the proceedings of Cumberland. On the 28th (VI, 55), he reported that Madame Lieven denied the charge. Wellington (29th July) strongly attacked her (VI, 57).]

a man entirely in his confidence, a man of thought and of action, a good administrator and a soldier.

'The Duke of Cumberland, who was also his brother-in-law, lost not a moment in submitting to King George IV the letter he had just received. The King eagerly adopted the idea of the King of Prussia and told Lord Aberdeen to give him orders in regard to this.

'Lord Aberdeen was very little accustomed to being summoned by the King but, seeing the interest his master showed the choice of Prince Charles, was eager in the first moment of embarrassment and surprise to approve of him in the least equivocal terms. For he called this candidature a godsend and permitted the King to entertain my husband and the Duc de Laval with this new proposition.[1] At this time the 8th [really the 7th] December not only had the proposition of Lord Aberdeen as regards Prince Leopold been transmitted by my husband to Paris, as has been seen higher up, but the first answer of the French Cabinet to this overture had been received at Paris, so that the English Government could no longer go back on what they had done.[2] However strange it may seem, Lord Aberdeen had never yet informed the King of the pending negotiation on the subject of Greece, and especially of the choice of a sovereign – this silence was for several

[1][Wellington, *Despatches and Memoranda*, VI, 24th August (103); 8th September (145); 8th November (292) strongly attacked Princess Lieven in letters to Aberdeen.]

[2][*Ibid.*, VI, 298. Aberdeen, 20th November, said he would consent to Leopold if Russia and France agreed. Wellington and Aberdeen on 27th November (307–8) seemed to think France favourable to Leopold, but the matter still open. By 29th December (353) Wellington thought Leopold nominated, but anticipated 'a severe contest.']

reasons. The King took little part in affairs. He was very displeased with his ministers. He saw them as seldom as possible and was always in a bad temper with them. The Greek question was very antipathetic to him.[1] It suited George that they should not speak of it – that suited Lord Aberdeen, too, and it suited him especially to keep from the King's knowledge the candidature of Prince Leopold, for whom the King had a deep aversion. The minister on his side might fear an absolute refusal, if he told George of the initiative he had taken. While allowing the business to be pushed so far as to enable him to present it to the King as an arrangement agreed and decided between the three Allied Courts, he hoped to extort the approbation of his master by force. His natural timidity with respect to him and an instinctive dissimulation[2] made him then expect His Majesty to obey his orders. Then he was suddenly told of the *démarche* of the King of France about Prince Charles. Once committed to this course it was hard for him to get out of it with credit. My husband, warned by the Duke of Cumberland, whom the King had ordered Aberdeen to interview on the subject of Prince Charles of Mecklenburg, was to his great surprise prepared for this confidence. But although they saw each other several times the British Minister did not say a word to him on the subject. After a week my husband learnt that Lord Aberdeen had been to the King to complain of the obstinate resistance he had

[1][As noticed (p. 104 n.), he told Esterházy in 1826, 'I am not a (Pro-) Greek – God knows. I send the whole nation to the Devil.']

[2][But cp. Robinson, *Letters* of Princess Lieven to Alexander Benckendorff, p. 136, 30th June, 1828, to 'Aberdeen is a wretched minister; he is an honourable man and no more.']

encountered from Prince Lieven, and that, although he had named the Duke of Mecklenburg at the King's express wish, that ambassador had not only refused to hear a word of this new candidate, but was most perseveringly obstinate in supporting Prince Philip of Homburg!! We were stunned by this blow. Accustomed as my husband was to accidents of this sort on the part of Lord Aberdeen, this was too much. The end of the interview between the King and the minister revealed better the motive of secrecy. Seeing the King much irritated with my husband's conduct, Lord Aberdeen took the opportunity to tell His Majesty that, in general, the normal disposition of Prince Lieven for some time, his relations with and influence in England were such as to render him by no means agreeable to the Government, and that he thought it very desirable for his Court to recall him. The King in the keenness of his disappointment found nothing to say against this judgment. The whole interview was given word for word by the King to the Duke of Cumberland, and by him to my husband.[1] The King was at this time ill with the gout and shut up at Windsor; we did not see him.

'However, Lord Aberdeen did not limit his activity to the notions he had just improvised and submitted to the King. Struck with the idea that Prince Charles' affair was an intrigue devised by the Duke of Cumberland, and that he had fraudulently used the name of the King of Prussia to give more weight to his overture, he believed he could take an infallible means of unveiling the plot and also of shaking the credit of the Duke of Cumberland with his brother the King. He despatched

[1][The Duke of Cumberland was not, however, a judicious or trustworthy authority on this, or any other, matter.]

at once by courier an order to the English Minister at Berlin to make the government of Prussia an answer declining (but *officially*) the entirely confidential and personal overture of the King of Prussia.

'At the same moment the Duke of Cumberland informed the King of Prussia of the eagerness with which King George had welcomed his wishes and the order which Lord Aberdeen had consequently received.

'The King's suspicions of Lord Aberdeen were already much excited by his brother's revelations. These contradicted the first reports of his minister, a contradiction which my husband had found it his duty to inform the King at once. He was irritated to the last degree at this conduct of Lord Aberdeen, which so strangely compromised his dignity with a foreign Court.[1] On this occasion and for the first time the King learnt that the choice of the Alliance was fixed, that Prince Leopold was going to reign in Greece, and that the whole public knew a fact of which the King alone was ignorant.[2] He would not believe it and affirmed with an oath that he would never permit it.

'Under these auspices Lord Aberdeen presented himself to him on the 12th January, 1830, to submit to him the choice decided on by the Conference and urged His Majesty to confirm it. The King, borrowing courage from his brother, treated Lord Aberdeen with an

[1][According to Madame Lieven, *Corr. Grey*, I, 420, 25th January, 1830, Aberdeen criticized both her and her husband.]

[2][Wellington, *Despatches*, VI, 361–2, says Aberdeen saw the King on the 7th, 10th and 24th of December. At the latter interview he told him that the first candidate of France was Prince John of Saxony and the second Prince Leopold. On the 1st January, 1830, France proposed Leopold, and on the 12th Aberdeen communicated to the King the British Cabinet's decision in his favour.]

entirely unwonted *hauteur* and energy, and asked him by what right his Cabinet had decided a question so important without submitting it to him, and by what right he now claimed to force his consent? Lord Aberdeen replied that Prince Leopold had been proposed by *France*, and that the English Cabinet thought it ought to consent to this, as a choice which seemed to suit the other two Courts. "If France," said the King, "intrigues, unknown to me, with my Cabinet to dispose of a Prince belonging to my family, I regard this proceeding as an insult and I demand in my turn if the King of France in his turn would not have been right to feel himself insulted if I had instigated his minister to place the Duc de Nemours on the throne of Greece without his consent."

'Lord Aberdeen here observed that Prince Leopold did not regard himself as belonging to the Royal Family, that he had maintained this to the King of France, and that the Law Officers of the Crown, consulted in London, had equally decided this point in the same sense. The King, who till then had always denied relationship with Prince Leopold, whom he called the "foreign Prince," suddenly exclaimed, "If Leopold claims that he does not belong to the Royal Family, I affirm it, and though I hate the rascal I will have him belong to the family."

'Thus on the one hand Leopold, who derived all his importance from his position as son-in-law of the King and boasted everywhere that he belonged to the Royal Family, was now forced to prove juridically that he did not make part of it. On the other hand the King, who had never wished to admit the relationship, now claimed it with warmth. But to return to my story.

Beaten by the lawyers, the King returned to the individual and asked Lord Aberdeen how he could do this for such a sot, a man who did not even know how to put his horse at the gallop, how could they be stupid enough to think well of him. Here Lord Aberdeen, who took up the apostrophe on his side, hastened to assure the King that this choice was the positive wish of the Duke of Wellington.

'"Are you then the Secretary of State of the Duke of Wellington and not of the King of England?" (This was very true.) To this explosion of wrath succeeded an excited speech on the side of the King in which he disclosed to Lord Aberdeen that he would never permit his ministers to treat him with such lack of respect as they had just shown to him; that he would never give his consent to the nomination of Prince Leopold; that if the Duke of Wellington found in this fact a motive for resigning his places he had only to do it. These were the last words the King addressed to his minister. Alarm immediately spread through the Cabinet. Prince Leopold was warned of the unforeseen obstacle to his election and his fright was such that he wished immediately to renounce finally the throne of Greece which had not yet been formally offered. However, the Duke of Wellington could only accept the other alternative, i.e. maintain the election of the Prince, or leave the Ministry.

'The Duke of Wellington was then very powerful and very odious to the King. He had emancipated the Catholics and so had done violence to the conscience of the King and of all his family, as was known to all England. The struggle with his master had been keen and obstinate. The King had given way, but he had not

forgiven. Since that time his impotence had taken the form of indifference to all business. He saw the Duke very seldom and spoke badly of him to everyone. The Duke of Wellington paid no attention to that. He was omnipotent and the King was not very bold in his presence. The interview was of the coldest and briefest; it lasted only a quarter of an hour.[1] The King asked twenty-four hours for reflection, at the end of which he consented to *everything* and to more. To expiate his temporary resistance to the wishes of his minister, he granted him as well as his colleagues the favour of his intimacy, which he had refused for four months.[2]

'Two Cabinet dinners took place in succession at Windsor,[3] to attest in the eyes of all the weakness of the King and the power of the subject.

'The protocol fixing the limits and political existence of Greece was signed the 30th January, 1830.[4] The Conference communicated it the same day to Prince Leopold, inviting him to accept the sovereignty of

[1][It exceeded an hour on 14th January (Wellington, *Despatches*, VI, 408). The King fell ill and Wellington did not apparently see him again, but sent a strong letter on the 19th (VI, 424–5) which recorded that George had assented on the 14th at the interview.]

[2][The King sent a Memo to Wellington, 19th January, 1830, in which he 'deeply regretted' Prince Leopold's candidature as he considered him 'not qualified for this peculiar station.' He took care to add that he consented because of the wishes of Russia and France (Wellington, *Despatches*, VI, 426).]

[3][Wellington (*Despatches*, VI, 443) dined with the King on 28th January. He sent the King a strong remonstrance on the influence of the Duke of Cumberland on the 30th (VI, 455).]

[4][Wellington, *Despatches*, VI, 489. A protocol was signed on the 3rd February to certain articles of which Leopold objected. Wellington conceded some points but declined others.]

Greece by a Patent Act. Such is the simplicity of forms in England that the document emanating from the three first Cabinets in Europe, addressed on a solemn occasion to a sovereign elected to govern a New State, reached him the day after in the country by the coach, done up in large brown paper with the small string which they use for parcels in England, and addressed to one of his *valets de chambre*. A pair of boots is sent with the same ceremony.

'As soon as Prince Leopold saw himself thus invited on behalf of the three Allied Courts to occupy the throne of Greece he thought of using his position for the interests of this country. Knowing the arrangements definitely agreed on for Greece, and thinking them inadequate to the political existence and security of this new State, he entered into written and verbal discussions with the Conference, with the aim of obtaining more solid advantages for Greece. He knew he had the support of Russia and of France; he had to struggle *corps à corps* with the English Ministry alone. And in this struggle he displayed at once a judgment, an energy, and a cleverness of which none had ever suspected him.

'Since his first interviews with Lord Aberdeen and the Duke of Wellington he had been struck with the bad faith, the malevolence and the harsh sentiments of the English Government towards the nation he had made it a point of honour to regenerate. Having asked for the cession of Candia to the new State the ministers objected, as it was impossible to impose a new sacrifice, and when Prince Leopold observed that they ought at least to allow him to place the Greek population of that isle under the guarantee of the Alliance so as to stop

the civil war and the massacres, Lord Aberdeen replied that 5,000 Turks would finish that. Indignant at this atrocious proposal, the Prince declared he would never consent to present himself to a new people under circumstances so horrible, and that the sole circumstance that he belonged to a country, whose government could profess such sentiments, was enough to make him the object of the execration of Greece. In a word he declared that, if this point were not granted, he would refuse the throne. Long and tedious negotiations followed this first discussion. The Prince drew up articles which in some sort contained his capitulation, he demanded pecuniary aid, and the presence of a foreign force strong enough to protect the first measures of the new government, and a guarantee of the Greek inhabitants of Candia and of Samos. That was the *sine qua non* of his acceptance.

'The irritation between the Prince and the English ministers reached a point at which they would no longer expose themselves to personal negotiations with him. They themselves requested the intervention of my husband. He then became the chief negotiator of this phase of the question, and after three weeks of trouble and effort, the three points first cited having been finally accepted by the Conference, it was into the hands of the Russian Ambassador on the 24th February, 1830, that the English Prince put the formal act of his acceptance of the throne of Greece.[1]

'Prince Leopold returned to Paris the following month with the view of marrying the Princess of Orleans. It was said that this marriage met with difficulties. In the month of April King George IV fell very ill and at the

[1][*Corr. Grey*, I, 455, 25th February, 1830.]

same time his heir, the Duke of Clarence, was also sick. The vision of a minority began to appear. Lord Durham, a friend of the Prince and a man with great expectations, cursed the day on which Leopold had engaged himself with Greece, since a more important part was reserved for him in England, and the moment was near.[1] That made the Prince think. He also received letters at this time from Greece which displeased him. Count Capodistrias, learning that he had a master, hastened to use his temporary authority and trenched on the sphere of the sovereign. He instituted the Order of the Saviour. Leopold thought that his President could have waited [before doing this], and that his President kept writing to him intransigeant letters very suited to check the Prince's zest for the throne. Capodistrias told him to be quick about arriving. "My prince, a people heroic, great, generous but poor expects you; it must pay with its love for the sacrifices you are about to make for it. For they are great sacrifices. You are leaving your fine palaces for little thatched ones – your sumptuous repasts to eat black bread. It will be necessary to forget the pleasures of society, the comforts of your home – but you are coming to regenerate an ancient people of great glory, immortal for you!" The Prince began no longer to envy this glory. He had wished to capitalize the revenue of £50,000 which he enjoyed in England. Rothschild had been entrusted with that arrangement for which insurance companies had to be consulted. They reckoned

[1][Referring, of course, to the possible accession of the ten-year-old Victoria, who was devoted to Leopold. It is stated by Stockmar, *Memoirs* [1872], pp. 111–20, that Lieven thought Leopold aspired to be Regent. Stockmar himself, however, rejected this interpretation.]

the Prince's life at seventeen years in England, but at seven in Greece, taking into account the climate and the daggers.

'At the same time the Prince had asked what title would be granted him. He thought that of Sovereign Prince was very little. However, my Court, urged to consecrate the choice of him, had nominated Count Potocki as Minister to him, and the Emperor had announced it in an autograph letter of which the signature was *Monsieur Mon frère*.[1] This letter reached Prince Leopold at Paris the day after he had informed the Conference that he formally and irrevocably renounced this throne, which he had coveted so much and had accepted with such joy hardly three months before.[2]

'A short time after the Grand Duke Constantine, finding me at Warsaw, said to me "My word, my brother-in-law who is *un sot* showed spirit for once in his life when he sent the Greeks packing. You others of the Conference have wished to settle like Napoleon who said 'Cabbage, beetroot, carrots, you shall have enough.' And you have said to the German Prince, 'You shall be King of Greece.' But you do not resemble Bonaparte, and Leopold has not found enough carrots." '[3]

[1][Indicating that he was a king.]

[2][Madame Lieven to Alexander Benckendorff. Robinson, *Letters*, p. 219, 'Leopold has played us a pretty trick,' 28th May, 1830. Leopold's letter of resignation was dated 21st May, 1830. Wellington (*Despatches*, VII, 61, 24th May) seems to have been indifferent in the matter.]

[3][As a pendant to this the following may be quoted: *Gr. Lett.*, II, 57, to Lady Carlisle, 'I dined at the Lievens. Greece (Prince Leopold) on one side, so low, so flat, so thin that the Log was a better King than that. Nobody knows what is to be, but he whispered it all in German to the Princess, who did not tell us anything about it.']

III. PRINCESS LIEVEN AND EARL GREY (1824–30)

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PRINCESS LIEVEN IN MIDDLE LIFE.

III. PRINCESS LIEVEN AND EARL GREY (1824–30)

Princess Lieven was disappointed at her failure to put her candidate on the throne of Greece, though a better crown and a more brilliant destiny awaited him. Curiously enough, while the Princess had fought to secure Leopold the crown of Greece, she was now to seek to deprive him of that of Belgium. Her feelings against Wellington and Aberdeen were as strong as ever, though possibly a little more concealed. She naturally therefore increased her connexion with the Whigs, who were at least Phil-Hellenes. With Earl Grey she had formed a friendship as early as 1824.[1] At first it was purely a social connexion. It developed, however, into an extreme intimacy, marked by numberless letters, which Grey is said to have spent his first hours in the morning in composing, and to have sent, perfumed with musk, to his Princess. The latter was amused by the liberal views, and attracted by the high character, of this cold, proud and pure Whig aristocrat, who laid down the law on foreign politics aloof and alone in his palace at Howick, as emphatically as if he were already Prime Minister. Grey, being a Whig of Foxite traditions, had his suspicions of a lady who was an Ultra and an Absolutist. He liked the Spanish Liberals as much as she hated them, and wrote to her that consti-

[1]But she seems to have known him, at any rate slightly, before that date.

tutions were a 'subject upon which we must remain *aux antipodes*.'[1] It hardly disarmed him when Madame Lieven became more Liberal, and shewed no objection to Canning supporting a Constitution in Portugal, or to Russia breaking loose from that Holy Alliance which Grey hated. It was enough for Madame Lieven to become the champion of Canning, to make Grey, who hated him, become suspicious. Madame Lieven had to reproach him for his long silence in September 1826, and when he proffered excuses, added mildly 'one should justify oneself for having done right, not for having done the contrary.' Grey responded to her by congratulating her and her husband on being elevated by Nicholas to the princely rank.[2] Madame Lieven found still more difficulties with him in 1827, during Canning's struggle for the Premiership, for Grey, notably alone among prominent Whigs, held aloof from the coalition and savagely attacked Canning's foreign policy on the 10th May, 1827. Madame Lieven remained friends, though she made it clear that she differed from him, and he shewed feeling on Canning's death (8th August).[3] At the same time she cleverly attached to herself other Whigs, Lord and Lady Granville, Lady Granville's brother, the Duke of Devonshire, and Lord Palmerston, and used them, during Wellington's Ministry, as a kind of Russian opposition

[1] *Corr. Grey*, I, 7, 16th September, 1824.
[2] *Ib.*, I, 25, 27.
[3] *Ib.*, I, 49–53.

to the Government during 1828–9. According to Sidney Herbert, 'They (i.e. Wellington and Aberdeen) would have resisted the Russian march on Adrianople, but Palmerston and the Whigs who were then still full of Phil-Hellenism, and were intriguing with Princess Lieven to turn the Duke out, succeeded in preventing any move in that direction. Palmerston I think called it Austro-Turco barbarism.'[1] So far it may be true that the Whigs played her game. None the less, Grey, though much under her influence, did not entirely succumb to it. As early as September 1827 he pointed out to her that, though he wished the independence of Greece, he did not wish 'her dependency on Russia.'[2] When she applied the term 'political harlequin' to Metternich, called him 'the greatest rascal in the world,' and depreciated his intellect, Grey pointed out that she had once said 'he had wit to excess, and a quite remarkable freedom and loyalty.' . . . 'Opinions which change so entirely must, at least, excite some distrust of the solidity of the judgment by which they are formed.'[3] Princess Lieven had to admit, in reply to this home-thrust, that she contradicted herself so flatly

[1] *Memoirs of an Ex-Minister – Lord Malmesbury*, 374–5. Sidney Herbert to Malmesbury, 8th December, 1855. He gives the date 1827–8, but says he is not sure. It should be 1828–9.

[2] *Corr. Grey*, I, 54.

[3] *Corr. Grey*, Lieven to Grey, 31st December, 1828, I, 213–15; 29th January, 1829, I, 231–4. Grey to Lieven, 18th February, I, 234–7.

and easily that she had 'become somewhat suspicious' even of her own views.

Her opinion of another old friend also changed at this time. During 1827 she had deprecated Grey's hostility towards Canning. But in 1828 a Russian Grand Duchess, who visited England, was 'quite astonished at the abuse Princess Lieven had lavished upon Canning, for the Grand Duchess had not had any communication with the Ambassadress since the Minister's death, and then her language was, as might be expected, very different.'[1] Here again we may, like Grey, be 'suspicious' as to the 'solidity of the judgment.' The fact is that the Princess worshipped the rising sun. When a Minister was dead or powerless he ceased to be of value or interest, and her opinions changed accordingly.

Incidentally she conciliated Grey by an approach to his views. 'Though perhaps imprudent for me to avow it,' she 'did not want a second Holy Alliance,' 26th September, 1829,[2] an admission which satisfied her admirer. For some months after this the Princess dropped this awkward subject and contented herself with abusing Wellington and Polignac his friend, the Absolutist premier in France. She delicately revived the subject of Greece in the autumn of 1829. Her management of Grey was skilful and she reaped her reward.

[1] *Journal of H. E. Fox – Lord Holland* [1923], p. 340, *apud* 23 June, 1829, but referring to 1828.

[2] *Corr. Grey*, I, 304.

The successful Russian advance to Adrianople produced the humiliation of the Turks and the Treaty of Peace was signed on the 14th September, 1829, and called by the name of that town. It conceded independence to Greece and gave her the boundaries of Arta and Volo. Singularly enough, on that very day the aristocratic recluse at stately Howick plotted out on his map this very line which, he thought, ought to serve as the northern boundary of Greece, and informed the Princess of his view.[1] The Princess thought it not extensive enough, but Wellington and Aberdeen bitterly opposed it as too large a concession. The Princess wrote to Grey on the 2nd October, that 'your line of frontier will eventually play a great part, and thus very peaceably at Howick you will have the honour of laying down the boundaries of a New State.'[2] The Princess was more right than perhaps either she or Grey believed. We may conclude the story of Greece here. Wellington continued to oppose these boundaries, and endless conferences, issuing in interminable protocols, failed to settle the matter. But in November 1830 the Duke fell, and Grey, to the surprise of many, perhaps also of himself, became the head of a Whig Government. He was compelled in honour to support giving the Arta–Volo frontier to Greece, for they were already known as 'Lord Grey's boundaries.'[3] The point was

[1] *Corr. Grey*, I, 293–4. [2] *Corr. Grey*, I, 315.

[3] Palmerston – in Bulwer's *Palmerston*, II, 146 [1870], 21st March, 1833, said 'the line laid down is beautiful.'

eventually conceded on the 26th September, 1831. It was a visible embodiment of the line drawn in the study at Howick.[1]

THE FORMATION OF GREY'S MINISTRY: LORD PALMERSTON

In July 1830 Polignac, the Absolutist Prime Minister of France, whom Wellington had never ceased to befriend nor Madame Lieven to abuse, attempted a *coup d'état* at Paris. He failed to gag the Press or to suppress the Parliament or the mob. He fell and his fall dragged down the Legitimist Monarchy. His fate was in accordance with Princess Lieven's predictions to Grey and she made it clear that Russia would not interfere with the new régime, so long as there was 'no project . . . for extending the frontiers, nor for revolutionizing neighbouring countries.'[2] Grey agreed and Louis Philippe ascended the throne, posing as a good, solid, peaceful citizen and constitutional monarch, ruling through the bourgeois, and acclaiming himself to the heart of Grey. In November Wellington fell, like his Absolutist friend Polignac, and Grey became Prime Minister.

Princess Lieven's time had come. The enormous influence she had long exercised over her aristocratic

[1]Greece was recognized as an independent Kingdom, guaranteed by Great Britain, Russia and France in 1832. Otto, second son of the King of Bavaria, became King.

[2]*Corr. Grey*, II, 50, 14th August, 1830.

and platonic admirer was now to count. The secret information she had given him was now to be returned. The Princess trusted to be 'the uncrowned queen,' to whom the new Premier would bow in everything. She began giving advice at once, to take the Treasury himself and conciliate some of the Tories.[1] Whether he consulted her in filling up the offices in the Cabinet cannot be said with certainty. But her own account of the matter may be given here.

§ I. POLITICAL SKETCH – LORD PALMERSTON[2]

'On my arrival in England at the end of 1812, Lord Palmerston had been for some years at the post of Secretary at War, without a seat in the Cabinet. He was one of my first acquaintances in London. He was much sought after in Society, with a handsome face, speaking French very well, intimately associated with one of the most agreeable women of English high society [Lady Cowper].

'Lord Palmerston was then very attached to Tory policy and particularly to Lord Castlereagh. He had wit, much aptitude for business, facility, assurance, a little fatuity.

'When the ministerial crisis of 1827 occurred and the Cabinet was deprived of its chief, Lord Liverpool, came under the headship of Canning, who found himself abandoned at once by all the Tory Ministers, who had

[1] *Corr. Grey*, II, 122. Lieven to Grey, 17th November, 1831.

[2] [*Russ. Arch.* endorsed, 'Original in French.'] *Dau.*, 170, shows some evidence that he has seen this sketch.

been his colleagues for five years. I saw him at this first moment of surprise and embarrassment; he chatted to me of his situation, and I allowed myself to name to him Lord Palmerston, among others, as being able in my view to figure to advantage in his new Cabinet.

'Mr. Canning keenly protested and gave me as the motive of his peremptory refusal, that the reputation of Lord Palmerston was very much compromised by speculation on the Stock Exchange, of which fact I was wholly ignorant.[1] I had nothing more to say.

'Mr. Canning tried to preserve and to bring back some of his old colleagues. He failed in his attempts, and had no more success with the Whigs. Lord Grey was very hostile to him and this hostility checked the good disposition of some of his friends towards Mr. Canning. They dared not become engaged to him. The Minister found himself much isolated. In the difficulty and embarrassment in which these refusals put him he was obliged to content himself with less than he had hoped for, and, after some days, he came to tell me that, after full reflection, and agreeing with me that Lord Palmerston had some merits, he had made him a member of the Cabinet, preserving to him his post of Secretary at War.

[1][Canning offered Palmerston a seat in the Cabinet and the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. 'I accepted both offers,' says Palmerston in his Autobiography (H. L. Bulwer's *Palmerston*, I, 181–6). Subsequently Canning had to take the Exchequer himself, and appears to have been much embarrassed by having to break his promise to Palmerston, owing to his Coalition with the Lansdowne Whigs. In *Stap. MSS.*, A. G. Stapleton quotes Canning in January 1827 as saying that 'Pam's' private speculations in 1825 unsuited him for the Exchequer when he was talking of Cabinet changes.]

'Henceforth Palmerston attached himself entirely to the person and policy of Mr. Canning and formed with Mr. Huskisson, Lord Dudley, Charles Grant and Lord Melbourne, the group long called Canningites. On the death of Mr. Canning, which occurred four months later [8th August], Lord Palmerston applied himself very keenly to questions of foreign policy, and sought on all occasions to have dealings with my husband and the chief members of the diplomatic corps, whom he constantly met at our house. These relations became more intimate when the Duke of Wellington was called to the head of the Ministry in January 1828.

'Our war with Turkey began [May]. The Duke of Wellington and the majority of the Cabinet loudly protested their partiality for Turkey. The Canningites were more Russian. They resigned in the month of May following and Lord Palmerston continued, in his private station, to support very much our Eastern policy, and to speak as loudly as before of the emancipation of Greece. My husband and I did not fail to keep him to this line, and no one was more initiated than he in the business of the conferences held in London on this question.

'At the time of Wellington's fall Lord Palmerston, although much welcomed in Whig drawing-rooms, was very little known to Lord Grey. He [Grey] had little liking for him. He thought him frivolous and pushing, and had taken no trouble to find out what solid qualities he could possess beneath a somewhat frivolous exterior.

'King William summoned Lord Grey to form a Cabinet. He [Grey] came to consult me on whom to choose as Minister of Foreign Affairs. I at first refused [to give an opinion]. I was not permitted to remain

long in an attitude of reserve. On the one side the diplomats, alarmed at seeing affairs fall into the hands of the Whigs, urged me to discourage candidates too deeply dyed with that colour; on the other hand, Lady Cowper[1] and Lord Palmerston himself came and urged me to press keenly on Lord Grey, and decide him to take him [Palmerston] into the Cabinet and entrust to him the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

'Lord Palmerston, though Liberal enough in his opinions, was still at a great distance from Whig Radicalism. The diplomats in London knew and liked him (*avait goût à lui*).[2] He had given us Russians pledges of goodwill, finally I had personally, though after a little reflection, some friendship for him. I boldly promised to propose him to Lord Grey. The latter came to my house every day and kept me *au courant* with his work in making up his Cabinet. He proposed Lord Lansdowne to me as Minister for Foreign Affairs, warning me that he preferred him, but that he would willingly listen to my advice.[3]

'I was a little embarrassed because in reality Lord Lansdowne was a perfectly suitable choice, the most moderate of all Whigs and the most in touch with foreign policy. However I did not fail to remark to him that the Cabinets of Europe were going to be very uneasy at falling under the rule of the Whigs, and that as Lord Grey had every interest in beginning his

[1][Lord Palmerston married Lady Cowper in 1839.]

[2][On 23rd September, 1834, Charles Greville's *Journal* quotes Melbourne as saying Palmerston was unpopular with '*all* the Foreign Ambassadors.']

[3][*Dau.*, pp. 170–1, gives a slightly different account based on some letters of Princess Lieven.]

period of rule with the goodwill of foreign Powers, I could assure him that nothing was more likely to obtain their confidence than to entrust foreign affairs to a man known to be of moderate opinions, and not absolutely wearing the Whig livery. Lord Grey was very agreeable and very sensible. He agreed that to do the latter might excite prejudices against them; he agreed that he had every interest in making a start which would reassure foreign Courts on this point. But he asked me "where can I find the man?"

'When I named Lord Palmerston to him he recoiled and hesitated much. He knew him very little. He much desired to believe in the good opinion that foreign diplomats had formed of him, but "did he entirely deserve it?" Our discussion was long and came to no conclusion. Lord Palmerston awaited the *dénouement* with deep anxiety. He left me no peace. I was living at Richmond at this time, though I came into town every day, and he galloped from one to the other of my residences. His obsession was keen, and my desire to serve him was also great. Finally I ended by doing so. After two days Lord Grey came to me, with a mixture of joy and hesitation, to announce that he had given us Lord Palmerston at the Foreign Office, and he desired very much that my Court should know he had chosen him in the hope that he would be agreeable to them.

'I received immense thanks from those in the diplomatic corps who knew. The Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen themselves congratulated us sincerely on that choice, finally Count Nesselrode loudly applauded. Lord Palmerston showed himself appreciative. I received his confidences, several times he listened to my advice. In return I did him some small

services with Lord Grey, who had some difficulty in getting accustomed to him. But in the end our arrangement (*ménage*) went on very well to the end of the year 1832. At that time he [Palmerston] began to become estranged from the Northern Courts, and to become in very close touch with France. As he acquired more familiarity with business, he displayed more independence and will-power. Without ever winning the friendship or the confidence of Lord Grey, he knew how to emancipate himself from his control and, unknown to him, often brought affairs to a point at which the mutual solidarity of the Ministry prevented them from retreating. Such was the affair of Sir Stratford Canning.

'Lord Palmerston had intended him to be Ambassador for Russia. My Court, preserving some bad recollections of his first residence at St. Petersburg in the year 1825, declined this choice when proposed in 1831. Lord Palmerston, who had found it quite easy to withdraw him [Stratford] when he displeased us, revived this same nomination two years later [1834]. He encountered the same resistance at Petersburg. Lord Palmerston became piqued; he tried to impose this Embassy upon us, he nominated him [Stratford] officially, to which the Emperor answered: that Sir Stratford Canning should never pass his frontiers as an ambassador. The business even resulted in the recall of ambassadors from London and from Petersburg, and Palmerston thus rewarded the service I had done him.'

The last sentence of this sketch touches on the cause of Princess Lieven's exile from England, on account of an incident which has been hotly disputed. For this

reason her resentment is extreme. She claims to have 'made' Palmerston, and to have received ingratitude in return. Leaving this subject for the moment, (*v.* pp. 185–6), her account of the cause of Palmerston's appointment is open to some question. It is quite true, doubtless, that she saw Grey constantly in the critical days, and perhaps that she artfully pressed Palmerston upon him. But she did not know, as we do, that Grey first offered the Secretaryship to Lansdowne,[1] and only gave it to Palmerston on his refusal. Doubtless Grey concealed this fact from her, and allowed her to think that she had, in fact, caused Palmerston to win the prize. Grey also apparently allowed Palmerston to think that he had thought of him alone for the post.[2]

So far as Poland was concerned, however, a serious situation now arose. In December 1830 the Poles rebelled against Russia. After a prolonged struggle, they were mercilessly cut down and their liberties abolished. The question was a serious one, for it was contended in some quarters that, by an article in the Treaty of Vienna, Poland had her Constitution guaranteed by the Great Powers. This is open to question,

[1] *v.* Grey's letter of 18th November, 1830, to Lansdowne in Trevelyan's *Lord Grey of the Reform Bill*, App. D, pp. 378–9. Mr. Trevelyan goes too far, I think, in denying to Princess Lieven *all* political influence over Grey. *v.* p. 243 n.

[2] Palmerston was as inaccurate as the Princess. He says in his Journal, 'As soon as Lord Grey was commissioned to form a government he sent to me' (H. L. Bulwer's *Palmerston* [1870], I, 384).

and Palmerston in private expressed the view that any such claim or pretext for interference by England was doubtful. In public, however, he ended by formally remonstrating with Russia, in co-operation with France. The remonstrance was ineffectual and ended in a diplomatic rebuff for England. But the interesting point is that Palmerston, in this matter, seems to have been coerced by Grey, whose Whig and Foxite ideas impelled him to a quixotic and vain defence of Polish liberties.[1] The arts of Princess Lieven and the shrewd insight of Palmerston proved ineffectual to prevent Grey from showing sympathy towards this classic land of liberty. He received distinguished Polish exiles, and did not disguise his feelings when his Princess remonstrated. Though unsuccessful in this diplomatic contest, he was in no way influenced by Princess Lieven, and proved strong enough to overrule his masterful Foreign Minister. Princess Lieven had prevailed on Grey over Greece, she had failed over Poland. We have now to relate her struggle with him over Belgium, of which she herself is the chief historian.

§ II. PRINCESS LIEVEN AND THE QUESTION OF BELGIUM (1830–1)

'So long as we live, there will be never a moment of tranquillity in the world. Hasten in consequence

[1]Princess Lieven had the acuteness to perceive and report to Nesselrode the respective attitudes of the two British Ministers. *v. Papiers de Nesselrode*, VII, 191. Countess Charles Nesselrode to her husband, 3rd July, 1831.

to settle Belgium, Greece, and Poland.'[1] Thus wrote Nesselrode to the Princess. With the two last countries we have already dealt, but the question of Belgium had suddenly become of an awful importance. 'As I told you yesterday,' she wrote to Grey, 28th November, 1830, 'you hold peace or war in your hands. But I am not uneasy; you will keep us at peace.'[2] Princess Lieven misconceived the situation. If she had really appointed Palmerston, as she appointed Dudley, the choice was, from her point of view, a mistake. For peace and war did not lie in the hands of either the Princess or the Premier, as each perhaps thought, but in the stronger ones of Palmerston. That irrepressible dandy, that vital, vivid and irresponsible personality, had had a long apprenticeship of obscurity in minor political office. He was now to show his mettle. He was not afraid of war or of France, and he intended to establish a Belgium which, if not independent, should at least be free from French influence. And in his policy he did not pay too much attention to Grey and even less to Madame Lieven. It was to be one of the first and the most permanent of his successes. Talleyrand, who had known Pitt, Grenville, Castlereagh and Canning, soon reported Palmerston to be one of the ablest English statesmen he had ever met.

It may be well here to indicate, in briefest outline, the problem. Belgium, against the wishes of its inhabitants,

[1] *Papiers de Nesselrode*, VII, 173; 1st Feb., 1831.
[2] *Corr. Grey*, II, 125.

had been forcibly united to Holland in 1815.[1] The Dutch had governed them without sympathy, and without making due allowance for their differences of culture and individuality. Polignac had actually designed to invade Belgium just before revolution overturned him and the French Monarchy together. French intrigues and French gold had disturbed the Belgians and encouraged them to resist the Dutch. Hence the July Revolution in France acted as the spark to the Belgian magazine, and revolution broke out in Brussels on the 25th August, 1830.

The first cry was for complete administrative separation, under the rule of the Prince of Orange (the heir to the throne), thus preserving the dynasty. The King of the Netherlands professed to be considering these demands, but in September he sent troops into Belgium. The whole country at once rose, confined the Dutch troops within a few fortresses, formed a Provisional Government and proclaimed Belgian Independence of Holland. 'It is a devilish bad business,' said Wellington when he heard the news. The trouble was that Belgium had been assigned to Holland by the Treaty of Vienna, and that recognition of her independence would make the first crack in that imposing territorial fabric. What made it worse was that France was already favouring the idea of setting a French prince on the Belgian throne. It was France that had been bound by Treaty

[1] *v.* Mr. Omond's excellent narrative in *Cambridge History of British Foreign Policy* [1923], II, 119–60.

to keep to the territorial limits that Vienna had imposed, and the Four Allies (Russia, Prussia, Austria and England) had agreed to confine her within these boundaries, if necessary, by force of arms.

The usual remedy of harassed diplomats is a Conference, and was naturally adopted on this occasion. It met at London on 4th October, composed of England (Aberdeen), France (Talleyrand), Russia (Matuscewitz and sometimes Lieven), Austria (Esterházy), Prussia (von Bülow). It was arranged to get Belgians and Dutch to suspend hostilities, and a second meeting (17th November) discussed the matter further. Aberdeen attended and signed this protocol. But Wellington had just resigned and Grey was to be Prime Minister. Aberdeen informed the others that he had already ceased to hold office. Something else also was about to cease. On the 19th November the Belgian National Congress declared the Orange Family for ever excluded from the Throne of Belgium. For the time being, the Allied Conference certainly thought that this decision was not final and even favoured some attempts to reverse it. Upon this obscure corner of diplomacy another of Princess Lieven's revelations throws some light.[1]

[1] *Dau.* prints a letter, p. 174, in which the Princess says she has seen the Prince of Orange on 25th October. I think this must be a slip for 25th November. It mentions that the Princess of Orange has sent '*toute sa fortune particulière*' to Frederic.

§ III. POLITICAL SKETCH: THE GRAND DUCHESS ANNE, QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS[1]

'I received on the [?] December by the Russian Courier a letter from the Grand Duchess [Anne] accompanied by a large parcel. This letter informed me that her husband the Prince of Orange was departing the same day to seek a refuge in England, that she wished to provide against all chances that could occur and that, for that purpose, she remitted to me her whole fortune, contained in the portfolio annexed to the letter. She enjoined on me to deliver him as much money as he had need of, and to keep even from my husband the secret of what she sent me.

'I gave the portfolio sealed into the care of the Embassy, but kept the key myself.

'The same evening the Prince of Orange arrived in London.[2] He came to see me the next day, very agitated with the revolutionary scenes that he had passed through at Brussels, very agitated by the injustice of the Dutch in respect to him, irritated also with the King, his father, whom he accused of all the disasters which

[1][*Russ. Arch.*, Lieven Papers, pp. 107–13, contain a description of Anna Pavlovna, Queen of the Netherlands, endorsed 'Extract from Princess Lieven's Diary, April–August, 1850. Original in French.']

[2][The Prince of Orange had been appointed Administrator in Belgium by his father, but, owing to the disturbances, his commission was revoked on 20th October and on the 27th the announcement was made that he had embarked for England. He was, however, at the Hague on 30th October. *The Times* does not mention his arrival in London till 5th November, when it remarks that he had a conference with Wellington the day before. It is stated that he was at the Conference on 4th November in Talleyrand, *Memoirs*, Eng. trans. [1891], III, 257.]

had just struck the throne. The Court of England received the Prince with some coolness (*assez froidement*).[1] Society also was a little prejudiced against him. The events in Brussels had not been favourable to him. He had not appeared in a good light in regard to them, and his situation at London was rather painful. He passed a good part of his morning with me. The Conference on Dutch-Belgian affairs was sitting, he had just learnt the news from me. We [i.e., the Prince Lieven and I][2] kept him *au courant* about it, and also heard his views. He had an interview[3] at my house with Lord Grey, the Prime Minister of this time.

'Several plans of pacification were designed and proposed. Among others there was a question of separating the two countries, but of giving Belgium to the Prince of Orange, and, with that object, of stirring up a movement in Brussels to get him proclaimed King. The Prince hesitated a little, for that [design?] had necessarily to be hatched (*se trancher*) unknown to his father, and he felt very sure that the King would never consent to it. However, he ended by giving his adhesion to this conspiracy, but means were lacking. We needed money, two or three important gentlemen, one of them being

[1][The Prince of Orange was received in audience on 24th November. He dined with William IV on 1st December and attended a levee on that day.]

[2][Madame Lieven in *Corr. Grey*, II, 110, 19th October, 1830, 'The Prince of Orange will probably be drawn into doing something foolish. He is a weak man, and they say two of the Ministers are traitors.']

[3][Transcript *il s'abouclait*, clearly a mistake for *il s'abouchait*. Stockmar, *Memoirs* [1872], I, 150, says that Grey 'at first favoured Orange.' He became actually Prime Minister on 24th November. It does not seem feasible to fix the date when Orange met Madame Lieven, but the first sentence of this sketch suggests early December.]

Hogendorp, had to be bought. Where could we find the money?

'Count Mat[uscewitz] first began with me to ask if I thought I could dispose of a small part of what the portfolio contained. I refused to give anything unless the Prince asked me to do so. For the Prince did not know that I held the fortune of the Princess at his disposal. We had to find some opportunity for letting him know.

'In view of the intimacy in which I had always lived with the Imperial Family, the Prince of Orange had not hesitated to speak to me of his relations with his wife.[1] He respected her but, at bottom, she was odious to him, because of her jealous, bickering and snappish disposition. To tell the truth, some of her acts were foolish. As he described to me the truly extravagant scenes of their domestic life, I said to him, "But, finally, Monseigneur, she has fine feelings, she has greatness – you do not know what I know of her," and I told him of the portfolio and showed him his wife's letter. He began to cry. "Yes – that is Anne. That is fine." He was much touched. "Well, Monseigneur, you need money, ask it from me." [Orange] "On no account in the world. She means that for my necessities. She will never consent to her fortune being used in this way. I know well that Belgium is lost to my father, but is his son to take it from him? No! but his son will preserve it for the dynasty. My father will never understand that, he will never pardon me. Anne would never pardon me for having been implicated in this."

'I informed the Conference of these scruples. The news

[1][Anne was a sister of the Emperor Nicholas and well known to Princess Lieven from childhood. The Princess Lieven had stayed at Brussels and seen much of the Prince and Princess of Orange in 1821.]

from Brussels made the matter urgent. They feared that the Belgians would offer themselves to France. They saw an unknown good in the division of two countries belonging to the same family. They pressed the Prince keenly. Lord Grey, Lord Palmerston, my husband, Matu[scewitz] all pressed the matter on him. The Prince of Orange, whose character was artificial, rather weak and very ambitious, ended by yielding. He came to me to ask for 500,000 francs. I opened the portfolio in his presence and in that of other witnesses, and I told him I should inform the Princess of this payment.

[Orange] " On no account in the world. All would be lost. I know her. Her rigid probity would revolt, she would denounce the Brussels plot."

[Princess Lieven] "But, Monseigneur, I cannot avoid giving her an account of what I have done with her money."

[Orange] "Wait, I beg you, for the courier of Tuesday, the matter will be settled at Brussels."

'I consented to wait for the courier. The conspiracy failed, others [illegible] had counterworked Lord Ponsonby who was at Brussels.[1]

'I begged the Prince to allow me to write to his wife. He was afraid. A week had gone by. I received a letter from the Princess in a very haughty and irritated style. Bills had been drawn upon her. She asked me for the account. I explained everything to her, and her hus-

[1][Lord Ponsonby went to Brussels at the beginning of December as Commissioner from the London Conference. Omond says, 'The despatches which passed between Brussels and the Foreign Office in London show that not only before the vote of exclusion (11th November) but after it, there were hopes that the cause of the Orange Family was not entirely lost.' *Cambridge History of British Foreign Policy*, II, 132.]

band undertook to appease her. I do not know if he ever succeeded. I sent back her portfolio to the G[rand] D[uchess] by courier. At the end of some weeks a courier arrived from Count Nesselrode to my husband, to say that the Emperor had just received an unintelligible letter from his sister, in which she denounced my husband to him as having stolen 500,000 francs from her.

'Our astonishment was great. I begged my husband to leave the matter wholly to me. I sent to Count Nesselrode the two letters of the G[rand] D[uchess]. I told him all that concerned me in this question, and I left it to the gentlemen in question to explain how the sum had been expended

'I received a reply from Count Nesselrode in which this sentence: "I have shown your letter and the letters to him who has the right to see them. The only answer has been "my sister is mad." '

Madam Lieven, with her Russian coadjutor, Matuscewitz, here confesses openly, not only to having plotted an uprising in favour of the Prince of Orange, but to having financed it. This confession is useful because it explains the attitude of the Conference. The three despotic Powers of Austria, Russia and Prussia, of course, wanted to support the House of Orange. Talleyrand opposed it on behalf of France because he wanted, if possible, to place a French Prince there. Palmerston 'had shown an inclination favourable to his selection, though he had taken no active part in support of it.'[1]

[1]H. L. Bulwer's *Palmerston*, II, 26.

The Conference protocol of 20th December, 1830, only decided to arrange for the future independence of Belgium, and the succession of the Prince of Orange was apparently left open.[1] On the 7th January, 1831, Palmerston still thought that the Belgians would accept the Prince of Orange, if bribed to do so by the addition of Luxemburg to their territory, but Talleyrand opposed this strongly.[2] By the 20th January, the Allies had begun to regard this Orange candidature as doubtful.[3] Grey disbelieved in it, so did Talleyrand. Princess Lieven wrote to Grey that this attitude at the Conference confirmed her old suspicions that France was playing for her own hand. Grey was not convinced and pointed out that even Metternich thought the cause of the Prince of Orange now hopeless.[3] On the 31st January Grey wrote to the Princess: 'They speak of some plan on the part of the Orangeists, which has been communicated by Baron Krüdener to Prince Lieven. I wish any attempt, which this information seems to give reason for suspecting, may not lead us into a serious difficulty.'[4] Madame Lieven ignored this thrust in her reply, and criticized the candidature of a French Prince (the Duc de Nemours) to the Belgian throne. On the

[1] *v. Corr. Grey*, Lieven and Grey, II, 135, 16th January, 1831. On the 14th January Princess Lieven wrote to her brother, 'The Prince of Orange is enchanted with the Ministers, and they with him. This affair gets on famously.' *Papiers de Nesselrode*, VII, 168.

[2] H. L. Bulwer's *Palmerston*, II, 27.

[3] *Corr. Grey*, II, 135–7.

[4] *Corr. Grey*, II, 151–2.

1st February Grey wrote again: 'Certainly we will not acknowledge the Duc de Nemours. . . . The attempt at Ghent shows how little the Orange party were capable of any effective exertion, and it is very unlucky that we ever entertained that hope.'[1] Madame Lieven did not answer this letter, and avoided the subject of Orange when she next wrote. What would the English Prime Minister really have thought if he had known that the Russian Princess was financing these same Orangeists in collusion with the Dutch Prince? In fact, the whole incident shows the worst side of Dorothea. Her forte was intrigue and management by which she thought that she could achieve everything. Drawing-room intriguers do not make good revolutionists. She was successful enough in deceiving Grey, but she deceived herself in thinking that 500,000 francs would cause Belgians to rise for the House of Orange.[2]

§ IV. PRINCESS LIEVEN AND TALLEYRAND, 1832

Princess Lieven exercised little influence over the final stages of the Belgian tangle. She was fighting a losing

[1] *Corr. Grey*, II, 153. She mentions it on the 7th February (II, 157), saying, 'It does not prove to me that the Orange party may not yet have power in other parts of the country.'

[2] Even Grey, however, seems to have been a little suspicious of her at this time. He twice reproaches her for having quoted some confidential view of his to a correspondent at Brussels (*Corr. Grey*, II, 132), and told her again (II, 159) to 'be a little more careful of her confidences.' She characteristically denied the insinuation both times.

battle and Palmerston held the trumps. And in September 1832 she vehemently attacked him in private.[1] But she enjoyed, at least according to her own account, a verbal triumph over the sage and veteran Talleyrand a month later.

Conversation between Prince Talleyrand and Princess Lieven, Monday, 29th October, 1832.[2]

'M. de Talleyrand was alone in a corner of the drawing-room, taking as usual his coffee at a little table (the table will figure in my narrative). I came and sat near him and here is our dialogue:

I. "Ah, well, Prince, amuse me! Tell me something!

P. T. Do you find anything to laugh at, then?

I. Much, if you will join with me.

P. T. Ah, well! let us speak of our two armies. What do you think of them?

I. That you have taken much trouble over something that will hardly last.

P. T. Ah – you think so?

I. And you, my Prince?

P. T. *I hope so.*

I. What, that your Belgian King and Kingdom really –

P. T. *Will not last.* See. It is not a nation, two hundred protocols will never make a nation; this Belgium will never be a country. It cannot hold together (*tenir*).

I. Ah, well, but what comes afterwards?

P. T. Tell me yourself.

I. Oh, if you wish *my* opinion, Belgium will revert to Holland, or be partitioned.

[1] *Dau.*, 177. 'I hate him a little more than I did.'

[2] *Papiers de Nesselrode*, VII, 234–6.

P. T. Ah, well! Let's partition it; that will always serve to pass the evening. Arrange that for me.

I. Nothing easier, we must content everybody.

P. T. *Who* is everybody!

I. There are some not concerned; neither us [Russia] nor Austria.

P. T. Ah, well! There remains?

I. *You* – a little; *Holland* much, *Prussia* probably, and then. . . .

P. T. (*grasping his cane*). And then, who?

I. Oh, something to England. Antwerp, for example!

P. T. (*strikes the floor with his cane, the table with his fist, so as to make the cup dance, and to attract the attention of the whole drawing-room*). Antwerp to England? But you know what a revolting thing you say? What? England on the Continent? Madame, so long as there is a France, small as it is now, we will not, we cannot, have England on the Continent. You disgust me. That is untenable. What you say is abominable.

I. Ah, well, my Prince, don't give her anything. It's all the same to me.

P. T. (*recovers himself a little*). Go on, go on, I see you are joking.

I. What! You find it out now!

P. T. But all the rest was so good. Come. I thank you for having come to chat with me. I did not know you were so good a child; I see we can deal with you.

I. Ah, well, my partner, come! (*and we sat down to whist*)."

'All this happened two days after the ratification of the Anglo-French Convention!'

In this affair Madame Lieven gained no laurels except in the drawing-room. Talleyrand's brilliant niece – the

Duchesse de Dino – was not considered her equal in society, and, as the above story shows, Talleyrand himself was sometimes hard put to it to reply to her raillery.

§ V. THE STRATFORD-CANNING INCIDENT, 1831–4, AND THE FALL OF PRINCESS LIEVEN

The Stratford-Canning incident, the true cause of Madame Lieven's fall, is told in the pages of Greville's Journal.

'*February 16th*, 1833. Madame de Lieven gave me an account (the day before yesterday) of the quarrel between the two Courts about Stratford-Canning. When the present Ministry came in, Nesselrode wrote to Madame de Lieven and desired her to beg that Lord Heytesbury might be left there – "Conservez-nous Heytesbury." She asked Palmerston and Lord Grey, and they both promised her he should stay. Some time after he asked to be recalled. She wrote word to Nesselrode, and told him that either Adair or Canning would succeed him. He replied, "Don't let it be Canning; he is a most impracticable man, *soupçonneux*, *pointilleux*, *défiant;*" that he had been personally uncivil to the Emperor when he was Grand Duke;[1] in short, the plain truth was they would not receive him, and it was therefore desirable somebody, anybody, else should be sent. She told this to Palmerston, and he engaged that Stratford-Canning should not be named. Nothing more was done till some time ago, when to her astonishment Palmerston told her that he was going to send Canning to St. Petersburg. She remonstrated, urged all the objections of her Court, his own engagement, but in

[1]This statement was apparently admitted by Nesselrode to be untrue. *v.* Poole's *Stratford-Canning* [1888], II, 19.

vain; the discussions between them grew bitter; Palmerston would not give way, and Canning was one day, to her horror, gazetted. As might have been expected, Nesselrode positively refused to receive him. Durham, who in the meantime had been to Russia and *bien comblé* with civilities, promised that Canning should not go there, trusting he had sufficient influence to prevent it; and since he has been at home it is one of the things he has been most violent and bitter about, because Palmerston will not retract this nomination, and he has the mortification of finding in this instance his own want of power. However, as there have been no discussions on it lately, the Princess still hopes it may blow over, and that some other mission may be found for Canning. At all events, it appears a most curious piece of diplomacy to insist upon thrusting upon a Court a man personally obnoxious to the Sovereign and his Minister, and not the best way of preserving harmonious relations or obtaining political advantages. She says, however (and with all her anger she is no bad judge), that Palmerston "est un très-petit esprit – lourd, obstiné," etc., and she is astonished how Lady C. with her *finesse* can be so taken with him.

'Lady Cowper has since told me that Madame de Lieven has been to blame in all this business, that Palmerston was provoked with her interference, that her temper had got the better of her and she had thought to carry it with a high hand, having been used to have her own way, and that he had thought both *she* and her *Court* wanted to be taken down a peg; that she had told Nesselrode she could prevent this appointment, and, what had done more harm than anything, she had appealed to Grey against Palmerston, and employed

Durham to make a great clamour about it. All this made Palmerston angry, and determined him to punish her, who he thought had meddled more than she ought, and had made the matter personally embarrassing and disagreeable to him.'

This account appears to be, in substance, correct. Palmerston certainly insisted on nominating Stratford-Canning to Petersburg and Grey supported him. But the Emperor, probably at the instigation of Princess Lieven, proved equally obdurate, and finally on the 18th July, 1833, absolutely refused to accept the nomination. It was a strong step for Palmerston to insist on nominating an Ambassador, and it was an equally strong step for the Czar to refuse him. Stratford-Canning saw at the time it was not only he who might suffer. 'It remains to be seen,' he wrote 20th July, 1833, 'whether the Lievens will have to make a back somersault over the Baltic.' Palmerston revenged himself by keeping on Bligh as Minister *ad interim* at Petersburg without appointing an ambassador, and this step was most wounding to the dignity of the Czar. Princess Lieven proceeded to Petersburg in the summer of 1833 to try and adjust matters. She received flattering attentions from the Czar and returned thinking that she might smooth matters over. She seems to have been deceived.[1] Palmerston persisted in his passive resist-

[1] *v.* Nesselrode to his wife, 10th September, 1833. *Papiers de Nesselrode*, VII, 251. He reports Madame Lieven as sending '*une bien jolie lettre de Londres*,' apparently the letter is that referred to by *Dau.*, pp. 181–2.

ance, and the Czar found his dignity hurt by not having a British ambassador. To clear up the difficulty, he took a sudden decision and, in May 1834, recalled Lieven. The twenty years' reign of the Princess in England was over.

Palmerston had had his revenge. He 'thus rewarded the service I had done him,' complained poor Dorothea. Stratford waited longer for revenge and enjoyed it amply. In November 1841 Princess Lieven 'gave me an affable reception (at Paris) and expressed her regret at my exclusion from the Embassy to Russia. Having strong reason to believe that she had been at the bottom of that intrigue, I replied that my own regret had been the *premature loss of her society in England*, reminding her thereby that the Prince, her husband, had been recalled because Lord Palmerston could not be induced to make another appointment in my place.'[1] Even Madame Lieven found no reply to this thrust.

For his revenge over the Czar Stratford waited longer. It is said that the memory of the insult inflicted upon him by the Czar was still with him in the critical days of 1853–4, and was a deciding factor in his dragging England and Turkey into the Crimean War against Russia. We may doubt if even Stratford would have

[1]Lane Poole's *Stratford-Canning*, II, 50–1, italics my own. It appears that at the time, in 1834, Madame Lieven did not recognize that Palmerston had caused her recall. Talleyrand enlightened her later. 'A minister of Foreign Affairs, however mediocre, can always get rid of an ambassador.'

avenged a personal insult by a great war against his opponent, but his retort to Princess Lieven shows the prolonged bitterness of his resentment. Neither Palmerston nor Stratford were men whom it was safe to affront, and the Princess had reason bitterly to regret her intrigue against them. The Czar recalled husband and wife to St. Petersburg with most flattering expressions of regard. 'My husband,' she said, 'raised his hands in joy and I in sorrow.' Princess Lieven was as inconsolable as were many of her English friends. A delegation of admirers presented her with an engraved bracelet. A planet of the first lustre had vanished from a society which it had illumined for twenty years.

For Grey the separation was painful, and he expressed his sorrow in touching letters; and they are the more touching because he knew, though he did not tell her, that her recall was merited and necessary.

Princess Lieven had played a great part in England, and was still to influence some of her statesmen from Paris, but she was never again to worm out their secrets from them, or to exchange confidential information with them on the spot, or to counsel them from day to day as to their policy, in internal or external affairs. Perhaps she had done enough of that already. She and her husband had been the first to suggest the return of the Bourbons to France. She had loved Metternich for awhile, she had tried to convert people to his policy, and slaved with him in the plot *pour faire sauter* Mr. Canning. She had deluded or influenced adversely the

susceptible Duke of Wellington and the still more susceptible King George for years. In 1825 she scored her first great diplomatic triumph, and the secret message she brought from Alexander marked a turning point in the diplomacy of England and of Russia. In 1826 she broke loose, with incomparable ease, from her old despotic and Holly Alliance traditions, supporting without embarrassment Constitutions in Portugal and Canning in Greece. Her help in 1827 aided him to obtain the Premiership, perhaps caused the appointment of Lord Dudley, and certainly hastened the conclusion of the Treaty of London (16th July, 1827). Rebuffed by Wellington and by Aberdeen in 1828 she hampered their policy by her relations with the Whigs, and particularly with Grey. She nearly brought about the success of Leopold's candidature for the throne of Greece. She, perhaps, did bring about Palmerston's appointment as Foreign Minister. Then, in 1831, on Grey's premiership, she secured the Arta-Volo boundaries for Greece. She dabbled in Belgian politics and financed an unsuccessful attempt to make the Prince of Orange its ruler. She assuaged the bitterness of British hostility to Russia over the Polish Insurrection. Then, at last, she overreached herself, and her intrigues in regard to Stratford-Canning broke against the rock of Palmerston's will. He was the only man who had successfully defied her influence. No other foreign ambassadress in England can claim to have been the friend and to have influenced the policy of two Prime Ministers, or

to have thwarted that of a third. Still less can any other woman claim to have appointed two British Foreign Ministers, or to have supported three candidates to foreign thrones, of whom one at least was successful. Even if all of these claims are not historically good, they are such as could only be made on behalf of a most remarkable woman. In *la politique de salon* her record is certainly unique in England.

Her private relations with diplomats and with statesmen are equally remarkable. She had been the lover of Prince Dolgoruki and of the Grand Duke Constantine; the lover and the hater of Metternich; the enemy and the friend of Canning; the friend and the enemy of Aberdeen, of Wellington, of Palmerston; the worldly-wise Egeria of Grey; the friend of two English Kings and the critic of two English Princes; the confidante of one Russian Chancellor and of two Russian Emperors in succession. This 'diplomatic Sybil' had achieved her success by combining the arts of Society with those of policy. From 1825 it was her head, rather than her heart, that led her. 'You think only of politics,' wrote Grey to her, and henceforth her graces and her cajoleries merely subserved the purposes of diplomacy. From 1834, as she grew old, she grew more worldly still, and her diplomatic influence, though dimmed, was by no means extinguished. She was to become the lover of Guizot, and perhaps his wisest adviser, she was again to influence both Aberdeen and Peel. For any other woman these triumphs of her later years would

have been enough. For Princess Lieven they were merely exercises, enough to recall to her the thrill and the rapture of old contests, not enough to restore to her the old conditions. They were like those games of whist that she so increasingly played, a reflection of reality, not a substitute for it.

IV. PRINCESS LIEVEN'S SALON AT PARIS (1835–48)

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IV. PRINCESS LIEVEN'S SALON AT PARIS, 1835–1848

§ I. PARIS AND QUEEN VICTORIA

THOUGH deposed from her high place in England, Princess Lieven received the most flattering attentions from Czar and Czarina on returning to St. Petersburg in September 1834. Her husband had a great position at Court, being the Governor of the Czarevich, and, for a few weeks, Dorothea seems to have thought she might become reconciled to her new position by the pleasure of seeing Grand Dukes and of educating a future Czar. But she could hardly be happy at a Court which she had visited only twice in twenty years, where manners had not the polish of Paris or of London, and where politics were controlled by an iron imperial despot, who censored private correspondence and pounced on diplomatic intrigues.

In March 1835 a great blow fell upon her, her two youngest sons, George, aged fifteen (*l'enfant du Congrès*), and Arthur, aged nine, both died of scarlet fever while absent from home. The poor mother was overwhelmed and was sent to consult a doctor at Berlin. Her husband accompanied her most of the way but left her at the gates of the capital. They parted on good terms with one another, 'a separation cruel for both,' wrote Dorothea, and in fact an eternal one, for they never saw each other again.

Dorothea liked the life of Berlin as little as she liked

that of St. Petersburg, and, in fact, the winter climate of both capitals was probably injurious to her health. She proceeded to Paris in mid-September, and there set up her tent, with a view of forming a salon for diplomats and politicians. Lady Granville, again British Ambassadress at Paris, writes 28th September, 1835, that she had just received from Princess Lieven ' "a most melancholy and affectionate note. . . . She lives *chez elle*, drives all morning with a beautiful niece (Marie de Menzingen) who lives with her, receives from eight till ten (p.m.), *avide* for news. *Causez* is her cry, and she writes to me, *distrayez mon esprit*?" '[1] Marie, the beautiful niece, made still more beautiful tea, and the salon was soon full of admirers. In less than two years Lady Granville was writing that Dorothea herself was 'in great beauty and high spirits. She has always an *entourage*,' and again (30th June, 1837) she 'is really more liked than I think it is easy for a foreign woman to be. Nothing can be more agreeable and amiable than she has been to us.'[2] When, in her latter days, Madame Lieven was amiable, it meant that she was successful in learning political secrets or in influencing diplomats. And she was so successful at Paris that, early in 1837, she conceived the idea of once more visiting England, undoubtedly with the view of picking up the threads of her old influence there. She was unwise to go there only three years after her recall, and was to receive a sharp lesson for her temerity.

[1] *Gr. Lett.*, II, 196–7. [2] *Gr. Lett.*, II, 221, 236.

King Leopold of Belgium wrote to warn his little niece, Queen Victoria, against Princess Lieven (12th July, 1837), 'Princess Lieven and another individual recently imported from her country (the beautiful niece?) seem to be very active in what concerns them not. Beware of them!' Greville in his *Diary* noted that the Queen was 'very civil and gracious (to Princess Lieven) but timid and embarrassed, and talked of nothing but commonplaces.'[1] Another observer, however, thought Queen Victoria behaved very coldly to Madame de Lieven, and appeared much more at her ease when she left![2] Victoria, in reply to her uncle, recorded with satisfaction that she has been 'on her guard against Princess Lieven and suchlike people.'

Princess Lieven was shrewd enough to see that nothing was to be done with Victoria. She had fascinated two sovereigns of Great Britain, but these were both men. On the royal woman she made no impression, except a bad one, though the self-possession of the young Queen made a deep impression upon her.[3] Princess Lieven visited England again in 1840, as a sort of unofficial companion of Guizot, and as a refugee with him after the revolution of 1848. Yet, though she maintained

[1]Queen Victoria, *Letters*, ed. Benson and Lord Esher [1907], I, 110, 113, 114. Charles Greville surmised quite correctly that the 'Queen had probably been told that the Princess was an *intrigante*, and was afraid of committing herself.'

[2]Malmesbury, *Memoirs of an Ex-Minister* [1885], p. 59, *apud* 3 May, 1837.

[3]*Dau.*, 217.

close relations with English statesmen, she never made headway with the Queen. She saw her on her visit to France in 1843, and made disparaging remarks about her in 1855. Victoria never varied from her original attitude, and the Prince Consort complained later that Princess Lieven had attacked him, and to attack Albert was to commit sacrilege in Queen Victoria's eyes.[1]

Princess Lieven returned to Paris in 1837, thoroughly determined to exercise her influence there. And the instrument was ready to her hand. After hesitating between Thiers and Guizot, she ultimately decided for the latter, and had captured him. He was now a widower, a scholar, a historian of great power and renown, interested in internal administration, but something of a prig. Princess Lieven herself tells the story of how she 'made him' become the first statesman in France, and turned this austere Protestant into an intriguing diplomat.

§ II. POLITICAL SKETCH: MONSIEUR GUIZOT[2]

'At the time of the Coalition against the Ministry of Molé my salon was, as it always has been since, particularly full of foreign diplomats. I used then to receive them every evening. Some Frenchmen came there also, M. Guizot more often than the others. I had

[1] *v. Letters* of Queen Victoria, Memo. by Prince Consort, 8th August, 1850, II, 314.

[2] [*Russ. Arch.*, Lieven Papers, endorsed 'Original in French.' See *Dau.* 236, Princess Lieven met Guizot for the first time on 15th June, 1836, at dinner with the Duc de Broglie.]

noted well that he was coldly received by foreign diplomats; some of them even addressed themselves to my niece, Mademoiselle Menzingen, to protest against his assiduity, and the murmurs against him were very keen among the Ambassadors.

'I tried a little to conciliate these different personages, and everything passed off suitably enough, although their coldness and remoteness towards M. Guizot became every day more marked.

'My Ambassador, M. de Pahlen, who never missed an evening with me, came one morning expressly to inform me of this situation and of the embarrassment which the Ambassadors experienced in perpetually meeting at my house the very desperate adversary of the ministry, and yet of their keen desire to maintain their agreeable custom of coming to my salon. His conversation was a little embarrassed and evidently meant to make clear that I must choose between them and M. Guizot.[1]

'In fact, M. Guizot came to my house every evening. He took pleasure enough in hearing me chat about my old trade of diplomacy, and about England, a country for which he had a great admiration. The tendency and work of M. Guizot were all directed towards the internal affairs of his country. For his own part, he had never thought of anything except obtaining a high position in the internal administration. My conversation, and that of my salon, were something quite new to him, but things to which he willingly adapted himself, for they ex-

[1]Molé's ministry took office on the 15th April, 1837.

pressed a spirit as universal as his own. The habits he acquired at my house pleased him, his society had the greatest charm for me. I was displeased at the step taken by M. Pahlen, but I did not hesitate a moment.

'Though I was a stranger in Paris, my true compatriots were the members of the diplomatic corps there, as they had been in every other capital. A sort of freemasonry united past and present diplomats. They had seen, or heard, much of one another; they are a kind of race apart, formed out of all nations. For me their society was agreeable, it was a tradition which I had to maintain. Yet the friendship of a man like M. Guizot was something precious, and I did not wish to lose it.

'I begged M. Guizot to come to my house. I told him what M. de Pahlen had said to me; I explained to him on my own account everything I have just related. I appealed to his friendship, and I ended by begging him to come and see me at a different time from that when diplomatic reunions took place at my house.

'At first he was keenly moved, yet he soon said there was sense in my request. His devoted affection for me prevented his self-love from revolting; he accepted the arrangement, but he uttered these words:

' "I shall so arrange, Madame, that Messieurs the Ambassadors will be only too glad to meet me in your salon."

'A year later he obtained the Embassy to London,[1] and six months after the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. He

[1]This would be at the end of 1839.

has often since repeated to me that this change of vocation in public affairs had no other origin than this.'

This story is probably correct, though it appears that she became the lover of Guizot 'pour l'éternité' on the 24th June, 1837. But it would seem that the change wrought by her on his political career was towards the end of 1838.[1]

§ III. THE LAST OF PRINCE LIEVEN

A most painful quarrel had been developing for some years between the Princess and her husband. The iron despot, Nicholas, had decided that Dorothea should not live in Paris, and her husband, obsequiously loyal to his Czar, demanded with increasing insistence that she should return to St. Petersburg, or else leave Paris. She refused to do so in 1836, and again after the visit to England in 1837. Her agitation on the last occasion brought on a violent hæmorrhage, and her sufferings were increased by a severe letter of the 2nd August from her husband, which demanded a categorical reply, as he had himself to render an account of her refusal [of course, to the Czar] within a fixed period. The Czar seems to have behaved with merciless cruelty, for he forbade Lieven to see his wife or even to inform her of the death of their son, Constantine, in America. The latter event was only revealed to her by the fact that a letter from Dorothea to her son was returned to her

[1] *Dau.*, 236, quotes a letter of 24th June, 1839, to Guizot in which she recalls their anniversary of two years before. In the *Political Sketch* just quoted Dorothea says her conversation with Guizot about his career was a year before he went to England, i.e. end of 1838.

endorsed with the word 'Dead' on the outside. She refused to return with indignation, and wrote to Guizot, with some justification, 'What a country! What a master! What a father!'[1]

Something of this painful dispute leaked out, and Countess Granville, who thought Lieven had 'behaved shamefully,' even proposed to make some statement in favour of the princess to set her right in the eyes of the world.[2] Then suddenly Prince Lieven fell ill and died (10th January, 1839).

'I have never,' wrote Dorothea to Grey in a cynical moment, 'had any great belief in the couplet – *Et l'on revient toujours* – for nothing is rarer in life than to return to one's first loves.'[3] Prince Lieven had been her first love, but certainly not her last. For long she had been cold, estranged, unfaithful towards him; recently she had had causes of complaint against him. Yet his death for a time plunged her in deep sorrow.

'She feels it – naturally deeply –' (wrote the kind yet discriminating Lady Granville) 'just as you knew her to be, and much more than those who do not see her in these moments, when all is laid open, would ever believe her to be capable of.

'Tenderness for whatever called for it in the past, forgetfulness of every cloud, on her knees with torrents of tears, hoping that she had not often given pain, failed

[1] *Dau.*, 211–13, 218–21.
[2] *Gr. Lett.*, II, 214, 18th November, 1838.
[3] *Corr. Grey*, I, 232.

in kindness. . . .' At his sister's direction the Duke of Devonshire wrote kind letters of condolence and sympathy, which 'she reads over and over again – kisses – cries over.'

Yet she had 'no thought of *les apparences*' before Lady Granville. She had the 'power of turning soon and eagerly to other objects of interest and curiosity. . . . She will see people by degrees. Mme. Appony[i] and Pahlen for a minute yesterday, Duchesse de Dino to-day, and so on.'[1]

Is there a more curious psychological study than this? At the very moment of giving way to utter grief Princess Lieven recognizes that it will not last long, and makes arrangements to resume those political connections which had become the essentials of her existence. To recognize this fact amid 'torrents of tears' is indeed to have 'no thought of *les apparences*.' Softened for a moment by human and natural grief, she knows well that she will soon resume those politics, which had become her most permanent love, and which were already embodied in a man who was at once her lover, her servant, and her main source of political influence.

§ IV. THE SALON AT ITS HEIGHT, 1840–8

Princess Lieven's empire over Guizot increased and became such as to excite the ridicule of Paris, for Guizot was Foreign Minister or Prime Minister from 1840 to 1848. The grave Protestant Minister would

[1] *Gr. Lett.*, 11th January, 1839, to Duke of Devonshire, II, 279–80.

accompany the gay Princess to the Opera, solemnly carrying her footstool and placing it decorously beneath her feet. It is characteristic of her that she accepted this public homage and was indifferent to the public scorn of the scandal. Some one asked her once why she did not marry him, and she answered, doubtless with entire candour, that she could not endure the title of Madame. To be respected as a *bourgeoise* Madame was worse than to be the theme of scandal as a Russian princess.

In spite of her preference for Guizot, Princess Lieven professed to keep her salon 'neutral,' and tried to attract there his great parliamentary rival – Thiers. She wrote to him, complaining that he so seldom called upon her. Thiers replied: '*Madame, j'aurai l'honneur d'aller vous faire ma cour, quand vous ne serez plus Ministre de France.*' (Madam, I shall be pleased to pay my respects to you when you are no longer the Minister of France.) This 'rap' to Princess Lieven was related by the Duke of Wellington with a grin at his breakfast table on the 29th March, 1842.[1] At a later stage, as Guizot continued to increase in power with the King and in devotion to Princess Lieven, Thiers became more furious still, and in 1847 he called the Princess *une sotte, et une bavarde, une menteuse*,'[2] (phrases which sound better in French than in English).

[1]Stanhope, *Conversations* with Wellington [1889], p. 270.

[2]Henry Greville, *Journal* [1883], I, 187, 19th January, 1847. One reason of this may be, as Henry Greville records (I, 88,) that Madame Lieven had once (20th February, 1836) preferred Thiers to Guizot.

The Guizot episode is the best known part of Princess Lieven's life, and has been too well told by M. Daudet for us to linger over it. But the reality of Thiers' charge as to the extent of her power over Guizot may be examined. Her personal ascendancy cannot be doubted, but how far had she real political influence? It is certainly true that her diplomatic experience, knowledge and intimacies were useful to Guizot. Her connexions with England gave him real information and probably actual assistance in his policy. When Lord Grey died the Princess made Charles Greville, the Diarist, her chief English correspondent. But she also continued to exchange letters with Lord Aberdeen and with Sir Robert Peel, and they were not mere letters of courtesy. That cool young observer, Benjamin Disraeli, put down his impressions thus: 'At Paris in 1842–3, Guizot Minister, but not supposed to be very strong. His strength increased with the strength of Peel and Madame Lieven consolidated the alliance between Guizot and Aberdeen.' There is not much doubt as to her influence over the latter and there is some evidence as to her connexion with the former. When the great Free Trade crisis came on, when Disraeli attacked Peel, and the Tory party was split from the top to the bottom, Peel at first resigned office, and then resumed it to carry Free Trade. In the midst of the struggle the English statesman found time to address the Princess as follows:

'I resume power with greater means of rendering

public service than I should have had if I had not relinquished it. But it is a strange dream. I feel like a man restored to life after his funeral service has been preached, highly gratified by such condolence on his death, as I received from the [French] King and our valued friend, M. Guizot.'[1] Peel had risen from the dead, and was to be damned politically by Disraeli's attack upon him, though he survived long enough to give the death-blow to Protection. Then in May 1846 the end came, and a new ministry came into power. The blow was heavy for Princess Lieven, since the ex-Premier (Peel) and the ex-Foreign Secretary (Aberdeen) had been her friends and political correspondents.

This new Ministry had Lord John Russell as Prime Minister and Palmerston as Foreign Secretary, and the latter, being a good hater, was suspicious of Princess Lieven. Hardly were they in power than the question of the Spanish Marriages engaged attention. Palmerston tried by every means to prevent the marriage of a French Prince to the young Queen of Spain – Isabel. Guizot outwitted him by getting Queen Isabel to marry a consort believed to be impotent, and by marrying her sister to the Duc de Montpensier. Diplomacy hardly concerns us here, but most historians have found it difficult to explain how the solemn austerity of Guizot could be reconcilable with a trick so unworthy. Perhaps the influence of Princess Lieven supplies the

[1]Sir T. Martin, *Life of Prince Consort* [1875], I, 318 n. Peel to Mme. de Lieven. 1846. Undated but very early in January.

explanation. She had never been scrupulous, and she had already schemed in the face of considerable opposition to bring pretenders to thrones in France, Belgium and in Greece. Spain was the legitimate field for such an ambition, and Princess Lieven may well have devised the scheme. However that may be, it is certain that she defended it, and Lord Normanby, the British ambassador, took care to avoid her salon after the incident.[1] She revenged herself by a sarcasm on Palmerston. 'Europe depended on which leg – the right or the left – he put out of bed first.' Sarcasms, however, did not conceal the truth. The intrigue of the Spanish Marriages destroyed the *Entente Cordiale* with England. Palmerston did his best to discredit Louis Philippe's Monarchy and the Guizot Ministry, and, in this case, with the full support of Queen Victoria. If Princess Lieven advised the policy of the Spanish Marriages, she contributed a good deal towards weakening the power of her lover in France.

Guizot was weaker, however, inside France than without it. Probably neither he nor the Princess realized the fact. In the Parliament he had corrupted by 'the fatal dexterity ' of his electoral arts, he was still supreme, and the salon of the Princess was more powerful than ever. A veteran American diplomat recorded (5th October, 1847) that she 'holds the place in Parisian society to have been expected from her talents and accomplishments, which were appreciated in London.' And a

[1]Henry Greville, *Journal*, IV, 161, 9th November, 1846.

fortnight later he speaks of another scene. 'A gentleman enters. . . . As he advances towards Princess Lieven, her manner at once indicates how cordially he is welcomed. She extends her hand which, with a grace not to be exceeded, he raises to his lips. It was Baron Humboldt, the philosopher, the man of genius, the votary of science.'[1] A strange meeting indeed! Humboldt had been plenipotentiary for Prussia at the Congress of Vienna in 1815: Princess Lieven's salon was held in a house once occupied by Talleyrand: and the American diplomat was Rush, who had known her in London in the days of Canning and of George IV. Within five months of this meeting there was revolution in Paris. Guizot and his uncrowned queen fled to England. There at Brighton she met another fallen lover whom she had not seen for a generation. Like Guizot, Metternich had left fame, office, and the revolutionary deluge behind him in his own land. One fancies that the meeting of sexagenarian Dorothea and septuagenarian Metternich must have been strange. Dorothea had Guizot with her, Metternich a third wife and a large new family. The former lovers seemed to have talked of very ordinary matters. To this 'early love' there was no return at any rate on the part of Dorothea.

[1]R. Rush, *Recollections – London and Paris*, ed. B. Rush. London, 1872. 5th and 18th October, 1847, p. 408.

V. PRINCESS LIEVEN AND THE FALLEN MONARCHS OF 1848

§ I. *Political Sketch.* THE DUKE OF LUCCA, 209
§ II. *Political Sketch.* THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD, 215

V. PRINCESS LIEVEN AND THE FALLEN MONARCHS OF 1848

During the February Revolution of 1848 at Paris the Princess Lieven had felt her life insecure, because of her connexion with Guizot. She passed three nights of terror, hidden in three different places, first at the Austrian Embassy, then with St. Aulaire, finally with Mr. Roberts, a painter, who gallantly brought her to England. She spoke bitterly of the behaviour of the French Royal family, considered all of them cowards except the Queen, and said no one regretted them or gave them a thought. Her contempt and hatred for Louis Philippe's family was, however, purely personal. She blamed them for causing the fall of her lover and of herself from power. The wave of revolution, which shook every throne in Europe except at London and Petersburg, destroyed most of the things she held dear. But, as one of the last of her *Political Sketches* shows, she had sympathy for any fallen monarch, so long as he was not of the Orleanist Family.

§ I. POLITICAL SKETCH. THE MEETING WITH A FALLEN ROYALTY, 11 APRIL, SUNDAY, 1850[1]

'I had arrived the evening before at Schlangenbad in pretty fair weather. The next morning there was a little fine rain which threatened to last all day. I was alone, I had no other resource except my doctor. I

[1][*Russ. Arch.* No title in original.]

sent him to read the newspapers in the *Salon de lecture*. He brought me some news which I quickly forgot, and the list of visitors at the bath which I greedily perused. None of my acquaintances, the doctor told me, not a name I had ever heard of, except the Marquis of Villa Franca, who was staying in the Lower Kurhaus, the same place where I was.

'I was much bored. The day went on and the rain continued. What was there to do? I remembered or began to think of the betting game [*gageure imp*?] that I had played in 1796 with the mystical Madame de Krüdener,[1] who was quite different then and I different also, for I was only ten years old. Why should I not do as the Marchioness of Clairville did? I did not risk any consequences. Besides the Marquis of Villa Franca was not an unknown foreigner. Who knows? Perhaps he was as bored as I was; it would be good for both of us.

'But how was I to get to him? Suddenly I remembered that my son, who had brought me to Ems, had told me at Brussels that he was about to visit the Marchioness of Villa Franca, having promised that to her husband[2] whom he had left the evening before at Paris. What an excellent passport! I wrote a little letter to the Marquis of Villa Franca in which, authorized by my son's name, I begged him to come to me and give me the pleasure of making his acquaintance.

'In five minutes my valet de chambre came and

[1][A mystical prophetess and authoress, who ultimately associated during 1813–15 with the Czar Alexander and is said to have inspired him with his project of the Holy Alliance.]

[2][The text is *mon mari*. This is evidently a mistake for *son* (i.e. Villa Franca.]

announced the *Count* of Villa Franca. I did not dispute as to the title. I received him with politeness, even with eagerness.

I. "I know, Sir, that my son has the honour of being intimately known to you.

V. F. Your son, Madame, what is his name?

I. But Sir, he is called Prince de Lieven.

V. F. I have not the honour of knowing him."

(A moment's astonishment on my part, and he continued.)

"But you, Madame, I have seen you at Rome.

I. Sir, I have not been there since 1824; you must have been very young then!

V. F. I was, Madame; the Duc de Rohan (since a Cardinal) presented me to you.

I. I do not remember it, Sir."

(A good and sufficiently courteous beginning; each failed to recollect the other.)

I. "Is Madame the Marchioness of Villa Franca at Brussels now?

V. F. Quite possible; I don't know anything about it."

(Droll for a husband.)

I. "Is it long, Sir, since you have been in your country?

V. F. Not for seventeen years, Madame, but I have just taken steps to recover my property in Spain. That will displease the Princes, but truly I cannot wait for ever for my fortune, and I need to be independent."

'Stranger and stranger, he leaves his wife, he abandons his cause. What does this mean? For I had always heard the Marquis of Villa Franca spoken of with profound respect, as among the very few Spaniards who had remained faithful to the Carlist Cause. I felt a little annoyed with him and I asked him for news of

the Chevalier Dametto, "That noble man, so devoted to his Princes.

V. F. I do not know him.

I. I am very much surprised, Sir!"

'I then pursued my investigations. I spoke of Prince Metternich: he had not seen him since the Revolution (1848); of Count Apponyi, to whose house he had often come at Paris.

V. F. "I have never been at his house."

'I was perfectly confounded, I did not know how to take my man. Finally I said to him –

I. "Sir, are you a relative of the Marquis of Villa Franca, known for his fine devotion to the Spanish Princes?"

'He blushed a little and said to me with an embarrassed air:

V. F. "I am his very distant cousin."

'There we were. My deception was complete. Not only was he not the Marquis of Villa Franca I had thought, he was hardly a Villa Franca at all. Evidently an adventurer, what a fine adventure for me! How they would ridicule me when I related this story in my salon at Paris.

'I began to be worried, and to be angry also with him and with myself. I turned my chair round sharply, so as to turn my back on him, and I recognized two German ladies, the Countess B . . . and Madame de Malo . . . who were with me when the bogus Villa Franca had entered, and whom I had since completely forgotten. They were whispering to one another with signs of astonishment. I saw that they were asking one another how I could receive at my house a person evidently without any position. That made me still

more uncivil. I became as rude to him as I had previously been agreeable. I started a thousand different subjects, always addressing myself to these ladies. I had first chosen rooms which had been intended for the bogus Villa Franca who arrived at Schlangenbad the same day as I. I appropriately embroidered on the theme of usurpations, I uttered a thousand impertinent extravagances, with intention of wounding my adventurer. He entered gaily into the conversation, with a sort of ease that was rather annoying to me, and his good humour seemed to increase with my bad temper.

'I was exasperated. I did not know how to get rid of him. I showed some signs of impatience to these ladies, although I was little acquainted with them.

'In truth the so-called "scene of the key" [illegible] was not a greater punishment for the imprudence of Madame de Clairville, than was the presence of this unknown to me. Ah, how much I regretted my boredom of some hours before!

'I saw no end to the adventure. It was ten o'clock; I became rude to every one. I made a gesture indicating weariness and sleepiness. The ladies rose. I was satisfied. I conducted them to the door. The unknown did not move.

I. "Sir, I wish you good evening, it is my hour for retiring. (And I said this in a very dry tone.)

V. F. Madame, I have waited for the departure of those ladies to explain to you my situation.

I. Sir, I do not need to know it. I wish you good evening.

V. F. But, Madame, if you will permit me to explain who I am.

I. That is quite needless: I see very well that you are not what you represent yourself to be.

V. F. Madame, I beg you (and he came nearer to me, speaking very low)."

'Fear began to seize me. I thought he was a thief, a cut-throat, who knows?

'I spoke very loud, however. "Sir, you have assumed a name which you have no right to bear. That is enough for me. I do not wish to know anything and I beg you to leave me."

V. F. (*Nearer still and lower.*) "Madame, I beg you, one word." Gesture of impatience, I turn my head away, he very low.) "Madame, I am . . . the Duke of Parma."

'I looked at him intently. I drew myself up and recoiled; hesitated a minute and then burst into loud laughter. "I remember the handsome Duke of Lucca at Rome. Ah, Monseigneur, it is so funny, I cannot ask your pardon."

V. F. "Madam, it is charming." '[1]

During 1849 Guizot and Dorothea returned from England to Paris. The former still believed that constitutional monarchy alone would give tranquillity to France. But how was it to be obtained? Louis Philippe had been deposed and was impossible, though he lived on till August 1850. It seemed therefore better not to assert the claims of his heir the Comte de Paris, who was a

[1][The Duke of Parma had been expelled by the Revolution in 1848. As the Duke of Lucca during the years 1818–20 he was considered by the French as a candidate for the throne of Buenos Aires, and would have been welcomed at that place had not Castlereagh intimated that England would not permit it.]

child. The Legitimist heir of the elder Bourbon line was the Comte de Chambord. If a fusion of Bourbon Legitimist and Orleanist supporters could take place, and the Comte de Chambord could be recognized by both parties as their future King, monarchy still had a chance. Guizot favoured this plan and worked for it but, as Henry Greville said, '*Il débite et ne cause pas.*' The only letter we have, indicating his views, is one of 20th December, 1849, in which he recommended that 'we should get through the winter in peace.'[1] Princess Lieven, with her hatred of Orleanist cowardice, was not sure of Legitimist bravery, but she changed her mind in August 1850, when she met the Comte de Chambord.

§ II. PRINCESS LIEVEN MEETS ANOTHER FALLEN ROYALTY, SCHLANGENBAD, AUGUST 1850[2]

'The Duc de Noailles and M. Berger came to see me from Wiesbaden. Both were full of their Prince [the Comte de Chambord] and tried hard to excite my curiosity. I was very anxious to see him, but I renounced the idea, as they told me he did not go out and no meeting was possible on the promenade. These gentlemen told me that the Comte de Chambord held *soirées*, that he would be flattered for me to come to them. I could not go out in the evening. It was not etiquette for me to ask formally to go to his house, and I rejected every suggestion.

'Two days later the Duc de Noailles returned, accom-

[1] [Lord Kerry and Guedalla, *Secret of the Coup d'État* [1924], pp.75–6.]
[2] [*Russ. Arch.*]

panied by his Duchess, which compelled me to return their visit at Wiesbaden. That was evidently their intention. As my hours were very regular and as Wiesbaden was an hour and a half away, I asked her [the Duchess] to give me a cutlet at her house and I fixed the next day [the 19th] for it, as she was leaving on the 20th. The Duc de Noailles said to me, "I absolutely must arrange for the Comte de Chambord to see you!

I. I shall be flattered and charmed."

I had asked them to fix my meal at 3 p.m. I arrived at Wiesbaden at 1.30. Hardly had I sat down than the Duc de Noailles said, "Look here, do something nice, allow the Duchesse de Noailles to accompany you to the house of the Comte de Chambord.

I. I, to the house of the Comte de Chambord! No, dear Duke, I have told you I will not do that. It is against my idea of etiquette.

N. But you are here.

I. Ah, well, if the Comte de Chambord comes to visit Madame la Duchesse de Noailles, you have the opportunity you sought.

N. Ah well. I thought that too, but the other is better.

I. The other is not possible.

N. But your reasons?

I. My reasons? They are that a man, even if a King, ought to take the trouble to come to the house of a woman, when he wishes to make her acquaintance. My Emperor, he and his predecessor, came to my house when they wished to see me,[1] and both did that for foreign women.

[1][Not always. *v.* p. 88.]

N. But the usage of the Court of France is different from yours.

I. We are not in France. There I should conform to the usage of France, if the Comte de Chambord were there. Till then, my dear Duke, permit me to adhere to my custom; it is useless for you to insist further; I shall not go."

'The Duc de Noailles answered nothing. A moment later he told me he was going to see about my dinner, and he went out of the drawing-room. At the end of ten minutes he returned. At the end of another ten minutes he was called for, some one to speak to him. He was absent again a short time. Thrice this manœuvre was repeated, and each time that he re-entered he said, once that it was a question of tickets for a subscription-ball they had come to offer him; next, letters arrived from Paris that a gentleman wished to read to him, and I do not know what other reason he gave for his absences which lasted some minutes.

'In truth I thought all these goings and comings very puerile. If the Comte de Chambord was interested in seeing me he would have to come, and not make so much pretence about it. I confess this gave me a poor idea of the master and of the valets, and I said to myself that if, for something so insignificant, they spent so much time in writing,[1] it hardly looked well for more important cases. In a word I found this profoundly ridiculous, and I felt badly prepared for the Comte de Chambord in case he should decide to come.

'They finally announced him at the moment at which I was clamouring for my cutlet. The Duc and Duchesse de Noailles went to receive him on the landing, I

[1] [*On perdait tant de temps et d'écritures.*]

remained stiff, saying to myself, "It's a pity. My good disposition towards him has disappeared. They are maladroits."

'I was much impressed when this dazzling figure entered. His head was superb, his expression gentle, dignified, sincere, firm, animated, gay and happy. All this was to be perceived in his limpid eyes. He had a nose which was of the finest kind. A lofty forehead, a charming smile, a skin shining with health. The movement of his head was charming, there was infinite grace in the sound of his voice. All this kept me fascinated with his presence, during the half-hour that his visit lasted. It was dedicated to me; he turned twice in the direction of the Duchesse de Noailles, as though not to forget that she was there.

'The Prince began by saying to me, "I know how good you are to me, and I wish to thank you for it. We owe you much.

I. I should wish to deserve that, Monseigneur, but I have nothing but wishes for you – they are sincere."

'This was said at the beginning and while we stood. The Duc de Lévy, who accompanied him, made himself known to me, and we then sat. I took a place so as to protect my eyes. I was near him [Chambord] but sheltered from the sun which shone on his face.

C. "You come from my country, which is still very ill. The world is much disordered, much troubled. Europe is always agitated by France. The only hope lies in your Emperor, he has always been excellent for us and it is upon him that we count.

I. My Emperor! He is for the good cause, he has already given proofs of that. I know that on every

occasion he will express himself in the manner most useful to secure the triumph of our principle."

'I had written up to this point when I was interrupted in the narrative of this meeting. I put it away and ended by forgetting it. It is only now, four years after, that *ce cahier* comes again under my eye. I can no longer remember the details of the conversation. I only know that the Comte de Chambord spoke to me about everybody, much about Louis Napoleon, and with knowledge, and of Changarnier. [He (Chambord) had] that royal air which has so great a power over me, and finally I was perfectly fascinated. I found the visit short. When he rose, I felt myself ready to be affected by the fact, and when the Duchess de Nodilles reentered, after having conducted him downstairs, I ran to her and kissed her, crying hard. The effect of his presence will remain ineffaceable with me, and I left, saying, "*Quelle attrape!* Has the good God intended that head to remain without a crown?" '[1]

[1][Princess Lieven was severe enough on the Princes of the House of Orleans. She said, 'They are never anywhere except where they have no business to be.' *Dau.*, p. 83.]

VI. THE LAST PHASE, 1850–7, 223

Princess Lieven had returned to Paris, to set up her salon for the last time in 1849. She was well over sixty years, her beauty, her power and her illusions had faded. She could no longer hope to win or to control a Prime Minister of France. The power of constitutionalism was broken in France, like that of absolutism at Vienna. Politically Guizot was almost as dead as Metternich. The intrigues of 1849–50 do not suggest that she thought it possible to restore the Comte de Chambord. What was left for her? Only Russia, Russia whose Emperor had maintained the citadel of absolutism intact in his own demesnes, and extended a powerful arm to repress the Hungarian rebellion against Austria. She still had her salon, still her political correspondence with Aberdeen, and she could still supply useful information to Czar Nicholas. She still lived with Guizot, but Guizot was ceasing to be of political importance. He remained in her heart as a lover, but in her salon he soon became an august relic of a vanished past. His 'diplomatic Sybil' now span webs anew, but for herself and not for him.

Dorothea kept a shrewd eye on current French politics, noting the weakness of the Chamber and their anomalous and dangerous attitude towards Louis Napoleon, who had become Prince-President. "Everything is possible," she remarked, 20th September, 1850, "everything is difficult, but the present [situation]

is absurd."[1] She is, reported the Comte de Flahault on the 19th November, "quite Presidential, and I believe in a few days everybody will be the same."[2] So thought Napoleon and his secret advisers, and a year later they resolved to end it. On the 2nd December, he concentrated troops in Paris, arrested the legislators in their beds, and announced a *coup d'état*. Already dictator, he was likely soon to become Emperor of the French. Princess Lieven preferred a Napoleonic ruler to revolutions and mobs, and had become "very Presidential" by the 15th December when Henry Greville saw her.'[3]

It is singular that, on this occasion, she should have been found in agreement with her old ally Palmerston. That worthy, as is well known, hastened to approve of the *coup d'état*, and this step was considered premature by Lord John Russell and Queen Victoria and was made a pretext to enforce his resignation (19 Dec., 1851). The agreement of two such veteran diplomats as he and Dorothea on a matter which they approached from such different standpoints, is in itself sufficiently striking. And, on the whole, history is likely to confirm the view that 'Pam' and the Princess were wiser than Russell and the Queen.

[1]Henry Greville, *Journal*, I, 362.

[2]Lord Kerry and Guedalla, *Secret of the Coup d'État*, 112. This was *before* the *coup d'état*, so Mr. Guedalla is hardly justified in writing, *after* that event (p. 9), that 'Princess Lieven rallied bravely to the winning side.'

[3]Henry Greville, *Journal*, I, 404.

During the *coup d'état* period Madame de Lieven was found to be 'in ecstasies of joy'[1] and, when asked why, she replied 'I shall have time to sweep out my drawing-room.' In fact, however, her salon, alone among all those of Paris, remained open during this period. But for several nights nobody came at all, and awkward incidents occurred. Even the moderate Montebello left the Princess's salon 'without speaking or bowing' when Fould, one of Napoleon's instruments, entered it.[2] The Prince-President, in the flush of his personal triumph, recognized the services of this famous lady, especially as she had expressed herself in his favour and might be useful in reconciling him with his opponents and with Russia. A dinner was arranged, 'given by the Douglases at Paris, to introduce the President (Napoleon) to Madame de Lieven. It was diamond cut diamond, and she admitted she could make nothing of him' (3rd June, 1852).[3] The 'eyeless sphinx' apparently imposed upon the Princess.

When, at a somewhat later stage, the name of the Spaniard Eugenie de Montijo was mentioned as a

[1]Lord Kerry and Guedalla, *Secret of the Coup d'État*, 122, and Oldfield, *Later Life* of Lady Granville [1901], p. 145. For the fact of her salon remaining open *v. Papiers de Nesselrode*, VIII, 131, *apud* 7th January, 1852.

[2]Lord Kerry and Guedalla, *Secret of the Coup d'État*, 132, 144–5.

[3]Malmesbury, *Memoirs*, 255, 'The Douglases' were the Fourth Duke of Hamilton and his Duchess. The last was the youngest daughter of the Grand Duke of Baden and a cousin of Louis Napoleon.

possible bride for Napoleon, Princess Lieven expressed herself decisively to the Duc de Montebello. 'He (Napoleon) had much better marry her. "A grandee of Spain is quite as good as a little German princess," that marrying a beautiful woman for love would be much more popular with the lower orders in France than a stiff royal marriage. That Peter the Great had done well to marry a servant at an inn.'[1] Whether Napoleon ever heard this advice we do not know, but his proclamation, announcing his intention of marrying the beautiful Spaniard, reproduced some of these ideas. After the event had taken place, Robert Browning wrote:

> 'The Emperor, grim and cold,
> Has taken a bride
> To his gruesome side,
> That's as fair as himself is bold.
> There they sit, erminestoled,
> And she powders her hair with gold.'

In the aftermath Napoleon did not prove so bold as Browning, nor so mysterious as Dorothea, thought him to be.

The last five years of Princess Lieven's life are really pathetic. Guizot had abandoned politics and was winning again his old eminence as a literary man and historian. Princess Lieven had no interest in such topics and was grasping desperately at the last shreds

[1]Oldfield, *Later Life* of Lady Granville [1901], pp. 162–3.

of her political influence. Czar Nicholas had offended Napoleon (Emperor in 1852) by addressing him not as 'friend' but as 'brother,' and the poor Princess saw the clouds of war gathering between France and England on the one side and Russia on the other. They were the three countries that she loved best, and a war between them seemed a terrible calamity. She still apparently corresponded secretly with Czar Nicholas, and openly used her influence at Paris in Russia's interest. On the 5th May, 1852, Persigny was blustering to her about War and Empire, which, remarked Malmesbury, 'will all go to Nicholas.'[1]

Even so early as the 6th October, 1853, Disraeli found her 'surrounded by a screen – amply provided with *abat-jours*, to conceal the ravages of time and anxiety.'[2] She had almost given up hope, but protested violently when Disraeli artfully suggested that Aberdeen would head a ministry which would declare war against Russia. On the 5th March, 1854, she was assuring Henry Greville[3] that Nicholas was 'the most peaceable man in Russia' but was 'very badly served' by his advisers.

At last the blow fell, and the poor Princess was for a time compelled to leave Paris. But she was permitted to return in a short time and had the happiness of seeing the war end, a happiness marred by seeing the

[1]Malmesbury, *Memoirs*, 251.
[2]Moneypenny and Buckle, *Disraeli*, III, 524.
[3]*Journal*, III, 90.

triumph over Russia of her old enemy Palmerston.

Dorothea was now a pathetic figure. With illusions gone, hopes faded, sorrows accumulated; she seemed the last relic of a splendid and vanished past. None of those personages with whom she had once consorted were now alive, Alexander, Chateaubriand, Grey, Canning, Wellington, Metternich or Pozzo di Borgo. Guizot indeed remained, powerless as a statesman but still her comfort as a lover. Also her best-loved son, Paul, was with her, as her strength failed. On the 29th January, 1857, this princess of diplomacy died. By her direction her body was clothed in a robe of black velvet, a diadem set upon her brow, and a crucifix of ivory placed in her hands. The body was conveyed to a family castle near Mitau in Russia and buried in the tomb in which her two youngest sons already lay.

CRITICAL ESTIMATE OF PRINCESS LIEVEN'S WRITINGS

CRITICAL ESTIMATE OF PRINCESS LIEVEN'S WRITINGS

The following is the complete list of the writings:

The Emperor Paul I. Political Sketch. Published by Schiemann. *v.* Appx., 239–67

Episode of 1814. Alexander's visit to England. Published by Jarrold. *v.* p. 33 n.

*Duke of Clarence. Political Sketch, 34–7

Duke of Kent. Political Sketch[1]

*Grand Duke Constantine. Political Sketch, 25–8

**Diary*, 1825–30. [A few extracts already published], 81–154

*Lord Dudley. Political Sketch, 124–8

*Lord Palmerston. Political Sketch, 163–8

*Anne, Queen of the Netherlands. Political Sketch [Written 1850], 174–8

*M. Guizot. Political Sketch, 196–9

*The two fallen Royalties. Political Sketch [1850], 209–19

*(*a*) Duke of Lucca, 209–14

*(*b*) Comte de Chambord, 215–9

Unpublished Letters.

Howard de Walden MSS. Letters of Madame to M. Lieven. Public Record Office, F.O., 360/1. *v.* quotations, 75, 77

Pte. MS. Letter of Canning to Mme. de Lieven, 1826.[2] *Letters of Prince Lieven* to. Lord Melville, etc., 1829 (six)[3]

*Previously unpublished.

[1]This is an ill-natured sketch of Queen Victoria's father, the Duke of Kent (*v.* Henry Greville, III, 383) which I have not reproduced.

[2]and [3]These are in my possession. H. T.

The murder of Czar Paul I (*Political Sketch*) is a well-written and, in the main, truthful account. It has been praised by Schiemann in his monograph on the subject, and is the more impressive because it nowhere professes to describe the intimate details of which she could not have been a witness. It may well have been written at, or near, the actual time.

The Duke of Clarence (*Political Sketch*) is an amusing episode, more social than political, which may well be true and also contemporary. Alexander's visit to London is, in the main, a correct account except, perhaps, as regards the piquant incidents. It is not true, as Madame Lieven says, that she and her husband really influenced Alexander in the choice of Louis XVIII as King of France. But they did first suggest it to him, and Madame Lieven probably did not know that Castlereagh and Liverpool were not really opposed to the project. They resented Lieven's letter quoting to Alexander behind their backs the opinions of the Regent and of certain other Cabinet Ministers, and Madame Lieven mistook this resentment for opposition to Louis XVIII as such.

The famous *Diary* contains a certain number of verbal slips which are mentioned in the text. The most serious is the account of the dinner at which she alleges that she introduced Canning for the first time to the favour of the King. It is either an invention or a confusion between two or three different dinners. Nor is the main suggestion true. Canning was high in the favour of the

King in October 1825, and on her return from Russia she can only have assisted in 'oiling the wheels' of a machinery which was already beginning to work smoothly.

On the other hand, the 'great secret' which she brought from Alexander to Canning had diplomatic results of the highest importance. For it produced a revolution in Anglo-Russian relations and European diplomacy, which led to the freedom of Greece. Without her verbal message this might not have been brought about at the time or under the circumstances in which it did occur. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the *Diary* of Madame Lieven is far the most important explanation of the whole mysterious incident and that her own contribution to the result was considerable.

Her story that she and her husband combined with Canning to hoodwink Wellington into signing the Protocol of 4th April, 1826, is probably true enough. But she is in error in supposing that she hoodwinked Canning as well. He knew very well where he was going in the Eastern question, and had fully authorized the Protocol, though he did not care about some of the details. Similarly Madame Lieven is wrong in attributing delay and hesitation to Canning in signing the Treaty of 6th July, 1827. These delays were not due to Canning, but to the ministerial crisis and the confusion attendant thereupon.

On the other hand, her account of Canning's revelations to her in February 1827, as to his decision to play

for the Premiership is probably correct and extremely valuable. Except for the mistake about Peel's presence at Windsor on the 28th March, her general account of the ministerial struggle and of the part played by the King and Wellington on that day seems to be correct, and is a most brilliantly told tale. She endeavours to emphasize her own importance at the crisis, but not sufficiently to deceive the historian.

Her general account of Canning's character is not wholly satisfactory. She is clearly irritated at times by his refusal to be a tool in her hands. Incidentally, this is enough to prove that he was not the instrument of Russian policy, as she endeavours to establish. Canning knew too much about her to believe in her, and though he went some way in her direction, she, and not he, was duped in the matter. Canning took the course he thought best calculated to serve British interests and allowed her to think she had persuaded him to do so. The Leopold episode, apart from a few blunders of detail, seems to be correct enough. Madame, however, shows great animosity towards Aberdeen.

A phrase in the *Diary* shows that it could not have been written before 1833.

The *Constantine* sketch is probably correct as a portrayal of character, and the conversation of 1830 was noted by her at the time. It is not a correct reproduction of the facts of Constantine's renunciation of the Russian Crown, but probably is a truthful account of Constantine's conversation. He was anxious to seem important

in her eyes, and exaggerated the facts accordingly.

The *Dudley* sketch may be correct, and seems very characteristic both of Canning and of Dorothea. Her account of Lord Granville being considered for the Foreign Secretaryship seems to be correct.

The *Palmerston* sketch is more dubious. Grey may have allowed her to think that she made Palmerston Foreign Secretary, but there is no proof that he yielded to her blandishments.

The episode of *Anne, Queen of the Netherlands*, is probably a correct narrative. At any rate, it reveals the secret of an important Russian intrigue to set the Prince of Orange on the throne of Belgium, a secret unknown, though perhaps suspected, by Palmerston, and confirmed by other collateral pieces of evidence.

The *Guizot* episode is probably correct enough, and, if so, is extremely important. Guizot was so much under her influence that he may well have adopted diplomacy for her sake.

There is no reason to doubt the genuineness of the anecdotes of the Two Fallen Royalties in 1850, but their importance is social rather than political.

On the whole, Madame Lieven falls into the ordinary faults of Memoir-writers, exaggerating her own importance, and failing to see other influences in affairs besides her own, failing also to recognize that words do not always produce deeds. But she comes well through the severe tests which a modern historian, with his wealth of unpublished archives and published memoirs,

has power to impose upon her. In details she makes slips, often because her narrative is not always contemporary, sometimes because of her overweening vanity, or, again, because she was unaware of hidden factors which time has revealed. But her writings do throw real light on many events, on the murder of Czar Paul, on the episode of 1814, on the Greek negotiations between 1825 and 1830, on the ministerial crisis of 1827, and on the revolution in Belgium in 1830. All these events are illumined by her secret knowledge of events. The episodes of Clarence, of Constantine, of Palmerston and of the Two Fallen Royalties are less convincing, but even they contain suggestions and are of value to the historian. Certainly there are few memoir-writers who have thrown light on so much in so small a space, or revealed diplomatic secrets in so vivacious a manner.

AUTHENTICITY OF THE DIARY AND OTHER PAPERS

It seems almost needless to go into this question. The Diary was transcribed by a person of unquestionable authenticity who had access to the Czar's own library. This copy was seen by Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, who extracted some parts for his own use, and the whole was subsequently (1924) placed in my hands. Certain tests, made by request of the British Foreign Office, in the Archives of Moscow, established that the transcript was from the copy deposited there.

Of the Political Sketches the same tale may be told. That of 1814, Alexander's visit to London, had

already been published by the Grand Duke Nicholas Mikhailovitch, direct from the Czar's records. The other transcripts were made for me, through the intervention of the British Foreign Office, from the Russian Archives at Moscow. Parts of the sketches are in Princess Lieven's own hand and all are in the packet officially termed Lieven Papers. Professor Schiemann does not use or mention the Diary or Sketches in his *Geschichte Russlands*. But in his monograph on the assassination of Paul I, he prints Madame Lieven's account, which is verbally identical with my own transcript from the Russian Archives.

It is pretty clear that both M. Hanoteau and M. Daudet had access, through what means I am unaware, to parts of the Diary and to one or two of the sketches, for a few of their quotations are from them, but they did not see or could not publish the whole of them.

As the Preface to this work shows, there is no doubt that Madame Lieven did keep a Diary, or at least made notes of certain incidents, during her lifetime. There is therefore no question at all that the whole of the papers in question were actually written by Madame de Lieven. I do not know whether a duplicate copy exists in the papers of the Lieven or Benckendorff family, but it is stated that under the terms of Madame Lieven's will, all her papers may see the light in 1936. I am grateful to the Bolshevik government for enabling me to publish those deposited in the Russian Archives a dozen years before that date. The papers, not pre-

served in the Archives, are more likely to be private and personal letters. There are wide gaps in her correspondence, though five volumes of them have been published. The letters to Metternich continued till 1826, at any rate, but there are few extant after 1819. A number of her letters to Lady Granville exist in the private papers of the present Earl Granville, and these throw light at several points. Most of her letters to Aberdeen have seen the light, but those to Peel are few and far between. I possess one letter of Canning's to her but have heard of no others, and a number of those of Prince Lieven. The correspondence with Nesselrode has only been published in part, and that with the Emperor Nicholas and others of the Russian Court might also be important. Hanoteau and Daudet have given evidence as to a good many other letters, mostly to French statesmen. But it is probable that her chief secrets were revealed in her Diary and Political Sketches. These cover the most important diplomatic episodes of her life. The only point on which she is noticeably reticent, is that of her recall in 1834 and, even on this, her Political Sketch of Palmerston indicates the view which she desired to be accepted.

Recollections of the Events of the night 11/22 *and* 12/24 *March* 18th, *death of the Emperor Paul.*

[This narrative is printed directly from the transcript in the Russian Archives. It is, however, except for a slight difference in the paragraphing, verbally the same as that published by Professor Schiemann in *Zur Geschichte der Regierung Paul I.* Berlin, 1906. It has never been printed in English. So I reproduce it here.

The assassination of the Emperor Paul was long a historic mystery, and Professor Schiemann did not entirely solve it by the accounts of eight eye-witnesses, which he published in the above volume. He rightly pays a high tribute to the narrative of Madame Lieven, and points out that she states exactly what she herself knew, distinguishing it from what she heard from others. As indicated in the notes to the text, she was deceived on one or two points. The most important one concerns Panin. Some time before the 27th May, 1800, Count N. P. Panin had devised a scheme for deposing the Emperor Paul in favour of a Regency. To this the Grand Duke (afterwards Czar) Alexander, Admiral Ribas, and the British Ambassador, Lord Whitworth, were all privy. But Panin was banished on the 15th November, 1800, and remained on his estates, so that he had no direct part in the tragedy of the 11th March, 1801. Admiral Ribas, who had also conspired with Panin, died in December 1800. The event

appears to have been precipitated by the extraordinary suspiciousness of the Czar and by the reign of terror which had been proceeding for six weeks and had left every one unsafe. Nicholas Subov, Bennigsen, and Comte de Pahlen were the chief agents. All were probably, and Pahlen certainly, aware of the previous Panin plot and in touch with some of his colleagues in conspiracy. This fact seems to explain Alexander's attitude. He seems to have been aware that a new plot was being matured by Pahlen, but took care not to know too much about it. In all probability he imagined that the peaceful deposition and confinement of the quasi-mad Paul, on the lines of the Panin plot, was all that was intended and was therefore horrified at the murder. This accounts for the remorse which he showed at the time and till the end of his life.[1] Madame Lieven, who did not know all that we do, thinks him rather more innocent than he really was.

The seat of the Czars at this time was unusually unsafe. Peter III, Paul's father, was murdered with the complicity of the Empress Catherine in 1762. Alexander himself died just at the moment when a plot was maturing against him in 1825, and Nicholas, on ascending the throne, had to stamp out conspiracy and mutiny in blood. Madame Lieven's narrative is a good

[1][See the deposition of Bennigsen in 1812 in Schiemann, p. 76. He says definitely that Alexander consented to take the Regency at the suggestion of Pahlen, and therefore at a date subsequent to the Panin plot.]

example of her dramatic power, and will always remain to attest to the grim horror which beset the Czars. Palace conspirators were at least as dangerous in the early nineteenth century as were Nihilists at its close.]

THE EMPEROR PAUL I[1] MARCH 11/23, 1801

'One morning in the spring of the year 1797 the custodian (*factionnaire*) of the Summer Garden of Petersburg, after having been relieved from his night duty, asked to be admitted to the presence of the Emperor Paul to make an important revelation. They sent away the custodian without listening to him; but he persisted with passion and obstinacy. They informed the Emperor, who allowed him to appear before him.

'This is what was currently repeated at Petersburg at this time as to the soldier's audience with the Emperor.

'The Archangel St. Michael had appeared to the custodian in the night. He had commanded him to go and find the Emperor and to announce to him that he should have a son, whom he must call Michael; that he was to build a palace at the spot where the archangel had appeared, which was to bear the name of St. Michael. The custodian added that this same apparition, and these same words, were repeated thrice in the same night.

'In the same year the foundations of the St. Michael

[1][*Russ. Arch.*, 'brochure of 43 leaves, 4to in French. Preserved in State Archives of Russian Socialist Federative Soviet Republic.']

Palace were laid, and on the spot indicated. On the 28th January, 1798, the Empress was brought to bed of a son, to whom the name Michael was given. The palace was finished towards the end of 1800. It was constructed in the form of a fortress, surrounded with ditches and with drawbridges. On the front was inscribed a passage taken from the Bible. It is to be remarked that this inscription is formed of forty-nine letters in Russian, and that the Emperor had just reached his forty-ninth year when he established himself in this palace in the month of January 1801.[1]

'I quote exactly the facts and observation which everybody exchanged *at this* time at Petersburg.

'I had just married. My husband had held the portfolio of war for three years; he had obtained it at the age of twenty-two. He was aide-de-camp-general to the Emperor and enjoyed the full confidence and favour of his master. His service began with him at 6 a.m. He only left him at the dinner hour, then 1 p.m. At 4 p.m. he returned to the palace and was only released at 8 p.m. Hence my husband saw him more constantly and more intimately than any of his ministers. The Emperor liked him and treated him with constant geniality and with that gracious familiarity which is at once touching and attractive. Amidst all his *boutades* towards so many others, my husband was always *ménagé*. Only once to my knowledge was the Emperor angry with him – at Gatschina towards the end of the year 1800.

[1][Schiemann, p. 36 n., points out correctly that there are forty-seven letters and Paul was, in fact, only forty-seven.]

'The Emperor had dictated to him a message of thanks to a regiment about to leave, and had told him to read it in his presence on parade after the orders of the day. After the march past the Emperor returned and said, 'Lieven, read it!' Lieven was not there. He had forgotten, for he was generally dispensed from parade. The Emperor was violently angry. Five minutes afterward we saw entering my room Colonel Albedyle, the Emperor's aide-de-camp, very red and very much disturbed. He was a big German, a very good fellow, very respectful to M. de Lieven, and chief of the Emperor's military household. He stood upright, very confused, not daring to speak, nor to disobey the Emperor. Finally he had to pronounce the word – *sot* (drunkard). That was the mission entrusted to him by the Emperor. He did it with so comic an accent of terror that it would not be taken as other than a joke. After uttering this rude word, the poor man took to his heels. I repeat that it was the only bad time which my husband had with the Emperor.

'The character of this Prince was a strange medley of noble instincts and of terrifying tendencies. His infancy and youth had been sorrowful. He was not loved by his mother. He was at first neglected, and later ill-treated, by her. He had been many years confined to his castles, and surrounded by the spies of the Empress Catherine. He rarely came to Court and, when allowed to appear there, was received with coldness and severity by the Empress, and with distance and even marked incivility (*inconvenance*) by all the courtiers. He very seldom saw his own children, who were educated away from him. To such a life, without being shown consideration, without mingling with men in business,

without occupation and without pleasures, was condemned for thirty-five years a prince who would ascend the throne, or at least must do so one day.

'The Emperor Paul was small in stature. His features were ugly except the eyes, of which the expression, when he was not overcome with rage, was infinitely agreeable and gentle.[1] When he was angry his aspect was terrifying. Although his mien was ungraceful, he had a certain reserve of dignity, and especially of good manners, and a polite bearing towards women, which gave a real distinction to his person and proclaimed him a prince and nobleman. He had wit, finished, keen, open, inclined to gaiety. He had taste in fine arts. He knew the French language and literature perfectly, and loved France, to whose morals and tastes he was accustomed. His conversation was dry (*saccadée*) but always animated. He understood fine and delicate turns of expression. His pleasantries were always in good taste. In his moments of benevolence the short phrases he uttered were infinitely gracious. I speak here of what I remember, for I had sometimes been near the Emperor both before and after my marriage. He often came to the convent where I was educated, and sometimes amused himself by taking part in the games of the young girls there. I remember playing with him one evening there in 1798 at Colin-Maillard (Blind-man's Buff) and also with the last King of Poland (Stanislas Poniatowski), the Prince of Condé, and Marshal Suvorov. The Emperor indulged in a thousand gay and appropriate follies. The basis of his character

[1][Madame Lieven plays the courtier. Paul was usually considered extremely ugly, and the Grand Duke Constantine inherited his ugliness as well as his other terrifying tendencies.]

was great and noble: a generous enemy, a magnificent friend, knowing how to pardon in the grand style, and how to repair a wrong or an injustice with effusion. But, side by side with these rare qualities, there were terrible dispositions in him. He was sudden in his most extreme resolutions, stormy, violent, extravagantly bizarre. It has been frequently said that, since his childhood, the Emperor Paul had shown signs of mental aberration.[1] It is difficult to hold that he was touched with this infirmity. No positive proof has ever been furnished, but certainly these oddities, the fiery and sometimes cruel fits of wrath to which he gave way, justified the suspicion of a certain weakness of organization in a mind and heart naturally upright and good. Omnipotence, that disease of the strongest heads, finished by developing sad germs in him, and at the time of which I am about to speak, the Emperor Paul had become the object of universal terror and hatred throughout his Empire.

'My husband was detained at his house for some weeks by a sufficiently serious illness, from which he recovered. He willingly prolonged his convalescence, owing to the disgust which his duties had for some time inspired in him. During the last year the stormy character of the Emperor had developed in a terrifying manner. In his eyes the proportions of a plot were assumed on the most puerile evidence. He dismissed and exiled persons in an arbitrary manner. The fortress received numerous victims, sometimes it was enough that they wore their hair too long or their coats too short. Waistcoats were forbidden; for the Emperor

[1][This being admitted, it seems needless to argue whether he was, in fact, mad or not.]

said that they had made the French revolution. When he saw one in the street he caused the owner of it to be enrolled in the corps of his Guard. Sometimes even women were imprisoned for not having descended from their carriages quick enough on encountering the Emperor, or for not having made a sufficiently low bow to him in the street. At this time everybody, men and women, were compelled to do this by a police regulation. In consequence the streets of Petersburg were deserted from 12–1 p.m., the Emperor's hour of promenade. During his last six weeks more than a hundred officers of the Imperial Guard were thrown into prison. My husband was unfortunate enough to be the instrument of these iniquitous sentences. Every one trembled before the Emperor. Only the common soldier still loved him, for, though wearied by excessive discipline, he was consoled by the bounty of the Emperor. His severity towards the officers was always compensated for by large distributions of money to the soldiers.

'Since the retirement of my husband, Comte de Pahlen, with whom he was very intimate, had come and passed an hour with him every evening. The Count had had all the most important posts in the Empire heaped upon him. He directed foreign affairs, the finances, the post, the higher police, and the military government of Petersburg, which gave him the command of the Imperial Guard. One sees what power the Emperor had put into his hands! He was a man of tall stature, with broad shoulders, a high forehead, a most open-looking, honest, and jovial expression. He was full of wit, of originality, of geniality, of finesse, of droll speech. He was ill-educated but strong; he had much sense, was firm, bold, and bore life easily. He was the

image of rectitude, carelessness, and of joy. Comte de Bennigsen (who also came, but less often, to see my husband) was big, dry, stiff, and serious, like a statue of the commander in *Don Juan*.[1] I knew him less well, and that is all the impression I have of him. As for Comte de Pahlen, I always saw him with infinite pleasure. He never failed to make me laugh and took delight in doing so. His first inclination was always towards mirth, and I was very disappointed to see myself sent away (*renvoyée*) when conversation took a serious turn. He related to my husband the incidents of each day. That was too much for me, but I was a little curious and I often got my husband to tell me in confidence what I had not understood. I remember the following fact among others; it may have been related five or six days before the catastrophe.

'In an outburst of suspicion against his own family and his own children, the Emperor went down, one day after dinner, to the suite of his son, the Grand Duke Alexander. He never entered it, so he meant [now] to surprise him. On the table he found, among other books, the *Tragedy of the Death of Cæsar*. That seemed decisive to him. He went back to his apartment and, taking the *History of Peter the Great*, opened it at the page describing the death of Alexis and commanded Count Kutusov to carry the book to the

[1][Bennigsen was a chief agent with Pahlen and Subov in the murder. He led the conspirators into the room and was the chief leader along with Plato Subov. Both denied, however, in 1812, that they had meant to do more than arrest Paul, and laid the blame of the murder on the other officers. It adds to the grim horror of the event that Subov had once been the lover of the Empress Catherine, the mother of the man he murdered.]

Grand Duke and to make him read that page.[1] Some days later Comte de Pahlen confided to my husband that he suspected that the Emperor's plan was to shut up his wife the Empress in a convent and his two eldest sons in a fortress, for Constantine, whom he had preferred up till then, had become suspect to him because of his intimacy with his brother (Alexander).

'People went even so far as to attribute to the Emperor the idea of marrying Madame Chevalier, an actress of the French theatre and then the mistress of Kutusov. Did the conspirators invent these calumnies in order to enrol partisans and to press for action? Or did these extravagant thoughts indeed pass through the Emperor's head? However that may be, it was all repeated and believed. Consternation and terror were in every mind. The idea of an approaching catastrophe was present at the same time; and the phrase current was: "This cannot last!"

'After the event, Comte de Pahlen confessed to my husband that he intended to initiate him into the conspiracy at one of his interviews with him, but that he abstained, on reflecting that his state of health rendered him incapable of aiding the plot. This was one of the pieces of good fortune in my husband's career. I have often heard him discuss this question. What could he have done with so dangerous a confidence? Was he to save the Emperor? That was a duty. Was he to deliver to his vengeance and to his severity all the greatest and most enlightened persons which Russia contained? How was he to stop the proscription when those implicated were so numerous? It would be the

[1][Alexis, the son and heir of Peter the Great, was murdered by command of his father.]

scaffold, exile, or the gaol for all of them. And after? A régime more terrible than that under which Russia groaned. The alternative was horrible. Had Pahlen spoken, he had only one part to play – to blow out his brains.

'The Emperor's doctor came every day, by order, to assure himself of my husband's health. He was an Englishman, Mr. Beck, and he looked after the interests of M. de Lieven. Since his illness, the Emperor corresponded with the latter. This manner of transacting business ended, however, by making the Emperor impatient. After an exchange of letters during the day of the 11th March, in which a misunderstanding took place between the master and the minister, the Emperor wrote him a last letter at 11 p.m., in which he uttered these words:

' "Your indisposition has lasted too long; and as business cannot depend on your intestines (*vessicataires*) you will have to send back your portfolio of war to Prince Gagarin."

'I believe that this letter, which is in Russian and was the last written by the Emperor Paul, is in the possession of the Emperor Nicholas, along with the correspondence of my husband with his father, the Emperor. The Emperor wrote this letter at the house of his mistress, Princess Gagarin, where he always went to finish his evening after supping with the Empress. The Princess Gagarin stayed at the Michael Palace on the floor below the Emperor's apartments. One hour later (twelve midnight) he ascended to his own suite to go to bed.

'Prince Gagarin, who had been ordered to receive the portfolio, had begged the Emperor to grant my hus-

band some mark of favour to cover his disgrace. He was the husband of the favourite, a good man, in close relations with M. de Lieven. The Emperor gave way and ordered it to be put in the orders of the next day that M. de Lieven was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General.[1] By the style of the Emperor's letter my husband judged that, despite the promised advancement, his favour with the Emperor had reached its term. He went to bed disturbed in mind, for he knew the character of the Emperor, and he feared the results of the ill-humour that he had conceived against him.

'We were fast asleep when the *valet-de-chambre* entered precipitately, announcing to my husband that a *feld-jäger* had been ordered by the Emperor to speak to him at once. My husband said, "It is a bad message. Perhaps it means the fortress."

'In a moment, and without giving my husband time to get up, the *feld-jäger* entered and, perceiving he was not alone, said to him: "I cannot speak out loud."

'My husband leaned his ear towards him.

' "The Emperor commands you to come at once to his cabinet in the Winter Palace."

'As the Emperor was living in the Michael Palace with the whole Imperial family, this message had no meaning. My husband said to the *feld-jäger*: "You are drunk." The offended officer replied firmly: "I repeat to you the words of the Emperor, whom I have just left." "But the Emperor is in bed in the Winter Palace." "Yes, and he is still there. But he commands you to come and find him at the Winter Palace, and immediately." Then came questions. "What has happened? Why does the

[1][This commission did not materialize, and M. de Lieven did not become Lieutenant-General till 1807.]

Emperor leave the palace in the middle of the night? Why has he risen?" The *feld-jäger* said: "The Emperor is ill, and the Grand Duke Alexander, that is to say the Emperor, sends me to you." My husband made him repeat this; his words were always the same. The greatest terror seized M. de Lieven. He sent the *feld-jäger* away and remained some minutes discussing with me what this strange and sinister message meant. Was the man struck with folly, or was it a trap the Emperor was laying? That proved what a risk my husband would run in going to the Winter Palace! Had the *feld-jäger* spoken the truth! – it was vain to pursue or to seek to guess that riddle. My husband rose, ordered his carriage, and, while waiting, passed into his dressing-room, which looked into the courtyard. The bedroom was situated *à la Grande Millione*, exactly opposite the barracks of the first regiment of the Imperial Guard (Preobrajenskj) and this street ended at the Winter Palace. My husband made me get up, and asked me to observe anything passing in the street and to tell him of it.

'Behold me on duty! I was fifteen years old, of a gay humour, loving episodes, and regarding any catastrophe very lightly, so long as it produced a change in the routine of the town. I thought of the next day with curiosity. At what palace was I to pay my visit to my mother-in-law and to the Grand Duchess, whom I visited every day? That was my greatest anxiety. There was only an old woman in the bedroom. I established myself there, raised the window curtain, and remained with my eyes fixed on the street. Ice, snow, not a passer-by, the sentry withdrawn and snowed up in his shelter, not a light at any of the barrack-

windows, not the least noise. From the other room my husband asked me what I saw. I always replied: "Nothing at all." He did not hurry much with his toilet and hesitated much as to whether he should go out. The quarters of an hour succeeded to one another, and I got bored at seeing nothing. I had some desire to go to sleep. Finally I heard a noise, still very faint, but I recognized it as that of a carriage. I announced this great news by loud cries, but the carriage had gone by before my husband had time to run in. It was a carriage with two horses (at this time everybody at Petersburg had four or six horses) and of very mean appearance. Two officers stood behind it disguised as lackeys,[1] and in the glare of the snow I believe I recognized M. Uvarov, aide-de-camp-general to the Emperor. This circumstance struck me. My husband hesitated no longer. He flung himself into his carriage and went off to the Winter Palace.

'My part is finished. I learned all that follows from the accounts of my husband and of my mother-in-law.

'The little carriage contained the Grand Duke Alexander and his brother the Grand Duke Constantine. In turning towards the boulevard of the Admiralty at the other end of the Winter Palace, my husband saw a light in the study of the Grand Duke Alexander. He climbed the staircase, however, with some hesitation. In the waiting-room he found the Grand Duke Constantine and several generals; the Grand Duke was plunged in tears,[2] the generals were in the exaltation,

[1][On the ledge behind the carriage on which the footmen stand, as in a Lord Mayor's coach.]

[2][It is to the credit of the Grand Duke Constantine that he retained an undying hatred of his father's murderers and particularly of Bennigsen.]

in the intoxication, of deliverance. In about half a minute he learnt that the Emperor Paul was dead and that he had been summoned to salute the new Emperor. Alexander asked for Lieven. "Where is Lieven?" My husband hurried forward. The Emperor fell on his neck sobbing: "My father, my poor father!" And he shed tears plentifully. This emotion lasted for some minutes. Then he drew himself up and called out suddenly: "Where are the Cossacks?"

'Only my husband knew where they were. Three months before the Emperor Paul, in a fit of wrath, had condemned the whole tribe of the Cossacks of the Don region to complete extermination.[1] Under pretext of aiding the policy of Bonaparte, the First Consul, for whom he had conceived a strange liking, the Emperor had resolved to send the Cossacks to disturb the British Empire in India. He hoped very much that a march in mid-winter, and the resulting sickness and war, would rid him of the whole race. He had given the order to make men, women, and children take the road to India. But both pretext and motive were to remain secret; no one in Russia was to know the route, and it was in the Emperor's study, and at his dictation, that my husband wrote absolute and detailed orders for this wholesale emigration. The courier received the sealed orders in the study of the Emperor, who forbade my husband to reveal a word of what he had just ordered. Even the all-powerful Pahlen was ignorant of it. Some time afterwards news from the province in-

[1][Schiemann, p. 44, says that this is an error. It had been decided to send the able-bodied male Cossacks to join Napoleon in attacking India. There was no question of extermination. Nor is it certain that the incident had any effect on the conspirators.]

formed the people of the extraordinary fact of the departure of the Don Cossacks. The motives of the Emperor were suspected, for it was known that he hated the somewhat constitutional form of the internal government of the tribe. It was, however, impossible to penetrate the secret as to the route taken by this band, and all traces of them had been lost for some weeks. This circumstance was among the motives which hastened the tragic end of the Emperor.

'My husband gave all information to the Emperor Alexander. The order for the return of the Cossacks was written, signed and despatched on the spot. This done the Emperor ordered my husband to go to the Michael Palace and to arrange with Madame Lieven (the mother of M. de Lieven) finally to decide the Empress, his mother, to leave that fatal place. He informed him at the same time that several fruitless attempts had been made to see her.

'At 5 a.m. my husband was at the Michael Palace. Before going farther I will tell what I know of the scene at the palace.

'At midnight the deepest silence still reigned within its walls. Owing to that deplorable mental aberration which made him suspect every one, the Emperor Paul had some distrust even of the Empress, the most devoted and most respectable of wives, who had not ceased passionately to love her husband despite his notorious infidelities.[1] He had shot the bolt and barricaded the door communicating with his wife's apartment; so that when, at 12.30 a.m., the conspirators appeared before the door of his bedroom, he had flung

[1][The Empress was beautiful and gentle, like her son Alexander. Constantine resembled Paul in his ugliness and in his violence.]

away his only chance of safety. It is known that, not finding him in his bed, the conspirators thought themselves lost, when one of them discovered him hidden behind a screen (*paravent*). Ten minutes afterwards he was no more. . . . Had the Emperor been able to escape and to show himself to the troops, all would have been over, the soldiers would have saved him. The news of his death was brought at once to the Comte de Pahlen, the head of the conspiracy, who was in the Grand Avenue of the Palace at the head of some battalions of the Imperial Guard. The force had been assembled by his order and was intended, doubtless, either to bring help to the Emperor or to proclaim his successor, as events turned out.[1] In either case Pahlen felt sure of playing the chief part. He went at once to the Grand Duke Alexander and knelt before him. Frightened, the Grand Duke raised him. It has frequently been said that he (Alexander) was not wholly ignorant of the plot and that, for their own security, the conspirators had to take some precautions on this side. The Grand Duke was still young; he was seen to groan and to suffer with every one, and to weep over the victims of a stormy tyranny, of which he himself was the first to experience the effects. They thought his mother could make him think that in making energetic and strong remonstrances to the Emperor, the remonstrators being the men nearest the throne and most devoted to the service and glory of the Empire, they would induce his father to revoke his cruel orders and to promise a more lenient rule. A similar hope may have suggested itself to his inexperience. Up to that point he may have sanctioned a step with

[1][The suggestion that Pahlen played a double part is probably incorrect.]

such an aim. But that is all. No one who has known the angelic purity of his character can doubt that he cannot for a moment have imagined anything beyond that; and the outburst of despair, to which he delivered himself after the catastrophe, left no shadow of uncertainty in this respect on the numerous spectators of these terrible moments.[1]

'His first thought was of his mother. The Empress was venerated and loved by her children. No woman ever better understood, or more vigorously performed, her duty. Nothing equalled her pity, her charity and the constancy of her affections. She loved her rank and knew how to honour it. She had a firm mind, a very high ideal (*cœur très élevé*). She was proud but benevo-

[1][As already indicated, the originator of the conspiracy was the Vice-Chancellor Count N. P. Panin, rather than Count Pahlen. The former, at any rate, was engaged in a conspiracy, of which Lord Whitworth, the English Ambassador, was aware, before 27th May, 1800. But it seems to have had for object the exile or confinement of Paul. Panin was banished on 15th November, 1800. Alexander recalled him on 12th March, 1801, and reinstated him to his office of Vice-Chancellor on 21st March. He was granted leave of absence for three years on 3rd October and confined to his estates at the end of 1804. The Empress had at first received him with cordiality, not suspecting his share in the death of Paul. But on 3rd October, 1801, in giving him leave of absence, Alexander informed the Empress of Panin's share in the previous conspiracy. On his accession (1825) Nicholas I, under his mother's influence, refused to reinstate Panin (Schiemann, 1–8; 17–18; 53–56). He never regained favour and died in 1837. It seems clear that Madame Lieven is wrong. Panin's plot was to depose the Emperor Paul and name a regency, and to this Alexander consented. But he had not intended the murder of Paul. This was due to Pahlen, Subov and Bennigsen, who took desperate measures to avert the six weeks' reign of terror.]

lent. She was still beautiful, tall and imposing in appearance.

'The Grand Duke ordered Comte de Pahlen for his part to go and find my mother-in-law (Dowager Countess Lieven), the Grand-Governess of the Emperor's children, to announce the event and to charge her to prepare the Empress for it.[1] The Count Pahlen entered the room of Madame de Lieven without any precautions. He woke her up himself and abruptly announced to her that the Emperor had had an apoplectic stroke, and that she must carry this news to the Empress. My mother-in-law sat up and said at once:

' "He has been murdered."

' "Ah, well, yes! We are delivered from the tyrant."

'She repulsed him with terror and said dryly to him, "I know my duty." She got up at once and went towards the apartments of the Empress. The piquet placed at the bottom of the staircase crossed their bayonets. She ordered them in a haughty tone to make way for her. At each room she met with a similar resistance, which she overcame every time. She was a woman full of courage and authority. In the last room, which led on one side to the apartments of the Emperor and on the other to those of the Empress, she was formally forbidden to enter. The guards were numerous, and their tone was excited. She cried: "How dare you stop me? I am responsible for the Emperor's children, and I am going to see the Empress to report on the Grand Duke Michael, who is ill. You have no right to prevent me from fulfilling my duty." After some

[1] [This is confirmed by the account of Weljaminov-Sernov (Schiemann, 29), and, though the subsequent narrative of her interview with the Empress is not confirmed by Bennigsen, Madame Lieven's account is probably correct.]

moments of hesitation the officer gave way. She entered the apartments of the Empress, walked right up to her bed, and told her to get up. The Empress woke up and cried immediately: "My God! Something has happened to Michael."

"The Grand Duke Michael is well. He is quietly sleeping."

'"Are any other of my children ill?"

'"No, they are all well."

'" Surely, Catherine, you are deceiving me."

'"No, no, but the Emperor is in a very bad state."

'The Empress did not understand. My mother-in-law told her that he was no more. The Empress looked at her with a startled eye, and did not wish to understand her further. My mother-in-law said to her firmly: "Your husband is dead. Ask God to receive him in His mercy and thank Him for all that He has left you." The Empress leapt down from her bed and knelt in prayer, but mechanically and simply, from her habit of believing and repeating the words of my mother-in-law, who exercised over her, as over every one, the authority of a very strong character. After a few moments the Empress began to understand. When she understood, she lost both speech and movement. The servants ran in and called the doctor, who had held himself in readiness, and who at once bled her. The Grand Duke Alexander, warned of his mother's condition, wanted to come in, but was prevented by my mother-in-law, who feared the effect of a first interview before a witness. Later the Empress herself obstinately refused to see him. When she regained her senses the frightful truth presented itself to her mind, accompanied by horrible suspicions. She

demanded with loud cries to see her husband; she was told that it was impossible. She cried: "Let them kill me too, but I wish to see him." She rushed towards the Emperor's apartments. There the fatal *verrou* blocked her way. She went round by the hall. The guards were numerous. An officer approached her to represent that this prohibition was by order. She wished to go farther. He found himself compelled to seize her by the arm and to stop her. Then in her despair she fell on her knees, begging leave of the whole Guard to see her husband's body. She would not rise until she obtained this permission. It was impossible to give it. The disfigured body of the Emperor lay there on one side. They did not know what to do. The Empress remained on her knees and fainting (*défaillante*). A grenadier approached and offered her a glass of water. She pushed it away in a sort of panic, and proudly drew herself up. The old grenadiers called out: "Don't be afraid, our mother, we all love you!" Finally, persuaded by the entreaties of my mother-in-law, the Empress consented to re-enter her room, but only after having received from them a formal promise that they would show her her husband. Some minutes afterwards my husband arrived to execute the orders of the Emperor Alexander. His mother (Dowager Countess Lieven) uttered a cry of horror as soon as she saw him. For three weeks she had not seen him at all, as she knew that he was ill, his sudden appearance on this terrible night suddenly aroused the greatest suspicions in her. Her son begged her to listen to him, but for long she persisted [in refusing to do so]. Finally, when he had taken the most solemn oath that he was entirely a stranger to the

catastrophe, of which, even to the faintest suggestion, he was ignorant, Madame de Lieven [senior] believed him and allowed him to discharge his mission. He soon saw that the resolve of the Empress not to leave the Michael Palace, until she had approached her husband's body, was in her mind irrevocable. He hurried on the preparations necessary to enable her to see the body of her husband without revealing too much the nature of his death.

'The Emperor Paul had struggled for some moments, and the traces of his struggle were visible on his forehead.[1] He was clothed again in his uniform, his hat pulled down over his eyebrows, and placed upon his bed.

'At 7 a.m. the Empress was allowed to enter the room. The scene was heartrending. She would not leave him. Finally my husband brought her back to the Winter Palace at 8 a.m.

'It was only at 11 a.m. that she allowed her son, the Emperor, to appear before her. There was no witness at this interview. The Emperor came out from it very much agitated. From this moment up to the end of his life there was, on the part of the Emperor Alexander, the most exalted tenderness and deference for his mother, and a passionate affection for her son on the part of the Empress.

[1][Paul seems to have been hit on the head and then strangled by a scarf. His forehead was held, and doubtless marked, by the scarf before it slipped over his throat. He was in his nightshirt. Bennigsen (Schiemann, pp. 79–80) alleges that he personally was out of the room at the moment and that the deed was done by two officers, Jaschvil and Skelleret. According to Weljaminov-Sernov (Schiemann, 30) Bennigsen looked on while an officer, called Argamakov, strangled Paul with a scarf.]

'A superb sun broke over this great and terrible day. I have said that a part of the Guard had reassembled beneath the walls of the Michael Palace. The soldiers who had returned to their barracks learned that in the morning they must salute a new Emperor. The Grand Duke Alexander was their idol. He was idolized by all. There were shouts of deliverance and of joy; people filled the streets of Petersburg. It was a true resurrection for Russia, and, as on Easter Sunday, people kissed one another.[1] They ran to the Palace. There at noon had been summoned the Senate, all the high functionaries of State, the whole court, and all the civil and military officers, in order to take the oath of fidelity to the new Emperor. The Young Emperor (he was twenty-three) appeared, accompanied by his young Empress, so charming and so beautiful then, full of the most gracious dignity, clothed in a simple dress of white muslin, her head unornamented, save for her pretty fair curls, which floated over her neck. Her figure was very beautiful, the elegance of her mien and bearing were incomparable. The Emperor was also handsome. He shone with youth and with that serenity which was the distinctive mark of his physiognomy and of his character. The appearance of this young imperial couple was arresting. People bowed to them and surrounded them with an almost passionate love.

'Historians and poets have failed to tell again of this enthusiasm, of this general intoxication. Four years of

[1][On Easter Sunday Russians kiss one another in honour of the Resurrection and say, 'Christ is risen!' This time they said, 'Paul is dead and Alexander is risen.']

despotism, sinking often into folly, and sometimes into cruelty, had just been ended. The catastrophe was forgotten or idealized. There was no middle course. The moment of judgment had not yet arrived. They had gone to bed as oppressed slaves, they had arisen both free and happy. This thought dominated all others. They had been starved of good fortune, to which they now surrendered themselves up in the belief that it would be eternal.

'Amidst this general jubilation, which left no room for regret or for reflection, the widow of the Emperor Paul remained absorbed in her grief, which was aggravated by the news of the death of Alexandrina, Grand Duchess Palatine of Hungary, who had died in childbed at Pressburg, a few days before her husband.[1] I saw the Empress [mother] next day at the house of my mother-in-law, who had been made seriously ill by this last shock. The Empress [mother] said a few kind words to me as customarily, but her expression was grave and severe. She was very pale, her drawn features indicated at once deep grief and deep resignation.

'About the same time the circumstances of the assassination were revealed to her, little by little. She had at first received the Comte de Pahlen. But when the truth came to light, she would not see him again. Soon she knew the names of all the actors in this bloody tragedy. She banished all of them from her presence. She haughtily demanded their punishment.

[1][Alexandrina was the daughter of the Empress.]

It was impossible. The quality and number of the conspirators did not permit the Young Emperor to work (*sévir*) against them. Besides the liberators of to-day cannot become the victims of to-morrow. The deed was glorified. At the moment no one as yet cast reflections upon it. The scandal was great. Public opinion was in complete disagreement with justice and with morality; but it would have been too dangerous to brave that opinion.

'It is hard to give an idea of current affairs at Petersburg at this time. Not only did none of the conspirators conceal their crime, but each had his own story to tell, and perhaps boasted of doing worse than he had done. And when a timid voice was raised against so enormous a crime they answered you: "Would you then go back to the Emperor Paul? Would you see the Imperial Family in the fortress and yourself in Siberia?" I have heard this observation repeated a score of times in the drawing-room of my mother-in-law. This worthy woman refused to consider anything but kept to the simple fact: "You have killed your Emperor." After having said this, she raised her hands above her head.

'All the circumstances preceding this horrible event were greedily collected. It was stated that the Emperor had received more than one warning. It was doubtless these incomplete and formless reports (*délations*) which made him choose at random those victims which thronged the prisons, and in their turn produced those

proscriptions which increased the number of plotters and easily transformed them into conspirators. Many anecdotes were told as to the warnings the Emperor Paul had received. Here is one which I myself heard told by Comte de Pahlen after the catastrophe, which probably was accelerated by it. I give the story in his own words, which were deeply engraved in my memory.

' "The evening of his death the Emperor Paul abruptly asked me, while looking me straight between the eyes, whether I knew that people were conspiring against him, that the plot was a vast one, and that people very close to him formed part of it. The look of the Emperor was penetrating, full of suspicion and terrible; the blood froze in my veins. I felt the saliva dry in my mouth for a moment so that I could not speak. I did not change countenance, however, and began to laugh and said to the Emperor: 'But, Sire, if there is a conspiracy I must be in it. I hold the threads of everything too much for anything to escape my knowledge. Keep calm. No conspiracy is possible without me, I answer for it on my head.' The Emperor took me affectionately by the arm and said to me: 'I trust in you.' I breathed again." [1]

[1][According to another account, brought down with one intermediary from Pahlen himself, Pahlen admitted the conspiracy, stated to Paul that he had taken part in the plot to identify the conspirators, showed Paul the list of them and arranged with him to banish all to Siberia on the next day (Schiemann, 57).]

'I was very young; this tale made me shudder.

'A violent conflict began in the mind of the Young Emperor. His accession, though welcomed with so much joy and so much love, was, none the less, bloody and terrible. The just animosity of his mother toward the authors of this frightful tragedy contrasted painfully with the tactics he was compelled to observe towards them. His noblest instincts were shattered in the face of his impotence. He could not punish. A prey to this sad conflict, he heaped his regard and his respect upon the Empress (mother). He abandoned to her the whole management of the Court. He anticipated all her wishes, all her fancies. He even granted her a very great influence in all that did not relate to the most serious affairs of the State. In this conduct there was an instinct of expiation and a very touching sense of duty.

'But this very real and open authority of the mother over the son excited the jealousy and resentment of Comte de Pahlen to a high degree. He believed himself called upon to govern Empire and Emperor. He found himself baffled in all his hopes, and humiliated by the Empress. He tried calumny against that Princess; he sought to counterbalance her credit. His conduct was more than imprudent, and to the numerous warnings of his friends he answered always: "The Emperor! He dare not touch me." It was an atrocious sentence, whose range and meaning were to give way before the pure fame of the Emperor Alexander.

'On her side, however, the Empress [mother] neglected no opportunity of representing to the Emperor the inconvenience of keeping near his person, and at the head of the most important affairs of State, the man who had plotted the death of his father. On his side, then, Comte de Pahlen sought by every possible means to render the mother's influence suspect to the Emperor. Despairing of succeeding in this he indulged in the most revolting imprecations. He said among others: "I got rid of the husband, I shall know how to get rid of the wife." In a moment of transport and loss of control he happened to have taken away from a church an image just placed in it by order of the Empress [mother]. This insult could not remain unpunished. The Empress [mother] declared to the Emperor that the Comte de Pahlen would have to leave Petersburg or that she would leave herself. Two hours later the Comte de Pahlen departed under the escort of a simple *feld-jäger* who was to accompany him to his estates in Courland, under an absolute prohibition ever again to approach Petersburg or Moscow.

'No emotion was aroused by the news of the fall of this man, though so powerful and admittedly almost popular, because of his crime. My father was a friend in youth and a comrade of Comte de Pahlen during his whole military career, and preserved relations with him till his death. He told me that from the moment of his exile he [Pahlen] could never remain alone in a room, and that, on every anniversary of the 11th March,

he got drunk every evening at 10 p.m. so as not to become sober till the next day. He died at the beginning of 1826, a few weeks after the Emperor Alexander.'[1]

[1][His son – for obvious reasons – spent almost his whole life abroad from Russia. *v.* pp. 197, 201.]

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